June 8, 1929

THE NEW YORKER

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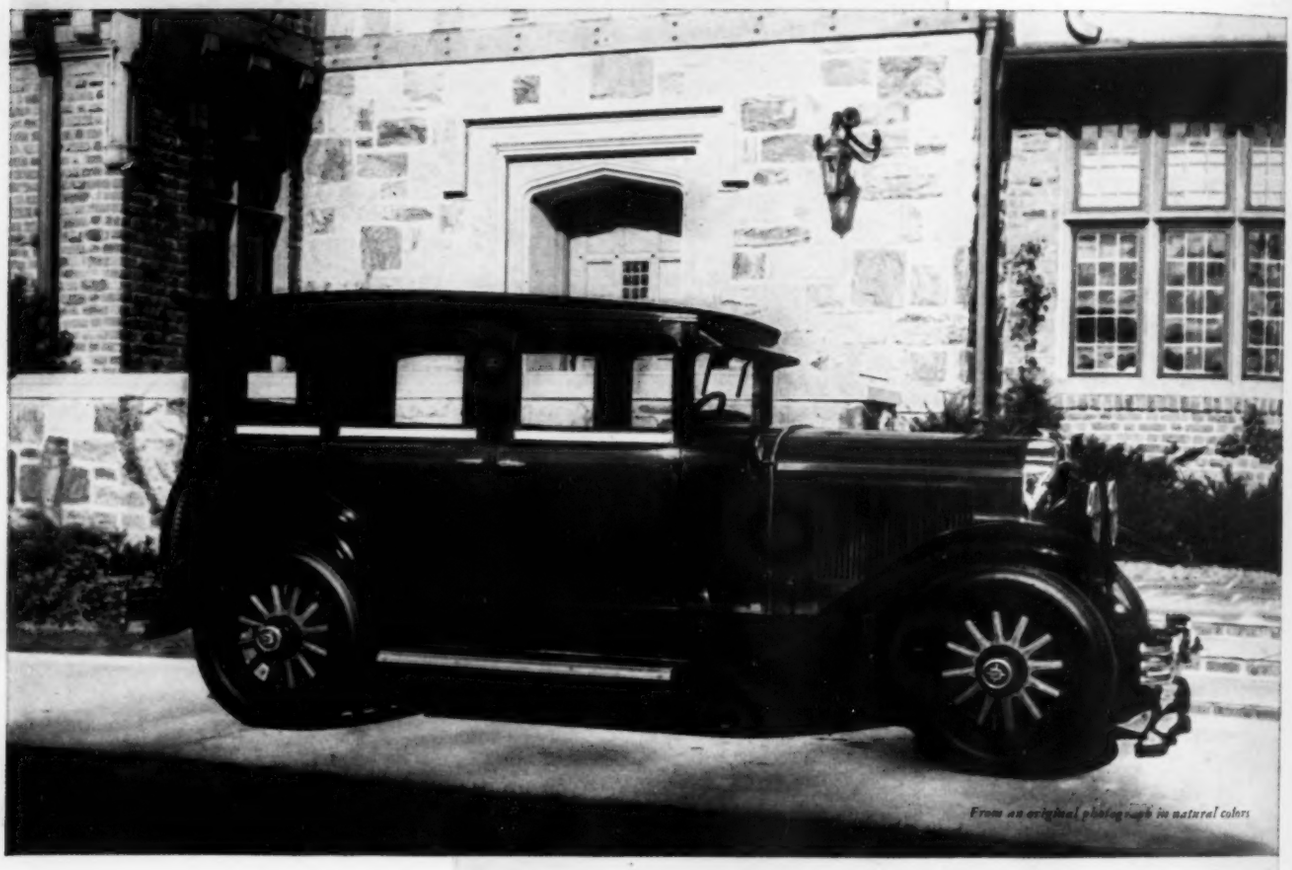

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Of even the most colorless car can it be said, "It gets you there and back." But colorless cars find little favor among discriminating people. They want that extra margin of performance which gets you there zestfully and thrillingly . . . and brings you back with masterly ease. They find it in Buick to an unparalleled degree—which is why the words *Buick* and *performance* have become synonymous—why more people buy Buicks than any other fine car, by a margin of two to one.

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THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by the F-R Pub. Corp., 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, pres.; E. R. Spaulding, vice-pres.; C. E. Brindley, sec. and treas.; R. B. Bowen, adv. mgr. Subscriptions $5.00. Vol. V, No. 16, June 8, 1929. Entered as second-class matter, February 16, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1929, by the F-R Pub. Corp.

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Warmer in winter, cooler in summer, shoes made by the Goodyear Welt process are insulated by means of their cork-lined "between sole." When you are being fitted to tailored shoes of calf or more formal lightweight shoes of kid or suede—ask:

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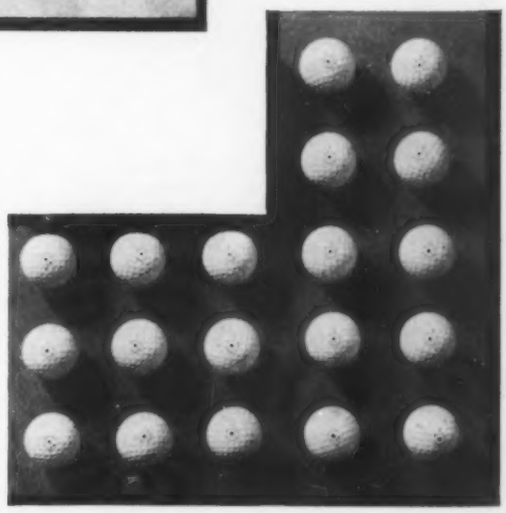

MACY'S

34th Street and Broadway
New York

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS WORTH WHILE

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE NINE DAYS FROM FRIDAY, JUNE 7, THROUGH SATURDAY, JUNE 15. TIME GIVEN, INCLUDING TRAIN DEPARTURES, IS DAYLIGHT SAVING]

THE THEATRE

(Unless otherwise noted, it is assumed that curtains will rise at 2:30 and 8:50 P.M. for attractions listed under "PLAYS;" at 2:30 and 8:30 P.M. for those under "WITH MUSIC;" and that the midweek matinée will be given on Wednesday. E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

BECKY SHARP—Last performances of the Players' all-star revival of Langdon Mitchell's dramatization of Thackeray's "Vanity Fair." (Knickerbocker, B'way at 38. 8:30 P.M. Closes Sat., June 8.)

BIRD IN HAND—Three travellers aid the daughter of a stubborn old English innkeeper to marry against her father's wishes. A quietly amusing comedy by John Drinkwater. (Morosco, 45, W.)

THE CAMEL THROUGH THE NEEDLE'S EYE—The Guild pauses in its uplift work to entertain with an unimportant though Czechoslovakian comedy. (Guild, 52, W. Mat. Thurs. 2:40 P.M.)

HOLIDAY—Philip Barry's delightful comedy about the daughters of a stuffy plutocrat and a young man who feels the joy of life. (Plymouth, 45, W. Mat. Thurs. 2:35 P.M.)

JONESY—The joys of having a son home from college made into a pleasant farce. (Bijou, 45, W.)

JOURNEY'S END—The war as seen from a British officers' dugout. A singularly beautiful and moving play. (Henry Miller, 43, E. 8:30 P.M. Mat. Thurs.)

LET US BE GAY—A divorced couple meet at a houseparty three years after. Rachel Crothers' amusing comedy, with Francine Larrimore. (Little, 44, W. Mats. Wed. and Thurs. 2:45 P.M.)

LITTLE ACCIDENT—The gay aspects of Floyd Dell's novel "An Unmarried Father." (Ambassador, 49, W.)

THE LOVE DUEL—Miss Barrymore lavishes a brilliant performance upon a weepy and unconvincing comedy from the Hungarian. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W.)

THE PERFECT ALIBI—The heroine solves a murder mystery, and you'd know how she was going to do it if you were bright enough. By A. A. Milne. (Charles Hopkins, 49, E. 2:25 and 8:25 P.M. Mat. Thurs.)

STEPPING OUT—Whimsicalities of divorce law made into a laughable but vulgar farce. (Fulton, 46, W.)

STRANGE INTERLUDE—Final performances of O'Neill's nine-act work. (Golden, 58, E. No Mats. Curtain at 5:30; intermission for dinner at 7:40.)

STREET SCENE—Magnificent objective study of a *crime passionnel* in a New York tenement, awarded this year's Pulitzer prize. (Playhouse, 48, E. Mats. Wed. and Thurs.)

WITH MUSIC

BLACKBIRDS—Second year of the popular black-and-tan revue, now being played by a new company. (Eltinge, 42, W. Special performance Thurs. at midnight.)

FOLLOW THRU—Does for the country club what "Good News" did for higher education. One of the best musicals in town. (46th Street, 46, W.)

GRAND STREET FOLLIES—Annual satirical review of Broadway's season; below standard except for some amazing mimicry. (Booth, 45, W.)

HOLD EVERYTHING!—The prizefight theme in a swift musical comedy. (Broadhurst, 44, W.)

THE LITTLE SHOW—A gay, smart summer revue with Clifton Webb, Libby Holman, and Fred Allen. (Music Box, 45, W. Mat. Thurs.)

MUSIC IN MAY—A debauch of good tunes well sung in a florid operetta about a prince and a village maid. (Casino, B'way at 39.)

THE NEW MOON—Operatic love, misunderstanding, and adventure in old Louisiana. (Imperial, 45, W.)

A NIGHT IN VENICE—A rowdy Shubert extravaganza, with the engaging Ted Healy as master of ceremonies. (Shubert, 44, W.)

PLEASURE BOUND—Not much to see but plenty to laugh at, including Phil Baker, and Shaw and Lee. (Majestic, 44, W. Closes Sat., June 15.)

SPRING IS HERE—A pleasant evening's entertainment thanks to Glenn Hunter, an Owen Davis book, and some very good tunes by Rodgers and Hart. (Alvin, 52, W.)

WHOOPEE—The usual Ziegfeld lavishness and beauty, with the dynamic Eddie Cantor to keep you amused. (New Amsterdam, 42, W.)

•

THE PASSION PLAY—The centuries-old religious rite of a German town restaged by Morris Gest. (Hippodrome, 6 Ave. at 43. 8:30 P.M. Mats. Wed. and Sat. 2:30 P.M.)

HOBOKEN—"After Dark, or Neither Maid, Wife, nor Widow," Dion Boucicault's mellowest of melodramas, produced in the spirit of the palmy days, can be seen at the Old Rialto, 118 Hudson St. (Hoboken 8088). Nightly at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30. . . . (Take Hudson Tubes from 6 Ave. and 33, or Cortlandt St., to Hoboken Sta., which is only a few blocks from the theatre. By motor, take Holland Tunnel, or W. 23rd St. ferry.)

VAUDEVILLE—Bill Robinson and Helen Kane will be at the Palace, B'way at 46, Fri. and Sat., June 7 and 8. (2:15 and 8:15 P.M.)

FOR DINING AND DANCING

*Better dress, but not obligatory.

AMBASSADOR, Park at 51 (Wickersham 1000)—Dancing during dinner in the Renaissance Restaurant.*

CENTRAL PARK CASINO (Rhinelander 3034)—Joseph Urban décor and Emil Coleman's orchestra; dancing during dinner and after the theatre.*

CLUB LIDO, 7 Ave. at 52 (Columbus 2840)—A smart after-theatre crowd being entertained by Miss Johne Clare.*

CLUB MONTMARTRE, 205 W. 50 (Circle 6673)—Cool and pleasant for dancing after the theatre.*

CLUB RICHMAN, 157 W. 56. (Circle 3203)—High-hat Broadway; George Olsen music.*

PIERRE'S, 290 Park (Murray Hill 1081)—Dinner dancing in a strictly Park Avenue atmosphere. Must dress.

SHERRY'S, 300 Park (Plaza 0200)—Dinner dancing at another all-season favorite. Must dress.

VILLA VALLÉE, 10 E. 60 (Regent 0351)—Rudy Vallée's jazz during dinner and supper in cool and agreeable surroundings.*

ROOFS—Ritz-Carlton Roof, Madison at 46 (Murray Hill 7600), transformed into a Persian Garden; open for dinner and dancing until 11:30 P.M. Must dress. . . . St. Regis Roof, 5 Ave. at 55 (Plaza 4500). Urban decorations and Vincent Lopez music; open until 2 A.M. Must dress. . . . Bossert Marine Roof, Montague and Remsen Sts., Brooklyn (Main 8100), a fine view of the harbor. . . . Other up-in-the-airs: Astor, B'way at 44; McAlpin, B'way at 34; Park Central, 7 Ave. at 55; Pennsylvania, 7 Ave. at 33; and Roosevelt Grill, Madison at 45, not a roof, but cool and airy.

BROADWAY ATMOSPHERE—Typical of a number of night clubs of this kind are: Chateau Madrid, 231 W. 54, with the amusing Jack White. . . . Casanova Roof, 134 W. 54, where Chez Helen Morgan used to be.

GREENWICH VILLAGE—For informal and inexpensive evenings: The County Fair, 54 E.

(Continued on page 8)

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THE NEW YORKER
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BRYANT 6300

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It doesn't matter what sport you enjoy best, there is one sure way to get the most out of it. Choose the proper clothes, equipment and luggage all designed for their particular purposes.

If you're a tennis player, do not let your game suffer because of a poor racket. Should you play golf, remember that the right clubs will do all that clubs can to keep your scores down and your heart light. Whatever you play, dress the part.

With the wealth of sports material in our shop, with A & F clothes of unquestioned authority, we would be happy to help you in your choosing.

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LAWN GAMES—Tennis; Croquet; Badminton; Archery; English Lawn Bowls; Deck Tennis; Dart Board; Rubber Horseshoes; Boomerangs; Cellar Door Slides; Junior Gym Outfit; Dice Skittles; Children's Lawn Seesaw; etc.

FOR THE BEACH—Outboard Motors and Boats; Canoes; Roman Riding Water Skis; Aquaplanes; Surf and Swimming Boards; Rubber Swimming Animals; Rap-O; etc.

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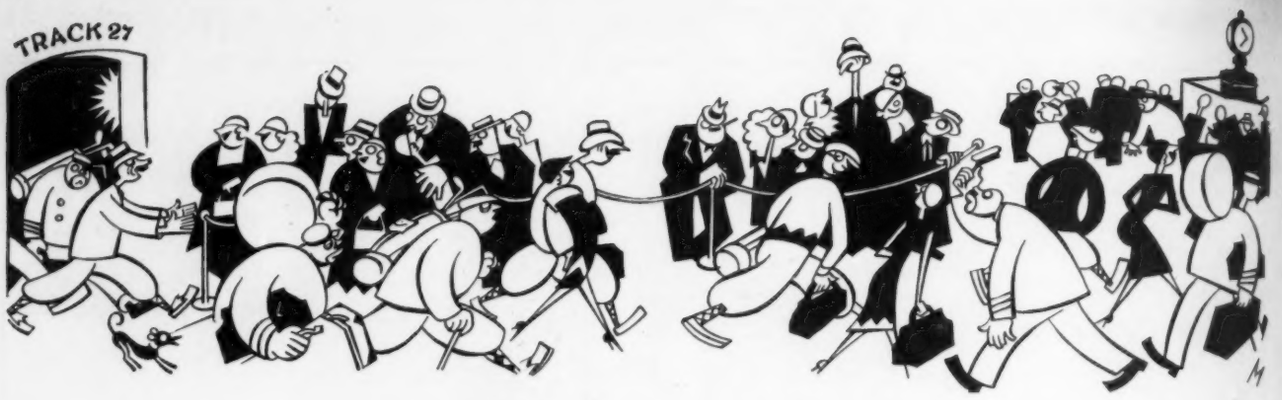

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(Continued from page 6)

9; Mori's, 144 Bleecker; and The Four Trees, 1 Sheridan Sq.

HARLEM—The Cotton Club, Lenox Ave. at 142; Connie's Inn, 7 Ave. at 131; and Small's, 7 Ave. at 134, are among the better places for first visitors not under expert guidance. Go very late.

•

JUST-OUT-OF-TOWN—Less than an hour's drive from Times Square are: Arrowhead Inn, Riverdale Ave. at 246, dining and dancing on the terrace; open until 2 A.M. . . . Woodmansten Inn, Pelham P'kway and Williamsbridge Rd., Vincent Lopez and his orchestra; open until 2 A.M. . . . Pavillon Royal, Merrick Rd., Valley Stream, L.I., Meyer Davis music and good food; open until 1:30 A.M. (Sat. 2:30.)

MOTION PICTURES

ALIBI—The police and the crooks in one of the speediest and most exciting all-talking pictures of the year. (44th Street, 44, W. of B'way; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; Sun., 3, 6, and 8:45 P.M.)

BULLDOG DRUMMOND—Superior to the general run of thrillers. Ronald Colman is the rescuing hero. (Apollo, 42, W. of B'way; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.)

THE COCOANUTS—The musical show transferred to the talking screen with great success as far as the Marx Brothers go, but not so good otherwise. (Rialto, 7 Ave. at 42; performances continuous from 10 A.M.)

MADAME X—Highly effective talkie devised from the big old heartbreak drama, featuring Ruth Chatterton. (Harris, 42, W. of B'way; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.)

SATURDAY'S CHILDREN—Romance among those who must work for their living. A leisurely and unexciting, but enjoyable, part-talking picture, with Corinne Griffith. (Lexington, Lexington at 51, and Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; Tues. and Wed., June 11 and 12; performances continuous from 1 P.M.)

The following, if you run across them, are also recommended: "Betrayal," Emil Jannings in a mild silent picture distinguished by his portrayal of a Swiss burgomaster; "The Letter," Jeanne Eagels in an absorbing talking picture of Somerset Maugham's play; "The Trial of Mary Dugan," Norma Shearer in an entertaining talkie of the popular melodrama; "The Valiant," an episode in the experience of a condemned man, done with a dignity above the average; "The Village of Sin," silent Russian peasant picture with superior photography.

ART

ACADEMIC—The accepted American group, Davies, Homer, Inness, Lawson, etc.: Babcock, 5 E. 57. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 5 P.M., Sat. until noon.

AMERICANS—Samples of the younger group, Billings, Blume, Dickinson, Kuniyoshi, etc.: Daniel, 600 Madison, above 57. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.

CONTEMPORARIES—Small works by good artists at bargain prices: Downtown Gallery, 113 W. 13. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M., and 8 to 10 P.M., through Fri., June 14.

FRENCH—Moderns: Derain, Matisse, etc., in a group summer show: Valentine, 43 E. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat. until 1 P.M.

IMPRESSIONISTS—Masters of the French school: Durand-Ruel, 12 E. 57. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat. until noon.

MODERNS—Examples of the good painters, European and American, all living: New York University, 100 Wash. Sq. E. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 9 P.M.; Sat. until 5 P.M.

MORE FRENCH—Inspiring show of work by Picasso, Derain, Dufy, Vlaminck, Laurencin, and other moderns: Reinhardt, 730 5 Ave. at 57. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.

NEWCOMERS—Group of some not-so-well-known painters in the lighter mediums: Weyhe, 794 Lexington, above 61. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M., through Sat., June 15.

MUSIC

GOLDMAN BAND—Daily at 8:45 P.M., starting Mon., June 10: Mon., Wed., Fri., and Sun. Eves. on Central Park Mall. . . . Tues., Thurs., and Sat. Eves. on N.Y.U. Campus. (Take East Side subway to N.Y.U.–Burnside Ave. Sta., and walk two blocks west to University Ave.)

ON THE AIR

GROVER WHALEN—Speaking Sat., June 8, at 7:15 P.M., over WEAF.

GEORGE CEHANOVSKY—Baritone: Sun., June 9, at 9:15 P.M., over WEAF.

OPERA—Victor Herbert's "It Happened in Nordland:" Sun., June 9, at 10:15 P.M., over WJZ. . . . Massenet's "Manon:" Mon., June 10, at 11:30 P.M., over WEAF.

RUSSIAN CATHEDRAL CHOIR—Sun., June 9, at 11:30 P.M., over WEAF.

PAUL WHITEMAN—And his orchestra, broadcast from San Francisco: Tues., June 11, at 9 P.M., over WABC.

SPORTS

BASEBALL—Games at Yankee Stadium at 3 P.M.: Yankees vs. Cleveland, Fri. and Sat., June 7 and 8; Yankees vs. St. Louis, Sun. through Wed., June 9-12; Yankees vs. Detroit, Thurs. through Sun., June 13-16. (Take 6 or 9 Ave. "L" or Jerome Ave. subway.)

GOLF—Westchester County Amateur Tournament, Green Meadow C.C., Harrison, N.Y., last two days, Fri. and Sat., June 7 and 8. . . . New Jersey Amateur Championship, Plainfield C.C., Plainfield, N. J., last two days, Fri. and Sat., June 7 and 8. . . . Long Island Amateur Championship, Lakeville G. and C.C., Great Neck, L.I., last two days, Fri. and Sat., June 7 and 8. . . . Sectional Qualifying Tournament for the National Open, St. Albans, L.I., Mon., June 10. . . . Women's Long Island Championship, Women's National Golf and Tennis Club, Glen Head, L.I., Mon. through Fri., June 10-14. . . . Metropolitan Amateur Championship, Montclair G.C., Montclair, N.J., Wed. through Sat., June 12-15.

HORSE SHOWS—Tuxedo Park Horse Show, Tuxedo Park, N.Y., Fri. and Sat., June 7 and 8. . . . Montclair Horse Show, Montclair, N.J., Sat., June 8. . . . Westchester County Horse Show, Westchester-Biltmore C.C., Rye, N.Y., Thurs. through Sat., June 13-15.

POLO—First matches for the Intercollegiate Championship will be held at the Philadelphia Country Club, Philadelphia, Sat., June 15, at 3 P.M. Yale, Harvard, Princeton, Penn. Military College, and West Point are the entrants this year. (Trains leave Penn. Sta. for Philadelphia every hour on the hour, taking two hours.)

RACING—Belmont Park, last three days; races weekdays at 2:30 P.M., through Mon., June 10; The Belmont Stakes will be run Sat., June 8. (Trains leave Penn. Sta. at intervals from 12:15 to 1:50 P.M.). . . . Aqueduct; races weekdays at 2:30 P.M., starting Tues., June 11. (Trains leave Penn. Sta. at intervals from 12:30 to 1:50 P.M.)

TRACK—New York Athletic Club meet, Travers Island, N.Y., Sat. Aft., June 8.

YACHTING—Manhasset Bay Y.C., Port Washington, L.I., Championship Races on Long Island Sound, Sat. Aft., June 8. . . . New York Yacht Club Regatta, Glen Cove, L.I., Thurs. through Sat., June 13-15. . . . Larchmont Y.C., Championship Races on Long Island Sound, Sat. Aft., June 15.

OTHER EVENTS

COLLEGE COMMENCEMENTS—U. S. Military Academy, West Point: Graduation-week festivities, June 9-13; Graduation hop, Wed. Eve., June 12; Graduation Exercises, Thurs., June 13, at 10 A.M. . . . New York University, Wash. Sq., Wed., June 12, at 10 A.M.

NOTE—Quarterly income-tax payments are due Sat., June 15.

Alongside is a 1929 version of a 1915 Pierce-Arrow illustration which is reproduced below. Fourteen years do make a difference in a motor car's design, but not in its distinction—not if the car is a Pierce-Arrow!

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It cannot be made for the Many

THE very qualities which make Pierce-Arrow the finest motor car in America are those which cannot be reproduced in great volume.

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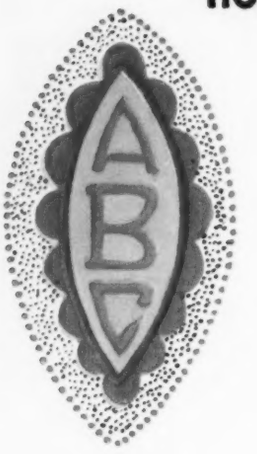

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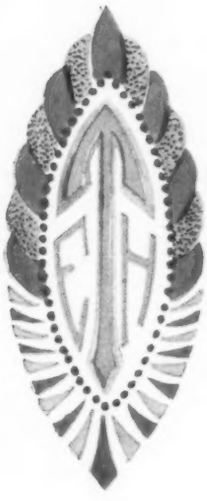

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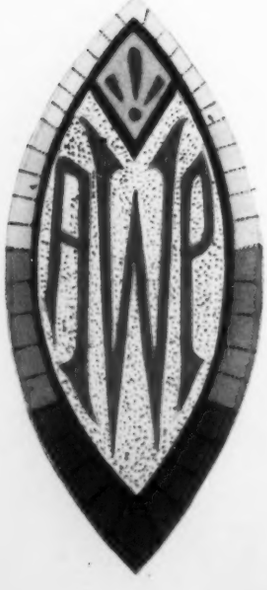

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

PART of our duty shall always be to suggest ways of defeating the United States mails and lessening the menace of business correspondence. We have recently worked out a remarkably effective new counter-

offensive for the persons who send reply envelopes, either stamped or unstamped, with their advertising circulars. Let us say that you receive an offer of twelve tins of beef extract for a dollar thirty-nine. In the same mail you will probably also receive the special discount offer of a publisher of a book on marriage. Merely place the beef-extract reply card in the publisher's return envelope, and vice versa, and mail them. That takes care of everybody.

THE discontinuance of cigar coupons will unquestionably have an effect on the national temper. There used to be two broad classes in America —takers and leavers. Takers—that is, people who took coupons that were shoved at them—were takers usually because of what psychologists would call a conditioned reflex. Both classes

suffered ill health, were mentally sick all the time. Takers, living always in a disorderly sea of little slips of paper—on the tops of bureaus, slipping out of pants pockets in a disintegrated condition like five-franc notes—were harassed by a continual feeling of unfulfillment, non-redemption, incompletion. They knew that a mayonnaise dish and a first baseman's mitt were right within their grasp; yet they were too disorganized, too inefficient, too namby-pamby to reach out and get what was honestly theirs. On the other side, the leavers were mentally unwell, too. Every time they refused coupons, they experienced such a strong sensation of self-control and right-living that they developed a distinct complex, and got so they also refused ten-dollar bills, birthday gifts, options on securities, and big pieces of chocolate layer cake. They shoved *everything* aside, pushed everything back. It was an unhealthy condition all round. Things ought to be better now.

COME to think of it, even with the coupons gone, the country may still be in a jam. The new currency is to go into circulation **July 10 and** the new bills are very little larger than the old cigar coupons, and look not unlike them. There is a possibility that the situation will grow so confusing—with twenty-dollar bills being pushed thoughtlessly aside or hoarded in crumpled heaps in old collar-boxes—that the financial structure of the nation will suffer in consequence.

THE fire at the Ritz last week was as genteel a blaze as we've ever attended. In the first place it came just at the noon hour and we were able to drop in on our way to lunch—no running, no extra exertion. We never saw the fire apparatus looking better. The side doorman was his usual affable self and so were the policemen who were receiving on the sidewalk. Inside, all was warmth and good cheer. We went quietly up to one officer and asked him where, in the hotel, the fire was. "I really couldn't say, sir," he replied, bowing almost to the floor. We also chatted with a lady in the checkroom and in the course of con-

versation we asked where the fire was. "Why I believe the kitchen is burning up, in a manner of speaking." Except for George Kaufman's fire in "The Little Show" there has probably never been a more restful holocaust. Other hotels, when they have fires, should take it as an example.

SCIENTISTS have changed the sex of birds and insects. They have converted female fleas into male fleas, and funny stunts like that; and they are working around toward doing the same thing with people. We predict an avalanche of plays on this theme next season. Most of the plots will derive from the old triangle idea—two men in love with the same girl. One of the men will contrive to get the sex of his rival changed, having done which

he will promptly fall in love with the new woman. That leaves the first girl in a hole—which the dramatist will take care of by changing her into

a man toward the end of the third act to satisfy a childhood longing of hers to become a paying teller. There are many other good standard plots. There will be program notes reading: "In the second act the curtain will descend for one minute, denoting the lapse of two men."

The Hero in the Home

THE generation represented by Katherine Spatz, aged seven, is critical. It was Katherine's father, Major Spatz of the United States Army, who flew the plane Question Mark to a world's endurance record for flying. During the flight all Santa Monica was excited. At the end of the fifth day, Mrs. Spatz led Katherine outside their home, over which father had been flying round and round, pointed to the plane, and said, "That's Daddy, dear. Daddy's been up there longer than anybody in the world. Isn't that wonderful?" Katherine glanced at the plane. "No," she said, "I think it's dumb."

Welding-Minded

MR. GILBERT D. FISH, Westinghouse engineer, lectured on the coming of the welding era the other day in a ballroom in First Avenue, under the auspices of the First Avenue Association, which had sent out invitations to architects, builders, and such. Only eight people showed up. We sat between the man from Fred F. French's and the man from the Corn Exchange Bank. There is not much interest in welding now. Yet it's important. It may do away with riveting on big buildings, and the terrible clatter and racket. Mr. Fish, who is the leading welding authority of the country, set forth by lantern slides that welded joints are stronger than riveted ones. Furthermore, less steel is used in a welded building, and two welders do as much work as four riveters.

A dozen cities now permit welding and the new system may become general by and by. Pacific Coast towns are strong for it because of the added strength of the joints. California alludes to this as increased wind-bracing. They mean earthquakes. The process has a few drawbacks. One, which impressed us more than it does Mr. Fish, is the disappearance of the romantic game of throwing and catching rivets—more fun to watch even than excavating. It would be replaced, however, by a sort of fireworks display. Welders use a strong electric current which throws off gorgeous glows and lots of sparks. One handicap now is the lack of welders. Mr. Fish said he wouldn't undertake offhand to engage twelve of them in the whole city. Schools to teach welding have been opened, however. Several riveters are among the students enrolled. Another handicap is that the present building code in New York City doesn't allow welded buildings. Mr. Fish expects the code to be changed soon.

Mateys

PEOPLE are often a little bit vague about whether they are really going abroad or not. The steamship companies have to be equally vague about reserving staterooms. This sometimes causes mixups. We happen to know one man who engaged and paid for an outside room with bath; on entering the room he found several suitcases not his own. The purser was very sorry; if the gentleman wanted to be alone he could have an inside single cabin in the general vicinity of the engine-room. Under the circumstances the man decided to stay where he was. He met his roommate while dressing for dinner. The other was British, genteel, quite pleasant—but he had a familiar look. On the second day out the man remembered: his roommate was a butler in a Westchester home where he had often weekended. Neither mentioned the recognition of the other, and the trip was a big success.

Up From the Shallows

NOT all the fish in the Aquarium come from remote waters; some of them come from the lakes in Central Park. Spring and summer are the seasons when the Aquarium people quietly go fishing right under our nose. One week they go to the Fifty-ninth Street lake, the next week to the lake at Seventy-seventh Street, the week after to Van Cortlandt Park, getting more and more venturesome each week. They take two rowboats and a fifty-foot seine for dragging the lake. From Fifty-ninth Street they get goldfish, common roach, crayfish, and a great many old tires. The fish are taken downtown in a truck equipped with four large cans of water, the motion of the truck providing sufficient turbulence so the fish usually stay alive out of sheer curiosity. From the Seventy-seventh Street lake they get pearl roach, sunfish, and a great many old tires. The pearl roach are from three to ten inches long; pearl-gray with orange fins. Originally a European fish, they were introduced in Central Park in 1894 and afterward spread through the entire country, like the bicycle.

The Aquarium has a collecting boat, Seahorse, for more advanced, less landlocked voyages. It is a sloop. It goes to places like Sandy Hook and brings back fish like black bass or, indeed, brings back black bass. The turtles and alligators in the Aquarium are mostly gifts which people wander in with. Sailors are great for wandering in with a turtle.

1929

ONE of the four members of the British Academy here recently for the anniversary of our own Academy of Arts and Letters, was dining in one of our best speakeasies. He asked for the wine list. None was forthcoming, but the waiter obligingly recited some elegant sounding names. "Have you Pontet Canet?" asked the innocent foreign gentleman.

"Oh, yes sir," replied the waiter.

"What vintage?"

"Eight dollars," the waiter answered promptly.

Vestigial Organs

A MONTH or so ago a radio company got hold of a hurdy-gurdy for the evening and broadcast "Sweet Rosy O'Grady" and "O Sole Mio." The people of America were delighted, and wrote letters in. (Radio fans love anything unique, like canary birds, yodelers, and the clapping of Elks.) What we're trying to get at, in our groping way, is that hurdy-gurdies and

monkey-organs are rapidly dying out of the street scene, and a New York springtime is less gala and less Italian than it was twenty years ago.

Organ-grinders have come upon lean days. Organ-makers, too. Once, an Italian could rent a hurdy-gurdy (barrel-organ) for fifty cents a day. Now he must buy it, for several hundred dollars. Radio, movies, prohibition, sophistication, have ruined the business. One thing that hangs on is the carrousel; yet even the new generation of youngsters is a bit cold about the little horse-drawn carrousels that visit the East Side and the Village. They've heard so much radio music in their homes that the gay sound approaching in the block is not much of an adventure in living. The big carrousels in amusement parks are still popular to some extent, the United States Navy furnishing almost enough customers to keep them going. Organs for those merry-go-rounds are tremendous things; they let out deafening blasts; their records are made of heavy perforated paper, which folds back and forth, like a souvenir of Casco Lake.

There are two Italian families, we've found out, who still make organs. The Molinari family in Brooklyn, and the Bona family in Water Street. The organs come to life in crumbling dusty warehouses which seem, from the outside, deserted. Inside there is a dingy confusion of disemboweled hurdy-gurdies and small monkey-man organs. The trade is highly specialized; when there's any work it pays high wages; but mostly there's no work. We studied the insides of the barrel-organs—they're made of wooden cylinders on which the notes of music are marked in strong steel pins and hooks. When the barrel revolves the pins push little hammers against the strings, so that it's really a cross between a piano and a music-box.

This year the new tunes were "There's a Rainbow Round My Shoulder," "Mary," "All By Myself in the Moonlight," "You're the Cream in My Coffee," "I Faw Down and Go Boom."

Little monkey-organs are hardly ever seen any more. Sometimes an old man will want one, but he has to buy it outright, and also the monk. He has to teach the monk to tip his hat. It all takes time. The day of such peregrinating things is past. Once in a while a Park Avenue hostess, bursting with ideas, rents a hurdy-gurdy for her dance, as a unique feature; the organ-grinder is greeted alcoholically and patronized for the evening; next morning all is silent again. Even at Italian festas, the organ has lost caste. Italians get high hat—rent bands,

"That seems a little bit advanced. Perhaps a pair of water wings would be better."

hire a hall, employ caterers, florists, ape America. Not much dancing in the streets.

For Bona and Molinari, those old fellows, the end is in sight. "Ah, signor, today no *vino*, no *gioia!* Is not the song any more. Is no good life!"

Life is Like That

WE were reminded of Grover Whalen again by a sign in a men's shop reading "Chevalier—Hollywood—(Whalen Blue) shirts." His life continues to be confused like that. The other day he was walking in Central Park when a young lady teacher from the Julia Richman High School, shepherding her class around the park, recognized and accosted him. "Mr. Commissioner," she requested, "I wish you would talk to these children on the subject of traffic. They simply will *not* wait for the green light." Mr. Whalen was a trifle taken aback but he rose nobly to the occasion, gathered the kiddies about him, and delivered a terse lecture on waiting for the green light.

At Home

MRS. HALL now lives a very retired life in her big house in New Brunswick, companioned only by her half-brother, Willie Stevens. She receives but few visitors. Recently a young woman, newly engaged as librarian by a college for women, which is within a stone's throw of the Hall home, arrived in town to find the college buildings closed and locked. She walked up the steps of Mrs. Hall's house, thinking that whoever lived there would be able to tell her where some member of the faculty might be reached. She put her inquiries to a tall, serious-faced woman who answered her ring and who told her, sympathetically, that it was vacation-time at the college and the faculty was away.

"Can you tell me how to get to a hotel?" asked the newcomer.

Mrs. Hall looked at the new librarian.

"You're too late for dinner at the hotel," she said. "My servant is out and I'm just getting my own supper—a very simple one. If you would care to share it—" she paused and then added, "I am Mrs. Hall."

The name meant nothing to the newcomer. She murmured her appreciation and accompanied her hostess to an immaculate kitchen, where together they prepared a repast. They ate it companionably at one end of a large dining-room table, chatting about books and library work and college life. When the meal was finished the visitor helped to clear the table and wash the dishes. The two women then talked until ten o'clock, when the librarian left for the hotel.

"But father, do you think I ought to go to work when there's so much unemployment?"

Contretemps

AN unfortunate incident occurred during the unveiling of the monoplane Bremen in the Grand Central Station. When Colonel James Fitzmaurice drew back the drapes which concealed the plane, a band struck up "God Save the King," the lights on the balcony were flashed on—and the familiar moving electric sign on the balcony, which up to this point had taken no part in the ceremony, suddenly announced, in trailing letters, "Owl Express—Go to Sleep in New York—Wake Up in Boston." A lady who stood next to an Englishman was deeply mortified. The Englishman muttered, "How American!" She departed to write a letter about the incident to President Crowley of the New York Central. In a day or so she had a reply reading in part: "The sign is on the same circuit as the lights in the balcony, which were switched on at the moment of unveiling. The sign switch had been disconnected but a careless workman apparently brushed by it and restored it to position. No one regretted the contretemps more than ourselves. I can assure you it will not happen again." In case you were there, and wondered.

Pleasures and Palaces

OUR recent article on the Waldorf, mentioning that it was Mr. Boldt's idea to provide luxury for the masses, has brought in an anecdote from Mr. J. B. Cooke of Cooperstown, which he says went the rounds in the

nineties. A man and wife arrived from somewhere on a rainy day and the streets were deep with the viscid mud of the period. In the morning the lady noticed that her husband's boots were caked heavily.

"Why, John," she said, "why didn't you put your shoes outside the door last night and have them cleaned?"

"I dassent in this hotel, Sarah," he explained. "I'd be afraid they'd gild them."

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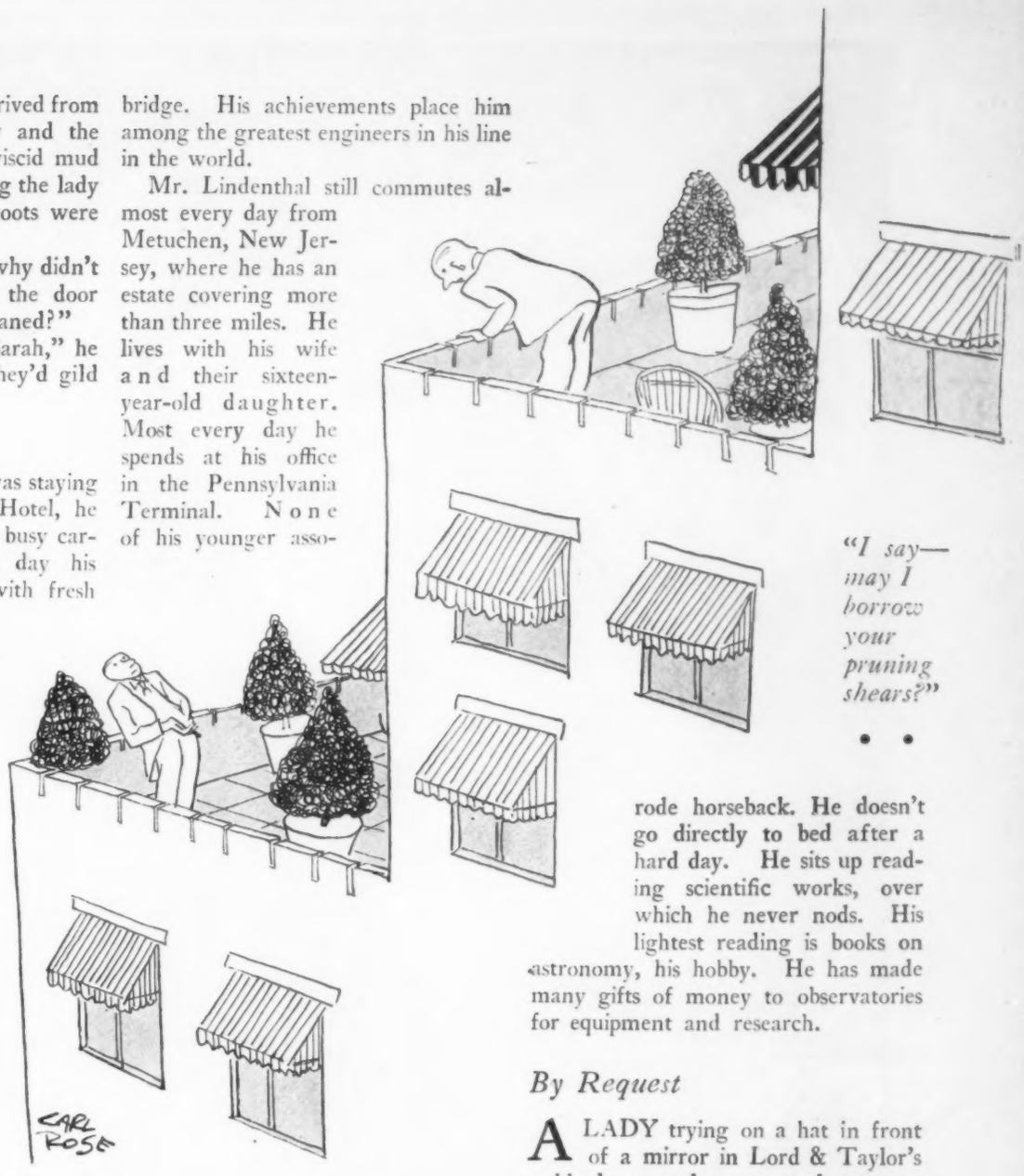
WHEN Jack Dempsey was staying at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, he kept the chambermaids quite busy carrying out flowers. Every day his apartment was brightened with fresh roses, tulips, lily buds, and orchids (in vases, not as corsage bouquets). Jack's favorite flower is the orchid.



"I say—may I borrow your pruning shears?"

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Master Builder

THE plans, resurgent this spring after a deep sleep of years, for a bridge across the Hudson at Fifty-seventh Street, were first brought forward forty years ago by a group of notable men. The late Samuel Rea, president of the Pennsylvania Railroad, was one, and Thomas Fortune Ryan another. The latter's death this year left but one of the original charterers alive, Gustav Lindenthal. Mr. Lindenthal is going on eighty now. Despite nearly half a century of frustration, he still hopes to live to see the great double-decker span completed. Lately he has been arguing briskly with the War Department on the matter of the bridge's height above water. Always it has been something. In 1892 his construction company actually started work but was enjoined by irate Jerseyites, who didn't like the blasting. In 1894 the financial panic stopped everything. In 1917 the war put an end to revived efforts.

Mr. Lindenthal is a vigorous octogenarian, hard to daunt. In his youth he helped build railroad bridges in the Tyrol and in Switzerland. Later he came to America and in the seventies and eighties fought the battles of western railroads. In the nineties he moved to New York. He was engineer and architect of the Hell Gate bridge. His achievements place him among the greatest engineers in his line in the world.

Mr. Lindenthal still commutes almost every day from Metuchen, New Jersey, where he has an estate covering more than three miles. He lives with his wife and their sixteen-year-old daughter. Most every day he spends at his office in the Pennsylvania Terminal. None of his younger associates can compete with him in getting things done. Between problems he finds time to rail sturdily at high tariffs, prohibition, and the white-collar class. His father was a cabinet-maker. All the Lindenthals learned a trade very early. It helped keep them fit. Gustav, however, had an extra added urge to develop himself physically. As a young man he read in a book of myths about a youth who carried the same calf up a hill every day until finally he could carry the full-grown bull. Gustav devised the plan of carrying a bag of pebbles up a hill near his home—at that time Brunn, Austria—increasing its bulk every day until finally he could carry a bag of stones which was bigger than himself. He is six feet tall, bearded, still erect. He carries bags of stones no longer, but he frequently walks five miles a day, without tiring. When he was sixty, he had his appendix out. A week after the operation he rode horseback. He doesn't go directly to bed after a hard day. He sits up reading scientific works, over which he never nods. His lightest reading is books on astronomy, his hobby. He has made many gifts of money to observatories for equipment and research.

By Request

A LADY trying on a hat in front of a mirror in Lord & Taylor's suddenly turned to a total stranger who was standing near by. "I beg your pardon," said the lady, "but would you give me your candid opinion as to whether this hat suits me or not?"

"It doesn't," answered the other woman. "It makes your face look too wide and your face is too wide anyway."

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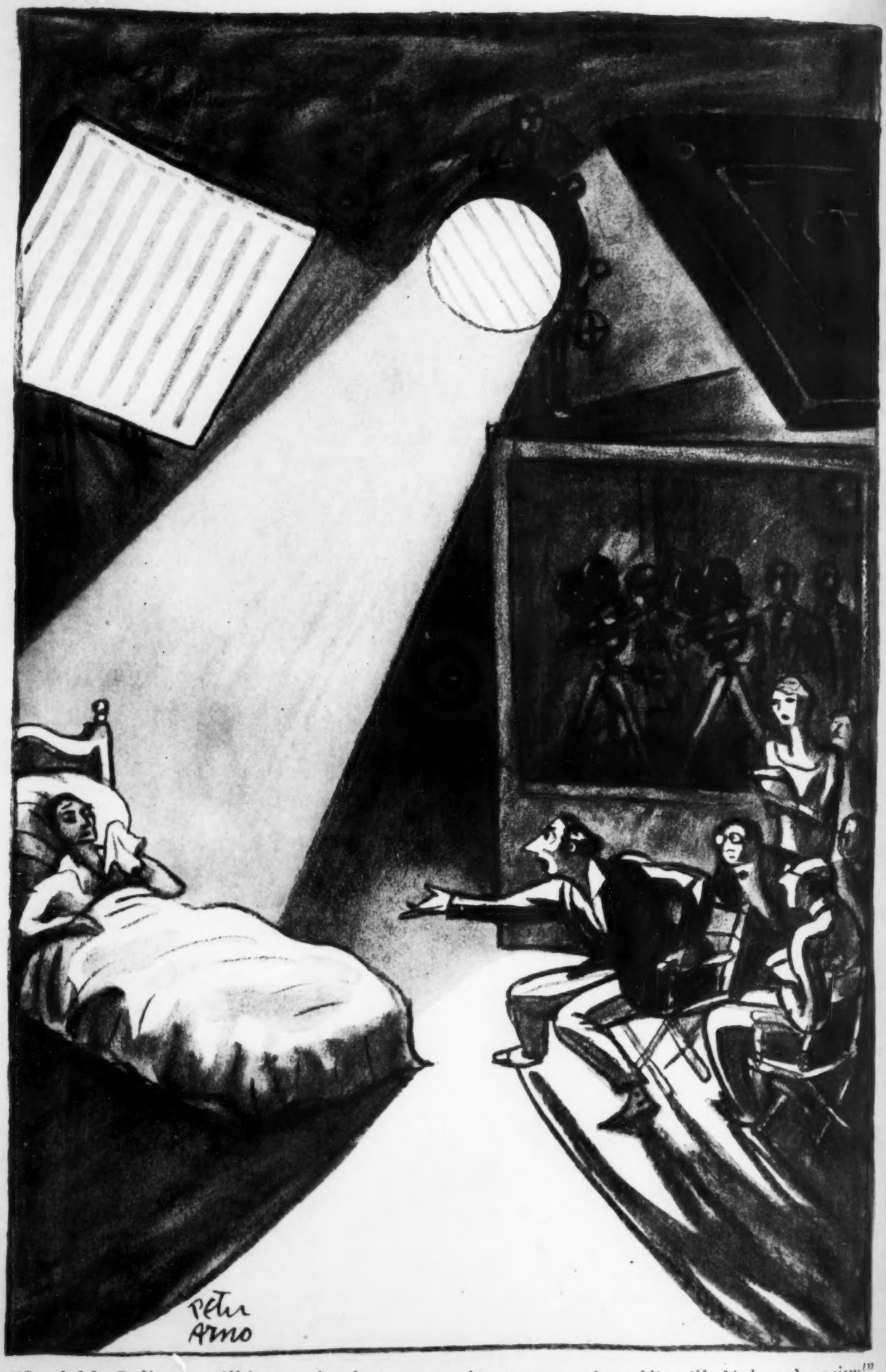
THE LIQUOR MARKET: Prices firm in quiet trading. Best imported gin now available: Burnett's White Satin, $70 @ $80. Gilbey's, Burke's, and House of Lords, $65 @ $75. Imported whiskies: Johnnie Walker Black Label, $110 @ $120; Vat 69, Chivas Regal, and Buchanan's Ovals, $90 @ $100; Teacher's Highland Cream, steady at $78, coming out in large volume. Champagnes: $95 @ $120; Lanson 1919 and 1921, '21 preferred. Some Pommery, 1919.

—THE NEW YORKERS



"Lord, Mr. Rolbert, you'll have to develop a more robust sneeze—the public will think you're a sissy!"

LAW-BREAKING AT ITS SOURCE

SO now a commission of "eleven prominent Americans" is going to investigate lawlessness in the United States and try to find a cure for it. I am furious!

Is there to be no such thing as privacy? Can't a citizen be lawless without having "eleven prominent Americans" coming poking around trying to find out why? Just let Mr. Wickersham and his gang of hill-billies come knocking at *my* door to ask questions about *my* lawlessness and to see if there is anything they can do to stop it. I'll give them what for, and pretty quickly, too.

No I won't really, but I *shall* be awfully sore.

In case this commission appointed by our self-styled "President" Hoover has any intention of snooping about in my private affairs, I can save them a lot of time and the car-fare to my house by giving them right now all the information they will ever get. Let us say that they decide to come to call on me on a Thursday afternoon which is when I am busiest. Here is the interview as it will take place (and no more) and they may take it and leave it. I have had a stenographer take it down just as it would occur and so have saved them the trouble of bothering me.

(For purposes of confusion, I have called myself "Mr. Welchman" in this interview. The first name is Earl—Earl Welchman—in case anyone wants to know, although it does not appear in the stenographic report and will not be needed, as I intend to discard it at the end.)

The door-bell rings just as I am putting the biscuits into the oven. This starts me off in a bad mood anyway. I go to the door and find Mr. Wickersham, Mr. Newton D. Baker, three Federal judges, Dean Pound and five other prominent Americans, including Miss Ada L. Comstock, president of Radcliffe. I make no attempt to disguise my irritation.

MR. WICKERSHAM: Mr. Welchman?

MR. WELCHMAN: Well?

MR. WICKERSHAM: We represent President Hoover and would like a few minutes of your time for an interview if you would care to give it.

MR. WELCHMAN: I am very busy; could you get done with it right here on the steps? I haven't chairs enough for the whole lot of you in the frontroom.

MR. WICKERSHAM: I should think that it would be all right out here, wouldn't it, fellows? (*A majority of the commission vote "Aye".*)

MR. WELCHMAN: Then sit ye doon on these little straw porch-mats and (*good naturedly*) fire ahead!

(*During the remainder of the interview, Mr. Wickersham will be designated as Mr. W. and Mr. Welchman as Mr. W. also.*)

MR. W.: We have come to inquire about lawlessness in the United States.

MR. W.: Well, you certainly came to the right man. I have broken every law in the United States except the one regarding specifying the amount of benzoate of soda on ketchup bottles.

MR. W.: That's fine! Maybe we won't have to interview anybody else after we have finished with you.

MR. W.: You will have plenty of *time* to interview others after you finish with me, if that's what you're worrying about. For you are going to finish with me in exactly two and a half minutes. (*Takes out watch and holds it.*)

MR. W.: What would you suggest, Mr. Welchman, as a remedy for lawlessness in this country? What, in your opinion, would give the public a great respect for the Law?

MR. W.: More playgrounds, Mr. Wickersham. More playgrounds with more swings in them. Give the citizens of this country a place to play in during working hours, with plenty of swings that go good and high, and you will find that your laws will take care of themselves.

MR. BAKER: Very sound, very sound!

MR. W.: You mean just ordinary swings, made of rope and a piece of board?

MR. W.: I mean just what I say, Mr. Wickersham. Swings. If you want me to be more specific I may say that a very good swing is got out by the Ooops-She-Goes Swing Company of 114 Chambers Street.

MR. W.: Thanks very much, Mr. Welchman. That's just what we wanted to find out. Did you get that name down, Miss Comstock?

MISS COMSTOCK: The Ooops-She-Goes Swing Company. I didn't get the address.

MR. W.: It's in the book.

MR. W.: In the law-breaking in which you have taken part, Mr. Welchman, what would you say had been the motivating influence?

MR. W.: A desire to do the thing.

MR. BAKER: Very sound, very sound indeed!

MR. W.: What particular law infractions have you enjoyed most?

MR. W.: That would be difficult to say, Mr. Wickersham. Sometimes I like one, sometimes another. It all depends on how I happen to be feeling, and on the weather. In summer, for instance, I am rather partial to violating Article 4, Section 6 of the Criminal Code of New York State, but that is because I feel the heat so terribly. In winter I like to devote myself to the Constitutional Amendments, although as yet I have never prevented a negro from voting.

MR. BAKER: They tell me that's a lot of fun.

MR. W.: No doubt it is. I am going in for that next year if I can ever get the rest of the amendments cleaned up. I haven't yet really denied a writ of habeas corpus,

OUR CONSCIENTIOUS COPS

Patrolman Daniel ("Big Boy Dan") Sullivan, Shield No. 5895, holds forth at Fifty-second Street and Fifth. He is noted for joviality. His friends say he can make undertakers smile.

although I tell my friends that I have.

MR. W.: That does not properly fall in the class of amendments, Mr. Welchman. That is a part of the original Constitution.

MR. W.: I do not allow myself to quibble, Mr. Wickersham. If a thing is a law, it is a law, whether it is technically an amendment, a part of the original Constitution, or a city ordinance.

MR. BAKER: Very sound, Mr. Welchman.

MR. W.: Do you not feel, Mr. Welchman, that in violating all these laws you are undermining society?

MR. W.: Yes, indeed, Mr. Wickersham. I certainly hope so.

MR. W.: What is your favorite color?

MR. W.: I am a great hand for blue. It makes my eyes look blue.

MR. W.: Are there any other questions?

MR. W.: You ought to know.

MR. W.: This has been very pleasant, Mr. Welchman. You must come and see *us* some time.

MR. W.: I won't hear of your going until you have had some cookies and milk. The cookies are right out of the oven.

DEAN POUND: M-m-m-m-m-m-m.

MR. W.: Now you just sit right here on the porch and eat these and let me get a snap-shot of you.

(*The commission groups itself on the steps, holding cookies and milk, while Mr. Welchman gets his kodak and snaps them. The investigation then adjourns*, sine die.)

—ROBERT BENCHLEY

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SECOND SIGHT

There lived a man in our town,
And he was oddly wise;
He would outguess a weather vane
Before the wind could rise.

He did not have to ask of you
What words were in your head;
He did not even lift a look
Before he spoke instead.

He would invite our children in
To see what they would do;
And then ourselves; and this was strange,
For he already knew.

We envied him. But he was poor,
Being without surprise;
This too he told us, and of veils
Dropped before his eyes.

—MARK VAN DOREN

TWO SHIPS BRING AMERICANS OF NOTE AND ENGLISH AUTHOR

[BY OUR OWN SHIP-NEWS REPORTER]

The liner Naples of the Blue Star line arrived yesterday, pushing her way into the harbor just ahead of the Berengaria. Both ships had pleasant crossings and brought in full quotas of first-class passengers.

Former Governor Carl Gurdlum, of Oklahoma, who arrived on the Berengaria with Mrs. Gurdlum, spent six weeks in Europe studying barge canals and street-railway systems. He said conditions were very bad. He found time for an examination of art abroad, but said nothing could compete with God's country. "The art galleries and buildings generally are old," he said. "Many of them occupy expensive sites at a great economic loss. Some cathedrals haven't been sand-blasted for twenty years I should say." The statesman said he found French food bad, particularly the coffee. "There isn't a woman in all Europe who can bake a pie like Mrs. Gurdlum," he added, and laughed. "Oh, I guess they is," said Mrs. Gurdlum. The ex-Governor said he would rather not talk about Paris. "It is full of vice, but don't quote me on that," he said.

MRS. CARL GURDLUM

Yvonne Verlaine, movie actress, formerly Miss East St. Louis, returned after six months abroad. That is, she had intended to stay six months to study, but had to hurry back to appear in a new picture called "Dice of Silk," which will be directed by Sturtevant Von Stieglitz. "Mr. Stieglitz is sort of like studying abroad anyways," said Miss Verlaine. "I mean working with him a girl gets more out of it, I mean more culture, than studying abroad. He speaks French and German." The actress surprised her friends aboard the Naples by winning a chair-throwing contest, throwing a chair farther than any other woman. Miss Verlaine was accompanied by her mother, Mrs. Grace Props. "The French are still in the stone age," said Mrs. Props.

YVONNE VERLAINE

John Foster Tweed, brilliant young English novelist, traveller, and lecturer, came in on the Naples also. This is his first visit to America. "There is no art in the United States to speak of," he said. "And so far as I can see there won't be any until there is the birth of a new Aesthetic." The interview was granted at the pier. Mr. Tweed's luggage was carefully examined by Inspector Burt Curt, but finally passed. "New Yorkers are grim," continued Mr. Tweed, "and suspicious, two qualities which militate against the light-hearted buoyancy which must precede the beginnings of art." The author is an amateur boxer and has made a study of American heavyweight prizefighting and prizefighters. He believes Tunney could have beaten George Bellows, but that the colored champion, Stonewall Johnson, was superior to both. Mr. Tweed sails back in three weeks. He will stay at the McAlpin and write a novel of Harlem life.

JOHN FOSTER TWEED

Al Freeman, Broadway producer, returned on the Berengaria after a fruitless six weeks' search abroad for a foreign play worthy of production here. He will begin work at once on "Keep Your Shirt On," a musical comedy by Belcher and Hohman and Cleep. "The Wagner tradition has put the jinx on the young composers abroad," said Mr. Freeman. "You can listen for an hour to a foreign composition, new or old, without getting one bar you can whistle." Mr. Freeman said that Europe has made no progress at all in the mystery play. "A blind man could figure out who the killer is in the first act," said the producer. "I saw 'Macbeth' done in Berlin and without understanding the language I figured who had killed the king. The modern Germans make a mistake in following Shakespeare. He was a sloppy craftsman. Suspicion could have been thrown on Malcolm, Donalbain, Mrs. Macbeth, and the gatekeeper. Europe is two hundred years behind in play construction."

AL FREEMAN

Charley Rascoe, jazz pianist, and Weemy Nichols, saxophonist, came in on the Berengaria with the news that Vienna has gone off terribly. "There isn't a performer in the town that gets a grand a month," said Rascoe. "Kreisler was wise when he signed up on this side. The music racket is dead in the European capitals." Weemy Nichols said there is not a single hot orchestra in all Europe. "Wood-winds, strings, and brasses are all lifeless in foreign orchestras," he said. "I didn't hear a single musician in Paris or Berlin who can play blue and dirty. The muted trumpet is hardly known in some of the so-called best orchestras on the continent."

—JAMES THURBER

CHARLEY RASCOE

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Langeais! Where the gardens, the village tarts, and the stories of Anne of Brittany could hold us captive for a week.—*From a French Line booklet.*

We're a perfect fool about gardens.

THE RETURN

YOU have been rusticating for six months; perhaps you've liked it —some people do. You haven't seen a motor-vehicle or heard a riveter or got a newspaper until a week after it was published. You haven't seen a show or heard a talkie—and the latest movie you've been invited to see is "The King of Kings."

The last month is spent in packing and thinking of what you'll do when you get home—the first hour, the first meal, the first evening.

You think you'll be terribly excited at seeing the skyline again. (In the fog you see nothing until suddenly the entire city stands up beside you. It's not what you expected—but it's grand.)

You fancy that the new traffic rules in the theatre zone are going to make everything strange and different. (You remain unaware of them, especially as you persist in getting to theatres at eight-twenty and find they ring up the curtain at eight-forty-five.)

You are sure that you will be terrified by the traffic. (You leave the pier in a taxi which seems normal enough and are caught in a traffic jam so that it takes you forty-five minutes to get to Fifth Avenue. By that time speed means nothing to you and a taxi bending around another is a welcome relief.)

You think you'll hate the noise. (You do, violently.)

You think the pace of New York is going to appear shockingly fast. (Your own, in the excitement and busyness of getting back, is higher.)

You glean, from a week-old newspaper, left with the ship's barber, a list of plays you are going to see, night after night, beginning right away. (You get to see "Hold Everything!" in your second week.)

Your tongue tastes the very syllables of filet mignon at the Meadowbrook or steak Stanley at the Brevoort. (You get a flock of invitations to dinner and everyone is dining at home this year.)

You wonder whether the speakeasy cards you have so fondly thumbed over are going to be any good after all these raids. (They are perfectly good, but quite unnecessary.)

Getting your mail every day instead of every boat-day is going to give you a great kick. (Advertisement of the Marmon Company; rug-cleaner's card slipped under your door; bill from laundryman you didn't pay when you left; class-reunion appeal; Citizen's League circular; letter from corporation which was thinking of giving you a job asks whether you want to be continued on its mailing list; telephone, gas, and light bills which have to be forwarded to your tenant, now departed.)

The constant ringing of the telephone will be a nuisance. (You fling yourself on it at the first ring and discover a man from Boston who didn't even know you had been away.)

Half a dozen people you absolutely count on—they will be glad to see you and will give you a witty and malicious account of the season you missed. (One is on the road, two abroad, one has left her husband, whom you like even better—and the other two are the greatest people on earth and come to the point brilliantly.)

You think you'll drink moderately after six months of moderation. (You don't.)

At last you'll find out the truth about the scandal involving So-and-So and So-and-So and O'Brien. (No one is interested enough to recall the details.)

Everyone will ask you how you enjoyed your holiday. (They do—and don't wait for an answer.)

Not being compelled to change your money into foreign denominations is going to be a relief. (What money?)

—GILBERT SELDES

•

COUNSEL

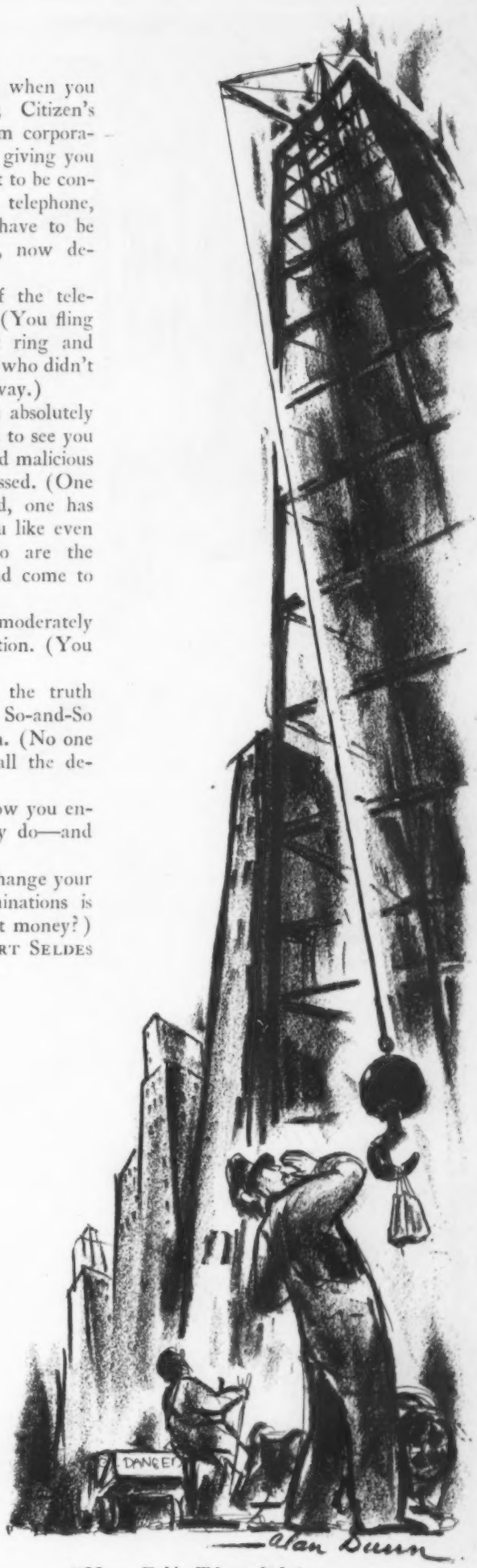
You who have known
A sharper grief
Than this dark wound
Of unbelief,

Why be dismayed
At sudden blight?
Speak with a tongue
Both bitter and bright.

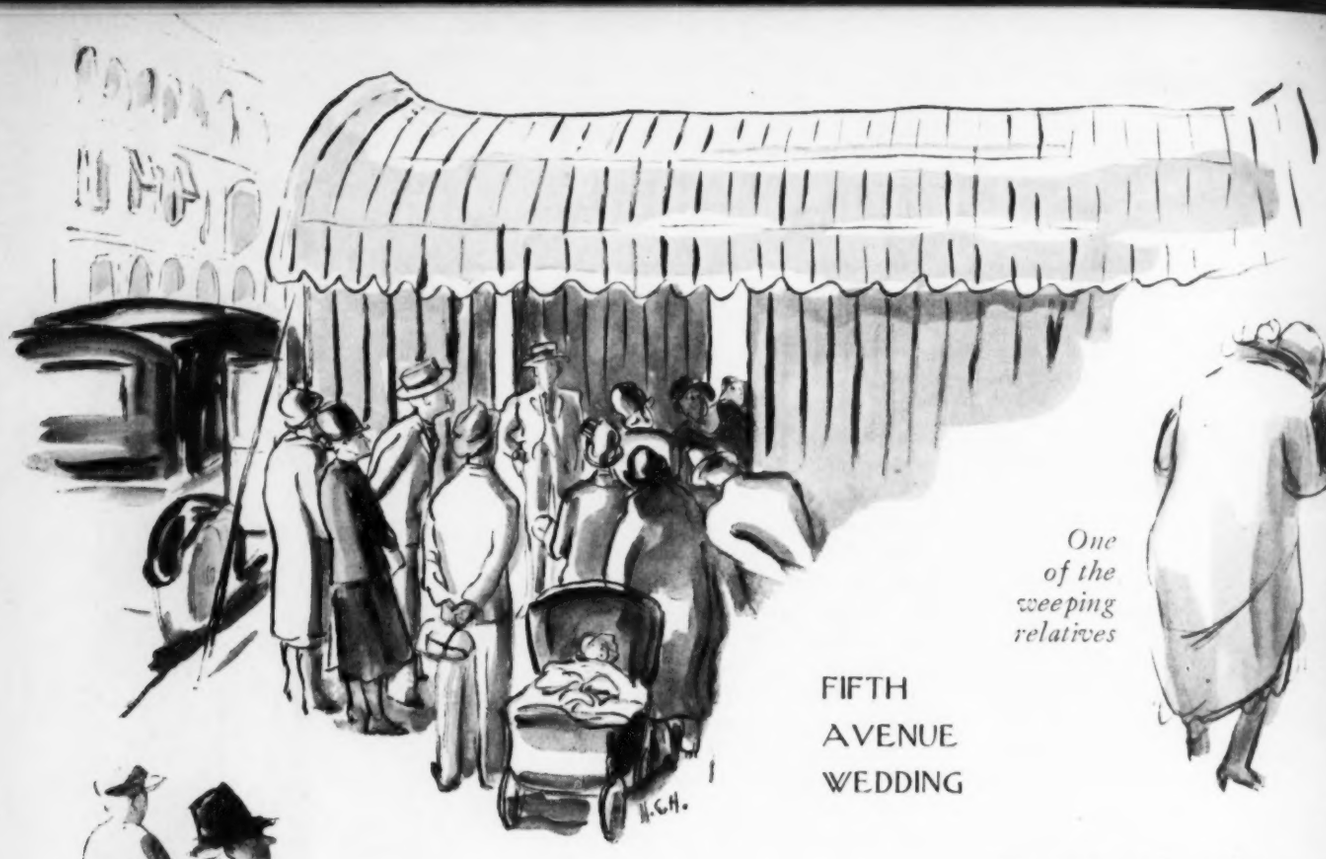
But you who choke
On the icy fruit
Of disillusion,
Be wisely mute;

Wisdom with a word
Can level a hill,
But to hold your peace
Is wiser still.

—SYDNEY KING RUSSELL



"Hey, Ed! They didn't have no boloney so I got Swiss on rye."



FIFTH AVENUE WEDDING

One of the weeping relatives

Uninvited guests

A wedding hound

The flashlight squad

"Hello there, pretty girls!"

MILLIONS OF STRAWBERRIES

Marcia and I went over the curve,
Eating our way down
Jewels of strawberries we didn't deserve,
Eating our way down.
Till our hands were sticky, and our lips painted,
And over us the hot day fainted,
And we saw snakes,
And got scratched,
And a lust overcame us for the red unmatched
Small buds of berries,
Till we lay down—
Eating our way down—
And rolled in the berries like two little dogs,
Rolled
In the late gold.
And gnats hummed,
And it was cold,
And home we went, home without a berry,
Painted red and brown,
Eating our way down.

—GENEVIEVE TAGGARD

• •

A SYSTEM OR SOMETHING

I HAVE just discovered a new System. So new, in fact, that it has no vocabulary, and as a consequence I may find it a little difficult to explain. But, so sure am I that it fills a long-felt want that I shall not wait for words. It is a system for finding out all about people without their knowing it.

Now the trouble with most systems for finding out about people—systems like psychoanalysis, for example—is that they involve, if not the coöperation, at least the knowledge and consent of the subject himself. It is necessary to inquire into his reactions, to study the effect of people and things upon him, to ask him questions and analyze his answers word by word; and once he knows what you are about, he will begin trying to deceive you, so that getting at the truth is a ticklish and technical job.

The new system does away with these embarrassments. It is not necessary to question the subject, or to study the effect of anybody or anything upon him. All that is necessary is to observe the effect of the subject upon *other people*. It is not even necessary, scientifically speaking, to see the subject at all. You do not even need to know him. But you must know several people who do. (You will understand that if it sounds a little queer, it is entirely owing to the lack of appropriate words to call things by.) I can best make it clear, I suppose, by stating a case.

TAKE, for example, Queen Victoria. I say Queen Victoria because it was through her the discovery was made. It came about in this way: Years ago, when Alfonso of Spain was a youngster and there was beginning to be a good deal of worry as to who would be the future Queen of Spain, Alfonso was sent on one of those "honorable intention" visits to the English court—a visit from which Alfonso seemed to have departed somewhat under a cloud. The story went that on the morning after his arrival, Alfonso, rising early, emerged from his royal suite into a long corridor at the very moment when Queen Victoria stepped out of a door at the other end of the corridor. Seeing Alfonso, she stopped, waiting for her guest to approach and greet her in the manner befitting her dignity. But instantly, at sight of her, Alfonso's feet went into the air, and with the greatest agility and skill he turned handsprings the whole length of the corridor, bringing up accurately before the astonished Queen, with a bright and cheery "Good morning, Your Majesty!"

Well, Alfonso left the English court, and the press had it that Victoria did not consider him a fit mate for a princess of English blood. It was this story that made the world say that Alfonso was mad; and it was this story that made Alfonso my favorite Royalty. Of course he married the English princess in spite of it—but then a king was, even in those days, a king.

Now this story by itself would never have led to the discovery of my system if it had not been that now, after a lapse of all these years, I have discovered, in the Memoirs of Lord Frederick Hamilton, this tale: When Lord Frederick's second brother was presented as a child to Queen Victoria, who was temporarily occupying the Hamilton family house in Scotland, he was in a state of sulks at having been turned out of his nursery to make room for the Royal children.

"And this, your Majesty, is my second boy. Make your bow, dear," said my mother; but my brother, his heart still hot within him at being expelled from his nursery, instead of bowing stood on his head in his kilt, and remained like that, an accomplishment of which he was very proud. The Queen was exceedingly angry.

"And mind you, these tropical fish are so teeny weeny you could put five under your fingernail."

I REMEMBERED the story of Alfonso, and suddenly it came over me. Queen Victoria was like that. It was no coincidence. There was something, *something* in Queen Victoria that made people

"Marvellous to have a child—such a beautiful expression of oneself."

• •

stand on their heads. I trembled to think what I, who have never been able to accomplish either handsprings or standing on my head (and remaining like that), would have been inspired to do. I recalled that one of my first recollections of Queen Victoria was of hearing a friend of the family relate the experience of her presentation at Victoria's court. She told how she rehearsed and rehearsed for days before the event. "I was perfectly sure," I remember her saying, "perfectly sure I should go on my head!" One heard that often in Victoria's time. Ladies pretended it was the difficulty of managing their trains. But one never hears the story now, and there are still presentations at court; ladies still wear trains. No; the truth is that Queen Victoria was an—an—(here, you see, comes in the need of a vocabulary, some good names for the various classifications, types, etc.) shall we say an Upender, for lack of the technical phrase? There must be many Upenders in the world. You probably know one yourself. I think of several.

You begin to see how the system works. Simply discover what phenomenon is produced by the presence of the subject upon other people. The recurrence of the phenomenon is your clue.

For example, I know a man who puts everybody to sleep. He neither talks unduly about himself, nor has he, so far as we have been able to isolate, any of the qualities that constitute a bore. Indeed he is as witty, as amiable, as entertaining a companion as most of the men we know. Yet the mysterious fact remains that we begin to stifle yawns from the moment he enters the room, and by ten o'clock we are haggard from lack of sleep; and when he is coming to dinner we try to get a little nap in the afternoon in order to keep awake. With everyone it is the same. I have heard new acquaintances of his unsuspectingly say: "B—— is coming in tonight. Of course he's a dear, and we're glad to have him; but I *did* want to catch up on my sleep." . . . Obviously, now, this man is not an Upender. He would seem to be in fact exactly the opposite. He is—(you see how simple the classifications will be when a proper vocabulary is worked out).

But you may demonstrate the system for yourself. You and your friends. Say you are sitting about a room in the evening. Imagine now that the door has opened, and a person invisible to everyone but yourself comes in. (You must have in mind someone known to all present.) You rise and greet the invisible guest, responding to the arrival exactly as you would if he were there in the flesh. If you do the thing justice, the others will recognize the visitor at once. The cause determined by the phenomenon.

I know a young woman who is so good at it that she can identify, describe, and give you the bitter truth of any character, by the simple means of a single well-chosen expression of her face. But then she has an exceptionally talented face.

SOME remarkable variations have been worked upon the idea. As a matter of fact, I am sometimes not at all sure whether my new System is a Philosophy, a Natural Law, or a Parlor Game. But then, one is never sure of that about any System. Any of the good ones, at least.

—FLETA CAMPBELL SPRINGER

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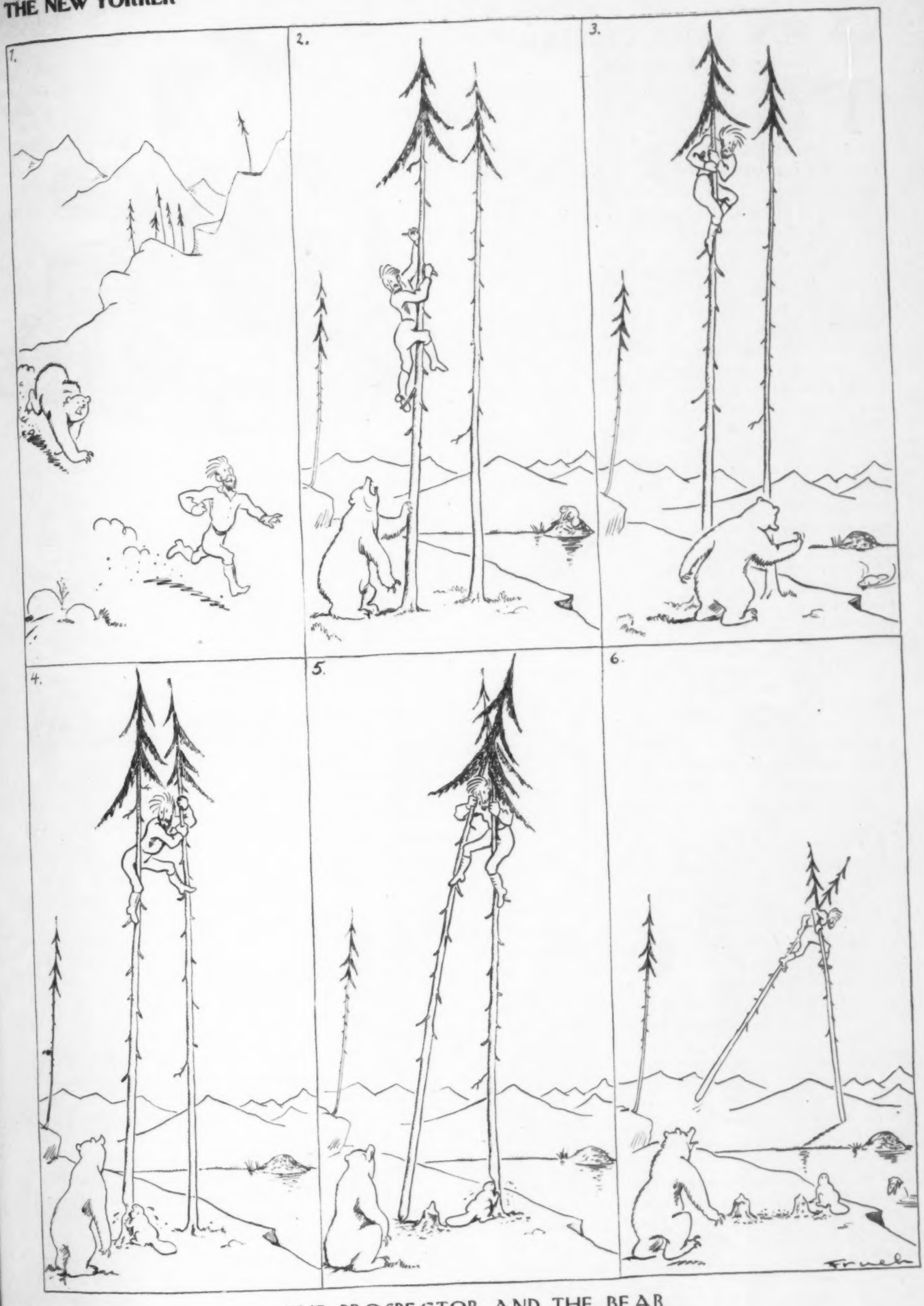
ECCENTRICS

Recently Reported Cases of Striking Eccentricities, with the Explanations therefor, as Recorded by the Diligent Press

LOCALE	ECCENTRIC	ECCENTRICITY	EXPLANATION
Indianapolis	A. L. Everett	Lives in a hollow tree	Can't stand the family radio at home.
Lexington, Ky.	J. L. Slaughter	Put dead mule in his ex-wife's back yard	Just wanted to get even.
Berlin	Herr Müller	Named his son Nebuchadnezzar Amanullah	Wanted to distinguish him from the thousands of other Müllers in the directory.
Verden, Okla.	W. H. Draper	Willed $2,000 and a 27-acre farm to his mule Jack	"My best friend."
Gallipolis, O.	Dr. C. E. Holzer	Removed the appendix from each of his five children	"Safety first."

—W. E. FARBSTEIN



THE PROSPECTOR AND THE BEAR

A NEW YORK CHILDHOOD

THE M. E. K.

THE uninspired brownstone house in Lexington Avenue at Sixty-second Street in which I was born (before it became the fashion to be born in a hospital) was equipped with speaking-tubes. These connected the top-floor playroom, the second-floor bedrooms, the company dining-room, and the front parlor with the kitchen in the basement. The tubes were indicated by small nickel plates stuck flat against the wall, with levers by which you pushed the plates aside when you wanted to talk from one room to another. If you were only four, you had to stand on the sofa to reach them, and you were eternally being admonished not to ruin the plush sofa-cover with your orthopedic shoes.

In those days fathers brought home from downtown boxes of Huyler's marshmallows. Why are there no such marshmallows nowadays? They were sweet and soft, with none of that hard gelatinous taste, and they came in a lovely blue-and-gold tin box with a hinged cover, in which mother used to keep her manicuring implements after the marshmallows had been eaten. I remember that we had a box of these marshmallows with us, and that I was much chagrined to be eating one of them, the powdered sugar all over my face, just as Admiral Schley reached Columbus Circle where we were sitting, in a wooden grandstand, watching the Dewey Parade.

THE newspaper that "everybody" read was the *Herald*, mainly, as I remember, because it was the paper in which the most death notices appeared. On Sunday there was a colored "funny page" devoted to the antics of "Rice and Tapioca and the Lion Blue." This was before the days of "Buster Brown and his Dog Tige." It was always fascinating to be shown the building in which the *Herald* was printed, in Herald Square, and to see and hear its two iron men strike the hour on their iron anvils. In the evening, the men used to bring home the *Globe and Commercial Advertiser*.

There was much talk of the theatre among the grown folks. The names of Richard Mansfield, of John Drew and Ada Rehan, and of Weber and Fields were all referred to with high praise. So was "Floradora" with its famous sextette. Though I was too young to see it myself, I well remember the tune of "Tell me, pretty maiden, are there any more at home like you?" I also recall hearing "Old Heidelberg" and "The Song of the Seashell," and a song about a violet from "The Prince of Pilsen," and everyone would be thrown into convulsions of merriment when the question, "Vass you efer in Tsintsinnati?," was stutteringly quoted.

The first play they took *me* to see was "The Wizard of Oz," thrillingly played by Montgomery and Stone, with Montgomery as the Tin Woodman and Stone as the Scarecrow. Soon after that came "Babes in Toyland" with its "Put down six and carry two," and "The Merry Widow," which I considered delightfully immoral.

YOU began going to the dentist about as soon as, with the assistance of Pepto-Mangan three times a day, your spirits had recovered from the removal of tonsils and adenoids. The dentist's name was Dr. Dean, and he tinkered and hammered away at your teeth and finally provided you with a "gold band," a wire-like contraption made to fit tight across the teeth, its object being to insure their growing in straight. The things were beastly uncomfortable, and you usually removed them as soon as you were out of sight of your elders and put them in the pocket of your blue chinchilla coat. If you were discovered, they told the dentist on you, and then he fastened the band to your back teeth so that you couldn't take it out at all. What a time you had then with your Heide's assorted jujubes and your chocolate spice cakes, and especially with your chewy licorice-flavored sour tamins which you bought for a penny apiece. Your only consolation was the fact that on the Mall in Central Park, where you spent your playtime, almost all the other children were similarly afflicted. On the Mall you skated on two-wheeled bicycle skates, played Hop Scotch, Red Rover, Prisoner's Base, Statues, and Still Pond No More Moving. The two favorite counting-out rhymes were:

> Intzy mintzy giggaly eitsy,
> Eitsy eitsy ahmen teitsy,
> Ahm tahm tusk, giggaly googaly goo,
> Out goes you.

And:

> As I went around the silver lake
> There I met a rattlesnake;
> He ate so much of jelly cake,
> It made his little belly ache.

On Sundays your father took you to the Mall for a stroll while mother stayed at home preparing the Lucullan Sunday dinner. There were tiny four-seated old leather carts drawn by goats, and if you were afraid of riding on the donkeys or on the carrousel, you rode in the goat-carts, and even then father had to walk the length of the Mall beside you, for you were a little afraid even of the goats.

Father wore, on these Sunday morning excursions, Congress gaiters, a high silk hat, and a Prince Albert coat, and you boasted a smooth, tan broadcloth coat in winter and a white piqué with a hat to match if it were summer. Underneath you wore a Ferris waist, buttoned-on drawers, a hand-feather-stitched flannel petticoat, a highly starched "white" petticoat, and a white linen Peter Thompson sailor suit with a blue collar and a red silk tie.

Weekday mornings grandfather would sometimes take you to the early morning concerts which were given, I think, from six to seven, though it may have been seven to eight, in one of those little rustic wooden shelters one still sees in Central Park. This particular one was west of the Mall, opposite the oc-

tagonal wooden building labelled "Refreshments" where you can now get popcorn, peanuts, and soft drinks, but where at that time they also served Bad Kissingen Water, of which the grandfathers partook, for their health, after the concert, sometimes letting you have a sip which would tingle deliciously up your nose.

GRANDPARENTS made frequent pleasure trips to Europe in those days, and brought with them, on their return, long Roman sashes with perhaps a little Roman striped-silk purse to match from Italy, a family set of napkin-rings with engravings of the Eiffel Tower on them from France, and from Germany little red or blue thick glass vials and tumblers with your name written on them in white, like frosting on a cake.

Meeting people on their return from abroad was an arduous undertaking. To get to where the North German Lloyd's steamships docked in Hoboken (which was then the last seacoast, not of Bohemia but of all New York), you had to take either a carriage or innumerable street cars, over cobbled streets, across the Twenty-third Street ferry, and through mean neighborhoods. You had virtually to devote the day to the journey there and back.

Carriages were very swanky, much more so than automobiles are today. That is, even proportionately, not so many people owned them. As for automobiles, the only person I knew who owned one was a fabulously wealthy aunt who had an electric coupé which she drove by means of a lever. My admiration for her easy prowess, as well as for her distinction, knew no bounds. Occasionally I was allowed to sit on a cramped little seat in front of her, my chin touching my knees, holding over her head, to guard her from the sun, a tiny black silk parasol with a crooked rod which permitted it to be held at any angle.

Usually one travelled in bumpy trolley cars, though I remember horse cars on First Avenue and across Twenty-eighth Street. I have an impression that one used horse cars, also, to go shopping either at Stern, which was in Twenty-third Street, at Altman, in Nineteenth, or at Siegel Cooper, in Eighteenth. We girls were never allowed to ride alone on street cars, but the boys were, and one of their favorite pastimes was collecting transfers, exchanging them, and so managing to get a good many free rides. During the subway strike in the spring of 1905, when for a few days there were no ticket-sellers or ticket-choppers working, but when the subway had to run just the same to keep its franchise, most people were afraid to go into it. But not those boys. They had grand and glorious free rides all the way up and down the line.

IT was not only respectable, in those days, to be of German descent and to do German things—it was positively honorable. My grandfather belonged to a genial German social club called the Freundschaft, and occasionally took me to some of the children's parties they had. Once in a while I was also allowed to accompany the grown folks to Sunday night supper at Terrace Garden in Fifty-eighth Street near Lexington Avenue, or, later, to Stillgebauer's Unter den Linden at Broadway and Ninety-sixth Street, where, in a tree-shaded garden, one drank the most nectarine beer and ate the most ambrosial knackwurst and sauerkraut.

School was rather a problem. You didn't go to a regular public school, because the children who went to them weren't "nice." But the private schools were worse. They made snobs of you, and, besides, they didn't teach you anything. So you went to what is now the Model School of Hunter College but was then the Training Department of Normal College (of which Thomas Hunter was then president), at Sixty-ninth Street and Lexington Avenue. It was generally known as Training School or as T. D. N. C., and Miss Parsels, the pinch-nosed, whalebone-waisted principal, wouldn't take you in unless you were especially bright and clean and properly pedigreed. My own qualification lay in the fact that my mother had gone there in her day. I had some of the same teachers that had taught her. Three of them—Miss McElhinney (the graduating-class teacher), Miss Bowne (who used to say, "You *forgot* to do your lesson? Very well—two bad marks: one for forgetting, the other for not doing it."), and Miss Rollo (the drawing teacher, whose motto, as evidenced by generations of autograph albums, was "Rule by love")—used all to call me, affectionately, their grandchild.

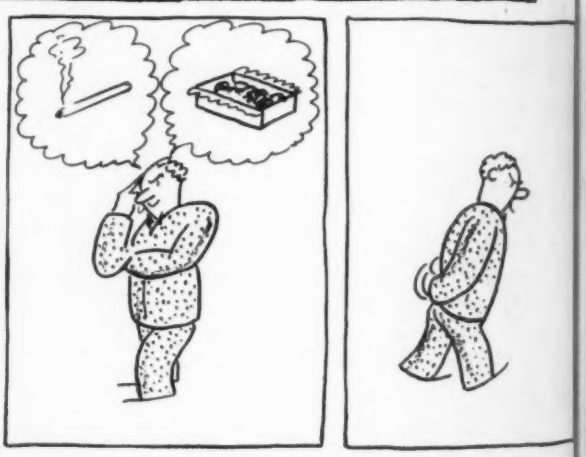
Almost as important an institution as the school itself was Jackson's, the stationery and school-supplies store at

"Oh Daniel, dearest—I've just discovered that Mr. Maltsby here is a distant cousin of ours!"

the corner of Sixty-ninth Street and Third Avenue. There the drawing teacher would send us for Dixon's No. 3 pencils and for our boxes of Winsor & Newton's water-color paints. Thither our regular teacher (it was before the days of the "departmental system") sent us for our arithmetic notebooks, spelling books, and maps to "fill in" according to the prewar outlines in Maury's Geography. And there, of our own accord, we went, after school hours, for passepartout picture-framing materials and for the pyrography outfits with which we burnt fearful and wonderful designs on leather sofa cushions and table covers and on wooden boxes, bookends, and "tabourettes."

WE were in about the sixth grade when Maude Adams brought "Peter Pan" to the Empire Theatre, and thereby all but completely demoralized us for school, or for anything else, for that matter. The first time I saw the play was at a gala evening performance in the winter of 1906. It was the first time I had ever been to the theatre in the evening, and the occasion was made doubly memorable by the fact that Mark Twain was there, in a box, looking noble and distinguished indeed with his white clothes and his silver hair, and, judging by his enthusiastic applause, enjoying the adventures of the boy who wouldn't grow up as wholeheartedly as the youngest of us. "Peter Pan" became a passion with us. So did Maude Adams. So did Barrie. And so blended did these three become in our minds that they were as one—a sort of holy trinity. Those of us who were the most rabid—there were eleven in all—formed a club, the M. E. K., referred to by us as the Mu Epsilon Kappa, the initials signifying Maude Elizabeth Kiskadden, as we discovered Maude Adams' real name to be. It was a very secret club indeed, and we never divulged to anyone the meaning of those letters, which we had fashioned into tiny gold pins and wore fastened to our middy blouses, over the heart. A parent with a sense of humor, I remember, used to insist that the letters stood for Maudlin Eleven Kids.

The club had but one purpose: the appreciation and glorification of the holy trinity. We read all the works of Barrie that we could lay our hands on. We brought to the club such pictures of Maude Adams as we had managed to cull from the current magazines, especially from the *Theatre Magazine*, the *Red Book*, and a since discontinued, rather arty publication called the *Burr McIntosh Monthly*, which impressed us greatly because the pages were tied together with silk cord. We kept Maude Adams Scrap Books, into which we pasted these treasures together with actual photographs of her in all her previous rôles, which we bought, when we could muster up enough money, of Underwood & Underwood, Sarony, and particularly of Charles L. Ritzmann, whose shop in Fifth Avenue at Twenty-seventh Street specialized in "Celebrities."



We went to see "Peter Pan" as often as indulgent friends and relatives would take us, so that we practically knew the words by heart. Indeed, among us all we *did* know them, and later meetings of the club were devoted to writing them down in notebooks. The play had not then been published in book form (for some reason it never was until very recently, in 1928), so that we eleven children were, to my knowledge, the only persons in New York, except those who had the acting script, who owned copies of the play.

TO insure the absolute perfection of our notebooks, we used to dash down to the Empire Theatre after school every Wednesday afternoon when the mid-week matinée was given, and hang around the second-balcony entrance. We never had enough money to buy tickets (though they were to be had, at the back of the second balcony, for only twenty-five cents apiece), but the doorkeeper, who must have been a Peter Pannish person at heart himself, used to smile understandingly at us, and usually, as the play would be about half over by that time, he would say: "Git along up, all of yez. Tell Mike I told 'im to let yez in."

Joyously we ascended the long flights of stone stairs, got by Mike, and stood behind the last row of seats, drinking in the play again and correcting the words in our notebooks, which we had always with us. Of course we waited, at the end of each matinée,

for Miss Adams (as we called her, deeming Maude Adams too disrespectful!) to come out. Everyone else in the cast always came out before her, and often we all but froze in the cold, but finally we were rewarded by the appearance of our heroine in her invariable long brown fur coat and small brown fur cap, bowing and smiling and perhaps saying goodnight to us as she stepped into her waiting carriage, or, in later years, taxicab.

It was 1908 by the time we had all perfectly completed our transcriptions of the play, and on a day in early spring we had them ready to show Miss Adams. She was at first incredulous, then amused, then touched, and to reward us, she borrowed a fountain-pen of one of us and wrote in each of the eleven books: "Sincerely yours, Maude Adams—1908." My copy is, even today, one of the things to be saved first in case of fire.

THE good old days are no more. A few weeks ago, chancing to find myself in the East Sixties, I went over to Third Avenue at Sixty-ninth, to see whether Jackson's were still there. It is, but it is run now by a young woman and a young man.

"I used to buy my school supplies here twenty-five years ago," I remarked sentimentally.

"Yeah?" they replied, and were not impressed.

Disconsolately I walked down Lexington Avenue to the house where I was born. The basement is now occupied by an expensive *pâtisserie* and catering shop. The upper floors have been made into one and two-room kitchenette apartments. The superintendent told me that, exclusive of the caterer, the house is occupied by seven families. —CORINNA REIMAN

• •

OF ALL THINGS

THE tariff bill passed by the House helps the farmer in spots and hurts him all over. Oh, what a tangled web we weave when first we practice to relieve!

•

Hereafter the President will receive handshakers only on Wednesdays. Congressmen from the Corn Belt can come in any time; they are knee-shakers.

•

Memorial Day was observed by our people with undiminished zeal. In honor of our heroic dead, millions of motorists went out into the country and decorated the landscape with paper boxes, bottles, tin cans, and chicken bones.

•

Secretary Good says that Chicago is only suffering from growing pains. Shooting pains is the story we heard.

•

One can understand why Lindbergh wanted to avoid a big, showy wedding. He had reason to suspect that he would not have that insignificance and obscurity which are the right of every bridegroom.

•

They have been unable to discover the source of the Lenroot leak, but the affair should be a lesson to us all. Never deposit a secret with ninety-six Senators for safekeeping.

•

Clinton N. Howard, the self-confessed little giant of the American platform, has come to dry up New York. Our people, we fear, will stick to the theory that thirty-two thousand speakeasies can't be wrong.

•

The University of Iowa has been suspended from the Big Ten for professional conduct. This completely annihilates Professor Clark, who claimed that a college education does not pay.

•

Mr. Shouse wants to free his party from the pestiferous prohibition issue. It is believed that by untiring work and devotion to duty the Democrats will be able to lose the two northern states they saved out of the wreck.

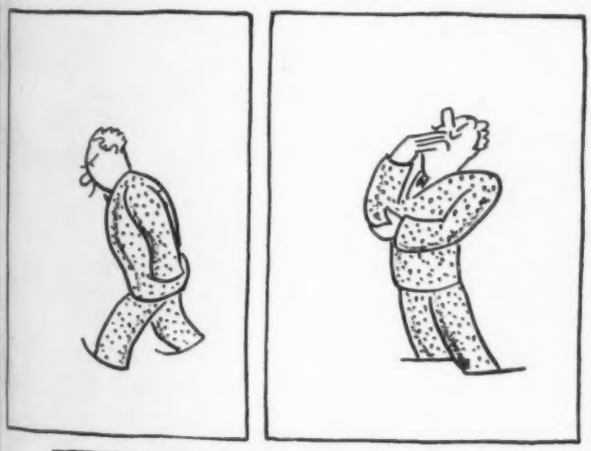
•

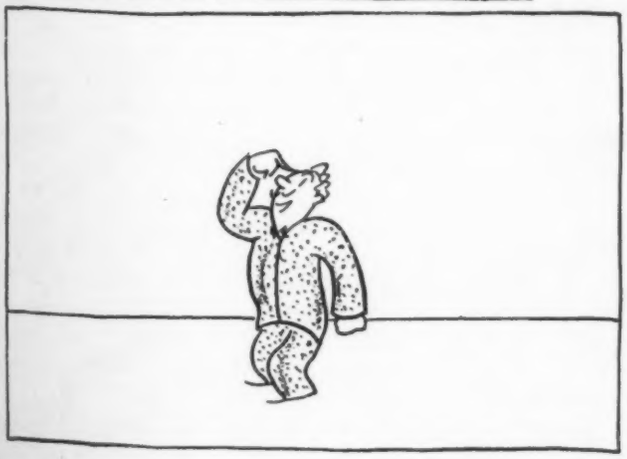
Mr. Hoover, of course, will not ask diplomats to go dry. There is no reason foreign embassies should be little deserts in the great American oasis.

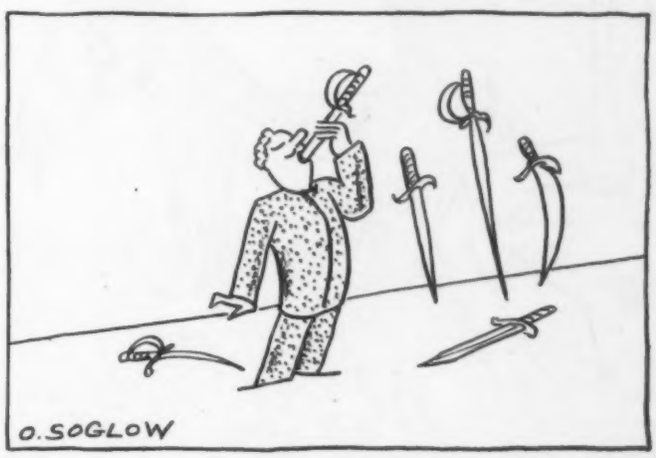
•

California has not as yet been invaded by the Mediterranean fruit fly which is bringing distress to Florida. Is it possible that the western oranges have no insects appeal?

—HOWARD BRUBAKER







THE WAYWARD PRESS

THE PUBLIC'S SERVANT

THE two-year-old struggle between the Press and Colonel Charles Lindbergh for the possession of the latter's privacy was won conclusively by the harassed Colonel on May 27 at four o'clock P.M. At this hour, while the eagle-eyed reporters who had been beleaguering the Morrow estate for weeks were sending in local-color stories about the Englewood foliage and quaint old Patrolman Charles Bellingham, Colonel Lindbergh and Miss Anne Morrow were married. And the avid Public, ever insistent on getting the latest news from intimate corners of its heroes' lives, read, on its way home from work at 6 P.M., that "Plans for Lindbergh Wedding Progress" and that "Lindberghs Lunch at Morrow Home."

Incidentally, we hear a lot from the reporters and editors about a "Public" which demands from its servant, the Press, a constant and obnoxious surveillance of popular heroes, no matter whether the popular heroes have a liking for it or not. As the correspondent told Professor Einstein, "the Public insists on knowing." Wholly aside from the point of what the hell right the Public has to insist on knowing anything that a perfectly law-abiding citizen doesn't want to tell, are not the editors a little sanguine in their estimate of the eagerness with which the Public devours the morsels which are set before it in the Press? In spite of the fact that the Press has been championing the Public in its prying into the Lindbergh-Morrow nuptials, most of the Public which finds its voice in individual expression on the street is whole-heartedly with Colonel Lindbergh against the reporters. There probably was never a more popular victory than this one against the snooping news-agents. The Public seems to forget that the reporters are doing all this in its own behalf, and, in siding with the modest young people, is doing nothing short of biting the hand that is feeding it. Perhaps it would be more correct, instead of saying that "the Public insists on knowing," to say that "the *editors* insist on the Public's insisting on knowing."

At any rate, whether the Public insisted on knowing or not, what it got was about as silly *ex post facto* reading as has been scanned in a long time. Those readers who did not get the news over the radio early in the evening, settled down in their armchairs at home at about nine o'clock (five hours after the couple had been married before a small group of relatives) to learn from their *Sun* that "it was revealed during the day that the invitations for the wedding have already been ordered and that approximately 1000 will be mailed to prominent persons in the United States and Mexico." (They had learned before that ex-President Calles of Mexico was to be the best man, so naturally the affair took on an international scope.) The *Post* also humored its readers with the story of the one thousand guests, but the *Telegram*, in the course of the only account which read sensibly in the light of what had already happened, said that "one source" had it that one thousand invitations had been sent, but covered nicely by following with "another said that the ceremony would be private with only the family present." The *Telegram's* story also announced the wedding as "imminent," which, while something of an understatement in view of the fact that it had already taken place, was, nevertheless, almost psychic in its divination.

Thus ends the man-hunt which the press has been carrying on ever since the engagement was announced, and it must have been with considerable chagrin that the generals had "retreat" sounded to call back their forces from Maine and Mexico, even though it was to concentrate their strength on finding out what the young people were doing in their honeymoon. The Public, you know, insists.

"The good old Katzenjammer Kids! Mamma used to read them to me."

THE Press, however, *did* fight and win a battle for its dear Public in the matter of secret Senate balloting, when Paul Mallon of the United Press refused to divulge his sources for the Senate Committee roll-call on the Lenroot nomination. Here is a matter in which the Public is legally (if not actually) interested, and the newspapers are the only means of public information. Colonel Lindbergh is entitled to privacy, but the Congress of the United States is not.

For a time, though, it looked as if

ESSENCE-RARE

The epitome of fragrant perfection,
latest and most precious of all parfums

HOUBIGANT
PARIS

This spring, Packard is completely attuned to the new season. Trim, jaunty and fleet of line . . . harmoniously gay and smartly turned out . . . with a world of thrilling power under its graceful hood.

See the open car as only Packard can interpret it! Roadsters, touring cars, phaetons and double duty convertibles are offered in all three models of the new Packard Eights . . . as well as superb custom-built Packards by renowned coach builders.

PACKARD

PACKARD MOTOR CAR COMPANY of NEW YORK
Packard Building
Broadway at 61st Street
and Broadway at Sherman Ave.
(near 196th Street)

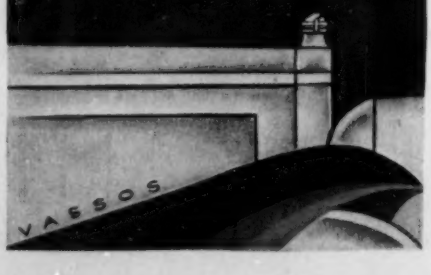
BROOKLYN
Atlantic at Classon Ave.

PARK AVENUE PACKARD, INC.
6 East 57th Street

WEST END PACKARD COMPANY, INC.
Broadway at 106th St.

PACKARD BRONX COMPANY, INC.
696 East Fordham Road
2110 Grand Concourse at 181st St.

Ask the man who owns one



the United Press representative was going to be barred from the Senate. This led to the terrifying speculation as to what would happen if the United Press were to be barred from other sources of its information throughout the world, thereby depriving us of those special U.P. stories which the *Sun* so delights to run of an evening, telling a waiting world that Mrs. Mabelle Gilman Corey is growing moody or that the Venus de Milo is getting fat (both in the issue of May 21). A collection of United Press dispatches for the early editions of the evening papers would read like a scrapbook called "Odds and Ends from Here and There for This and That"—if anybody ever read them.

IT must be a little tough for a paper like the *Telegram*, which has been crusading up and down the town for the past year, closing speakeasies, starting petitions, bringing city officials to their senses, and in general taking over the civic conscience in special campaigns of one sort and another, to lose the Pulitzer Prize for the newspaper which has rendered the "most meritorious public service during the year." The *Evening World* won it, for its campaign "to correct evils in the administration of justice." This might well be discouraging to the *Telegram*, since in its public-spirited and zealous agitation to aid Commissioner Whalen and to arouse the citizenry to some sort of lather, it has often devoted more space to campaigning than it has to the news. Why not a prize next year for the newspaper which has eschewed "meritorious public service" and presented the real news of the day, every day, in the most readable and unbiased form? We have an idea that the *Times* would win it, hands down, but that *next* year it would have a good fight with the *Herald Tribune* for first place.

BEFORE it can win any prize for unbiased presentation of news, however, the *Times* will have to do a little copy-reading on the dispatches of Signor Arnaldo Cortesj, its special Fascist representative in Rome. Even

Play the SILVER KING now only 85¢

[And still the world's finest dollar ball]

Nothing changed. Still the world's greatest distance ball. Still "The King O' Them All" wherever golf is played. Only its price is lower.

At 85 cents, it's better psychology than ever to play the best ball that money can buy!

The Silvertown Co., London

• • •

John Wanamaker
NEW YORK
Sole United States Distributors

Better than all the laxatives

"COMPLETELY harmless in spite of its great efficacy. It reduces the poisons which make the body cells grow old."

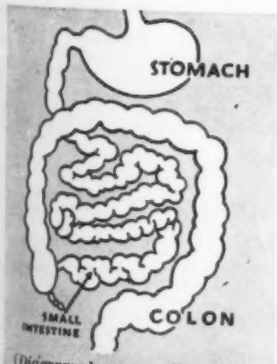
These are not our words. They are the words of a great scientist and famous physician, Dr. Georges Rosenthal of the Pasteur Institute of Paris.

Yeast is a food—every bit as fresh as delicate dewy leaves of lettuce or spinach right from the garden.

But fresh yeast—as millions know who have benefited—has health properties no other single food possesses. Myriads of living active yeast plants in every cake gently stimulate sluggish bowel muscles—bringing about natural easy elimination, ridding the body of depressing poisons. Appetite picks up, bad breath and headaches go, ugly skin eruptions disappear!

Start today to eat Fleischmann's Yeast. You can get it at grocers, restaurants and soda fountains. Write for booklet. Health Research Dept. Y-99, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York City.

HERE IS THE FRESH FOOD—Fleischmann's fresh Yeast—that famous doctors in six countries recommend. For beautiful, vigorous health just eat three cakes daily, one before each meal or between meals—plain or in water, cold or as hot as you can easily drink. For best results, eat it regularly, and over a sufficient period. Habit-forming laxative drugs can gradually be discontinued.



(Diagram above from "Troubles We Don't Talk About," by Dr. J. F. Montague; J. B. Lippincott Co., Phila., Pa., Publishers.)

Copyright 1929, The Fleischmann Company

(RIGHT)
DR. GEORGES ROSENTHAL, doctor of the schools of Paris, says, "Yeast is the policeman of the intestines. It reduces harmful poisons. It regulates digestion. It is a classic remedy for boils."

(LEFT)
"The digestive tract," says Dr. Rosenthal, "is a veritable laboratory of poisons. Fresh yeast checks these dangerous poisons." Don't depend on habit-forming drugs and pills. Keep this important tract clean, active and healthy with fresh Fleischmann's Yeast.

Hail to the Oncoming Bond Salesmen!

AND a great bunch of lads they are, too...these ex-Football Stars, Pole Vaulters, and Phi Beta Kappa Key Jinglers! Worth a rousing cheer from any Old Grad—*in any condition.*

Start the boys right. Celebrate their forthcoming with a gift they'll cherish almost as long as their undergraduate days. Give them a swagger looking Hartmann Wardrobe Trunk.

Standard size, price $55
Other sizes, $50 to $60

The one we picture here is built like Gibraltar—made in four sizes—done in three pleasing tones of brown in vulcanized fibre. With appropriate garment hangers, commodious drawers for furnishings and a shoe box, it will take care of all the wardrobe an ex-college man—or anybody else—ever needs. See it today. And other Hartmann Travel things in matched sets. Priced up to $375.00.

Hartmann Trunks

The following stores carry a representative line of Hartmann Trunks:

Abercrombie & Fitch	**W. W. Harrison & Co.**	**Saks—Fifth Avenue**
B. Altman & Co.	**Lord & Taylor**	**Saks—34th Street**
Mark Cross Company	**John Wanamaker**	**Stern Brothers**
Gimbel Brothers	**London Luggage Shop**	**Traveller's Luggage**

making allowances for Signor Cortesi's ebullient Latin style and the Italian national tendency to wave the arms and toss the cap, his febrile accounts of every event in which Il Duce takes part savor a bit too much of the Fascist Propaganda Bureau to rank as strictly news-dispatches. Mussolini cannot walk from his office to the coatroom without its being, in Signor Cortesi's admiring estimation, a triumphant procession over the bodies of his enemies. If one read only the *Times* (as so many do) one would have the impression that Italians did nothing but cheer Mussolini from morning until night, and that never was there a hero more deserving of being cheered from morning until night. Reports smuggled in from Italy by travellers would indicate that once in a while the natives stop cheering their hero long enough to mutter something under their breaths, but not so Arnaldo Cortesi. He and with him the *Times* are strictly Fascist and make no bones of using editorial language in the cables which, from any other country, would call for merely a statement of facts. One need read no further than the opening sentence of a dispatch from Rome beginning "Premier Mussolini, who assiduously kept himself in the background—" to realize that whatever followed was dictated either by a strong personal love for Il Duce—or by Il Duce himself.

THE *Telegram*, in order to make things easier for its little readers, has taken to printing at the top of each column of its foreign news the name of the country from which it comes. Thus a dispatch dated "London" has also a key-word in italics over the headline reading "Great Britain," and one dated "Paris" is tipped off by the single word "France." This makes it practically impossible for a reader to go wrong. It also makes it possible for those readers who, for instance, do not want ever to read anything about France to stop before they have read even the date-line. Incidentally, it gives the whole column a highly uninteresting look.

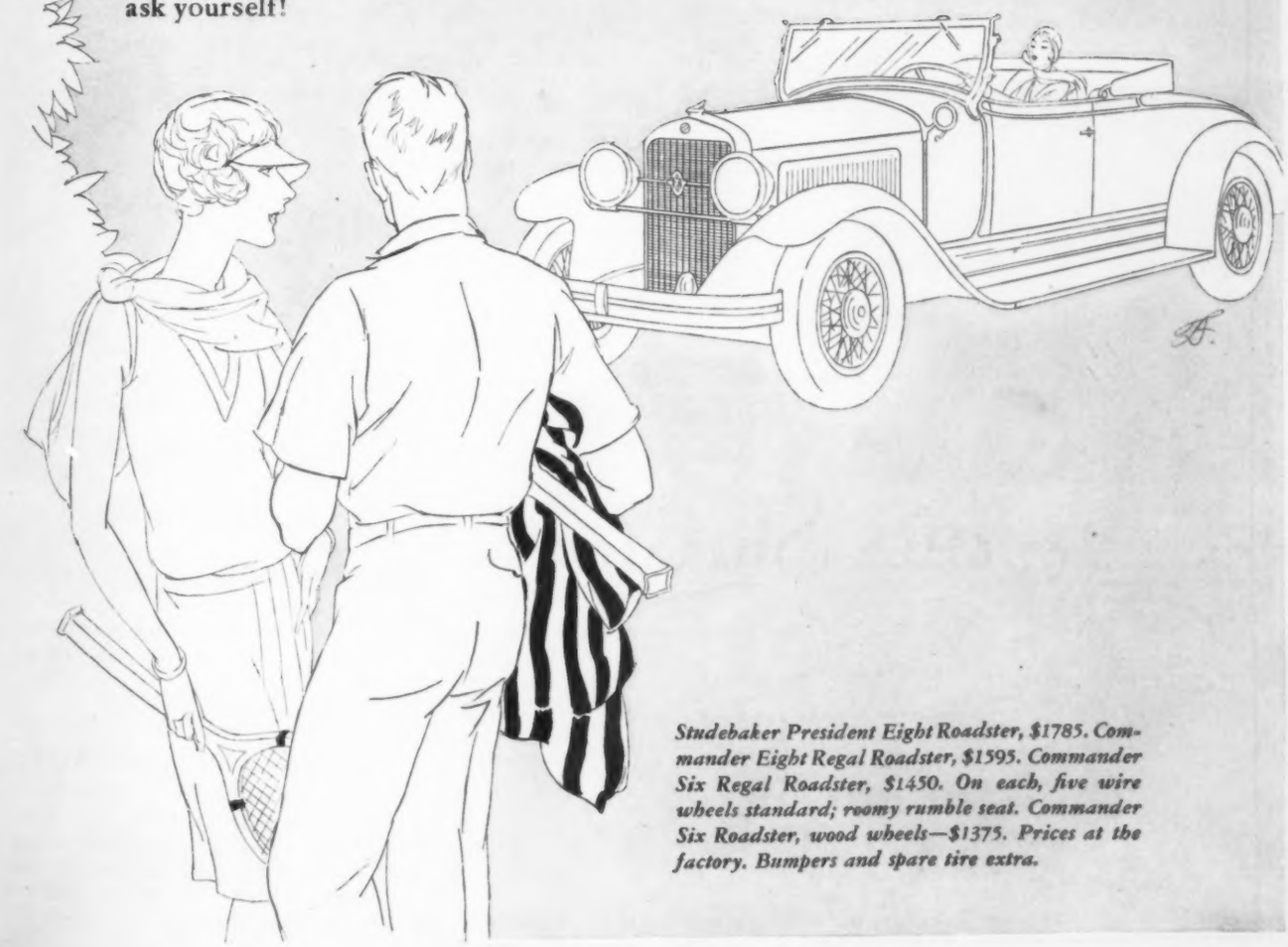
WE would like, however, to commend the *Telegram* for its new practice of breaking front-page stories

• •

"Two champions in one year—the girl is clever".

"First she lands the club singles champion; then The President Eight Roadster—I'll say she knows her titles."

MODERN youth likes this champion Studebaker roadster... the car that's wearing laurels for hanging up 11 world records. Debutantes, co-eds... with a flair for chic... say there's no end of eye-intrigue in its smart, suave lines ... fascination, too, in guiding a mechanism deft and fleet as a shadow. Men know that Studebaker holds *every* official stock car record for speed and endurance. And (it is being noised about) there's simply nothing like a dashing Studebaker to send your personal stock positively soaring! *Well*... look at it... and ask yourself!



Studebaker President Eight Roadster, $1785. Commander Eight Regal Roadster, $1595. Commander Six Regal Roadster, $1450. On each, five wire wheels standard; roomy rumble seat. Commander Six Roadster, wood wheels—$1375. Prices at the factory. Bumpers and spare tire extra.

BON VOYAGE

PRESENTATIONS

Sherry's exquisite

bon voyage presentations have

long set a smart tone in ocean travel. Filled

with the choicest delicacies which Sherry can purvey, they are

each and individually a charming godspeed. Delivery

to steamer authorities, no matter

when or where, guaranteed.

$7.50 and up

MAIL ORDERS FILLED

Louis Sherry

FIFTH AVENUE at 35th

MADISON AVENUE and 62nd

300 PARK AVENUE

750 FIFTH AVENUE

on the last page, which, in case you *should* happen to want to finish one of them, is a great convenience. When you find at the bottom of a front-page story "continued on page 9" you either postpone finishing it until you have reached page 9 (by which time you have forgotten about it) or say "The hell with it" and don't even bother. By the *Telegram's* new system, you turn the paper over without opening it and there, on the last page, are the remaining couple of sticks of your story. The only trouble with this is that you may neglect to turn back to the front page again.

ALL our life we have been hearing the old editor's dictum that "when a man bites a dog, that's news." And yet when, on May 19, Philip Funzinello, of 18 Old Woodpoint Road, Brooklyn, went and bit his horse in the ear to make him go, what did it get? The *World* gave it a stick at the bottom of page 3 and the rest of the papers didn't handle it at all as near as we could find out. Does it *have* to be a dog? —GUY FAWKES

•

"TRUE CONFESSION"

I do not like to hear my knees
  Creak sombrely when I'm alone;
They make me think of winter trees
  That rub gray knuckles, bone on bone.

I do not like to find a hair
  Among the others in my brush,
Which gives me pause to shrink and stare,
  All in a deep, unhappy hush.

I do not like to hear a word
  Which clicks too well with memory,
Like *Ferris wheel* and *Dodo Bird*,
  And *Pinafore* and *Cambric tea*.

Quite suddenly I said today,
  "'Twas *thirty* years ago—you're wrong!"
Good Heavens! . . . and I know the way
  Dust ruffles looked when skirts were long! —PATIENCE EDEN

•

A THOUGHT FOR THIS WEEK

[*From a letter to the Telegram*]

The foregoing incidents cannot plausibly be dismissed as mere sporadic debasements of American consciousness while so many similar current manifestations bear the earmarks of a systematic erosion of American traditions.

THE BROADWAY LIMITED

becomes your Club . . [*between New York and Chicago . . 20 hours*]

Your likes—your preferences—your individuality are recognized when you travel on The Broadway. The conductor greets you with a smile . . . The dining-car steward quickly ushers you to your favorite seat . . . The Pullman porters adjust their services to your particular requirements. Exactly as in a private club!

WIDE—AIRY—LIGHT! . . . with a flower-designed carpet—a vase of fresh cut flowers on the table—this attractive observation car on the Broadway Limited makes a wonderful place to lounge! And the route leads through some of the most beautiful scenery in America.

IN the spacious observation car or the club car you can lounge to your heart's content. There are newspapers and magazines—the latest market quotations. There are, if you want them, congenial contacts to be made in the easy, informal "aboard-ship" manner.

Before dinner—a tingling, stimulating shower-bath . . . A shave, a haircut at the hands of an expert . . . The porter of your car will see that your pressing is done at your own convenience.

Then dinner, delicious, satisfying! . . . A plump, tender chicken . . . or a thick, juicy steak . . . Your chefs on The Broadway are experts—with rich experience behind them. Yet—that you may be even better served—they receive lessons each week under a master of cookery.

YOU CAN DINE as you wish, either à la carte or table d'hôte on the Broadway Limited. You have a wide variety of delicacies from which to choose . . . And the waiters are picked men, trained in the ultra niceties—the very polite art of making you feel at home.

IF YOU CHOOSE, you can continue to be busy on board the Broadway Limited. A skilled secretary and stenographer is at your service—a dictaphone, too, just as in a modern office. And the quiet luxury of the smooth-rolling train is as ideal for work as for relaxation.

Arrive one hour earlier!

To accommodate the busy man—during the period of "daylight saving time," April 28th to Sept. 29th—the Broadway Limited has advanced its schedule one hour, eastbound and westbound, as shown below. Thus you arrive in either city bright and early, ready for the day's activities.

(Between New York and Chicago, The Broadway's schedule is unsurpassed. Between Wall Street and Chicago—via Hudson Terminal—The Broadway offers faster, more convenient service than any other train.)

WESTWARD DAILY—*Standard Time*

Leave New York	
Pennsylvania Station	1:55 P.M.
Hudson Terminal	1:55 P.M.
North Philadelphia	3:40 P.M.
Arrive Chicago	
Englewood	8:30 A.M.
Union Station	8:55 A.M.

EASTWARD DAILY—*Standard Time*

Leave Chicago	
Union Station	11:40 A.M.
Englewood	11:57 A.M.
Arrive North Philadelphia	6:54 A.M.
Arrive New York	
Hudson Terminal	8:42 A.M.
Pennsylvania Station	8:40 A.M.

A SPECIALLY TRAINED ladies' maid—who is an excellent manicurist as well—is always at the service of ladies traveling on The Broadway. Among the other accommodations which are designed particularly for ladies are an elegant lounge and an adjoining shower-bath.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

Carries more passengers, hauls more freight than any other railroad in America

SHOUTS AND MURMURS

RECLAMATION

"WILL you please drop everything and read 'The Innocent Voyage'?"

Thus Constant Reader, in a letter from overseas. I quote it if only to present a rare picture of her—caught red-handed, you see, in the act of recommending a book. With many of us the impulse is frequent, insidious, insatiable. Since I can see no reason the Freudians should make an exception in one instance, they doubtless regard this impulse, too, as an erotic one, and I suppose that, when potent, it *is* a form of impregnation.

Anyway, few of us can finish reading a book without feeling a heady desire to make someone else read it. A swain of Peggy Hopkins Joyce tells me they used to while away the long evenings by his reading aloud the balloons of the comic strips to her, and you must have noticed the readiness with which presumably busy men are willing to serve on the committee of the Book-of-the-Month Club, even though they must know in their hearts that it would be no bad thing if not another new book were published for the next ten years, and even though, in the exercise of their agreeable function, they must occasionally be given pause by the rueful recollection that "Tom Jones" was a good book, too. Yes, and "Emma," and "The Way of All Flesh."

After all, the members of the committee are but five little drops of grease in the deafening machinery of modern publication, whirling in an age when, just as the American theatre snatches at a play, squeezes it tight, then yawns and throws it away (where are "What Price Glory" and "Mary Rose" and "The First Year" now?), so a new book is seized, devoured, and forgotten with such rapidity that many a fair and noble work has a life not much longer than yesterday's *World*.

IT may be, it must be, fun to award the bay leaves of the Book-of-the-Month Club to so good a job as Francis Hackett's "Henry the VIIIth," even if his magnum opus has a touch of that suspect glibness which marks the examination paper of a boy heavy-lidded from last-minute cramming. Even so, I say, it must be pleasant to see so creditably accomplished a stint rewarded by a bouncing first edition of ninety thousand copies. If I myself contemplated those figures a trifle sourly when first they were published, it was probably because on that very day I had raked the bookstores for a copy of a really good biography, a wise, well-informed, mellow, and deeply enthralling book, Trevelyan's "The Early History of Charles James Fox," only to find it—may God have mercy on us all!—out of print.

I suppose it would be wasting breath to suggest that the Book-of-the-Month Club join in propaganda to discourage all further publication of new books until we have had time to mull a little over those that we already have. But, pending the arrival of the millennium, the aspect of its function which most interests me is its monthly reminder that there were some excellent works published as much as five weeks ago or even longer.

Each month, it seems, the Club bulletin murmurs a word in favor of a book gone by. In the little more than a year during which this custom has been in force, these have been the recommendations:

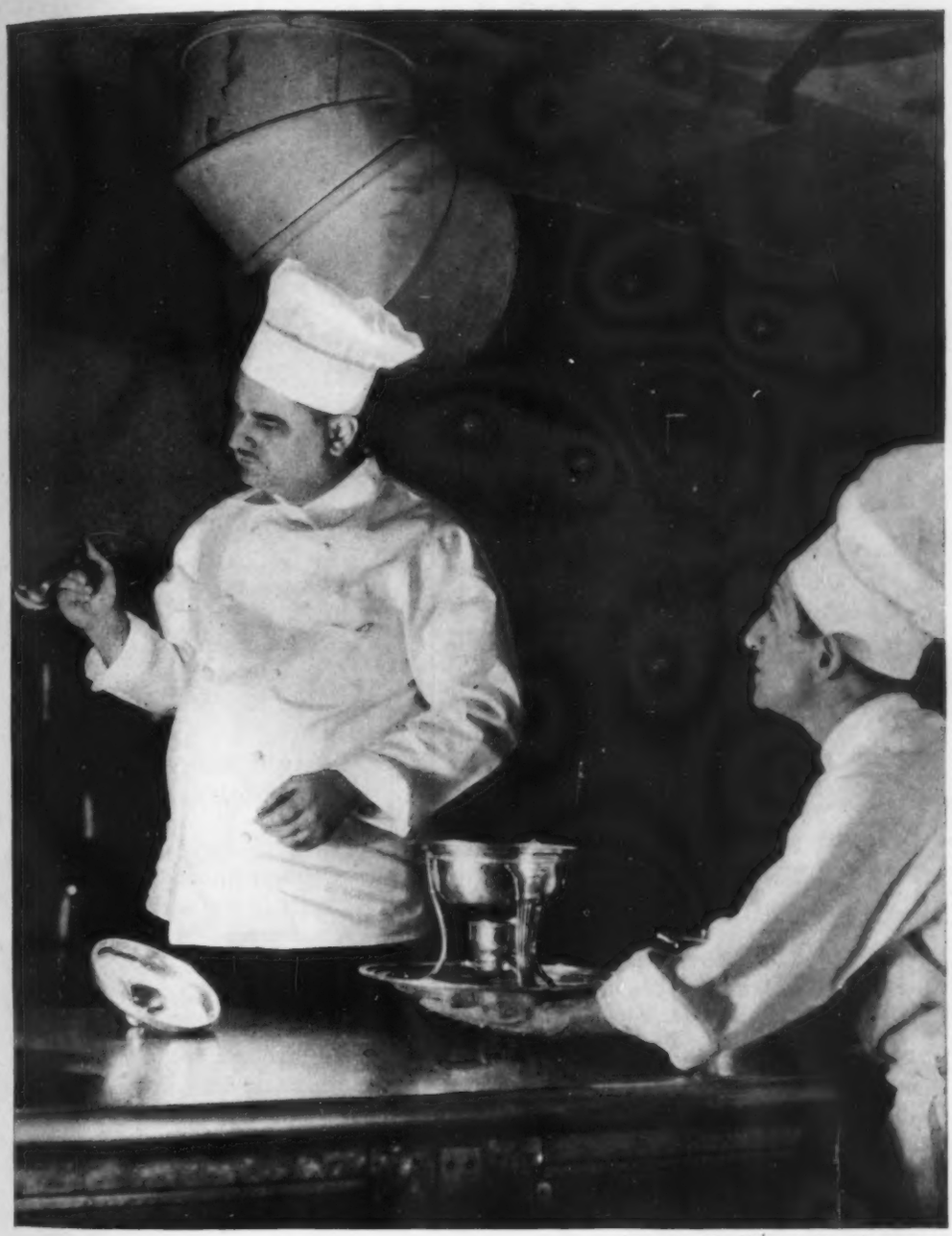
"Of Human Bondage," by Somerset Maugham
"Chance," by Joseph Conrad
"Kim," by Rudyard Kipling
"The Cardinal's Snuff-Box," by Henry Harland
"The Red Badge of Courage," by Stephen Crane
"Far From the Madding Crowd," by Thomas Hardy
"The Honorable Peter Stirling," by Paul Leicester Ford
"The Divine Fire," by May Sinclair
"Peter Ibbetson," by George du Maurier
"Sentimental Tommy," by J. M. Barrie
"Memoirs of a Midget," by Walter de la Mare
"Dauber," by John Masefield
"My Antonia," by Willa Cather
"Varieties of Religious Experience," by William James

This is an excellent list. I understand that the yield in orders thus far has come to as much as two thousand copies for a single book.

ASIMILAR but more concentrated campaign has been waged by the *American Legion Monthly* in a puzzling effort to persuade the veterans to read Gibbon's "The History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire." It began with a hearty and signed endorsement of the presumably gratified opus by that muscular book-worm, Mr. Tunney, and after two years of unremitting propaganda, the enrollment of ex-warriors who either had already read it or have since read it has risen to ninety. It has been an uphill fight, made all the more difficult by the indignant and sometimes profane letters from legionnaires long since wearied of the topic. The feeling will run high at the next convention, if the secret ever gets loose among the delegates that the editor of their Monthly, who has so ably directed the campaign, has not himself gone so far as to read a single page of Gibbon.

WHEN you find that a masterpiece like the Trevelyan book is out of print, there is, as a matter of fact, something you can do about it. And since book-sellers are far from eager to point this out to you, I may enjoy the double satisfaction of annoying them and serving you if I prescribe the method here. My own way is to telephone my favorite book shop—the one which Master Terence Holliday keeps in East Forty-ninth Street. Its patrons walk up a flight of stairs and save, if not ten dollars, at least a good deal of that wear and tear on the nerves which makes one wonder why more bookstore clerks are not strangled to death by enraged bibliophiles. Mr. Holliday's shop—any shop will do it for you, if nagged—makes note of the desired book, inserts, at a negligible fee, a call for it in the *Publishers' Weekly*, and within a short time a dealer, in Richmond, say, or Portland, will report an available copy on his shelves. The process may take several weeks, but it does defeat the store which, when you ask for "The Forest Lovers," looks pained and suggests that you buy, instead, "The Cradle of the Deep."

—ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT



Anton Bruehl—Courtesy Hotel Roosevelt

Is there a distinctive New York style in men's clothes? • Yes. The city which is responsible for buildings like the Telephone and the New York Life, for plays like "Street Scene," for food like Zani's SALADE VIRGINIE and The Colony's CHICKEN MARYLAND, for such beauty and vivacity as may be noted any afternoon at five in 57th Street West, might naturally be expected to evolve a distinctive type of masculine garb. It is essentially restrained, simple, unadorned—but marked by the crispness and virility which is in our very air. Town Series Suits, $55, $65, $75.

THE WEBER and HEILBRONER SHOPS

Try This New Vanishing Hand Lotion ▲▲

▲▲at my expense!

Bath of Isis vanishes because the skin absorbs it almost immediately. Its odor, too, disappears quickly, leaving nothing to clash with your chosen perfume... You can now get Bath of Isis Vanishing Hand Lotion at exclusive drug and department stores, including the following: Altman's, Franklin Simons', Stern's, Wanamaker's, Loeser's, Bamberger's, Saks 5th Avenue, and Gimbel's ... In the meantime, TRY Bath of Isis at my expense.

——Mail this coupon today——

LOUISE LEIGHTON
28 West 44th Street, New York

I enclose 10¢ in stamps to cover packing and postage on the Pocketbook Size Bath of Isis you offer as sample.

Name_____

Address_____

Favorite Store_____

MOTORS

Concerning Cops—Aloof Connecticut—Bigger and Brighter—New Lines

JUNE breezes may suggest steamship tickets to successful poets, but in us they stir merely the balmy fervor of reform; of late we have been investigating the temperament and habits of metropolitan motorcycle cops.

The officers who inhabit the territory of the Westchester County Park Commission receive the cleanest bill of health, though not, of course, without some qualifications. In the Bronx River Parkway one is usually allowed to proceed with reasonable speed, even if it exceeds the legal 35 miles an hour. One reason for this comparatively high limit is that the many curves in the roadway automatically keep one down to about that rate; and even if one crowds the limit a trifle, there is little likelihood of being molested. The excellent safety record of this boulevard has made the police less nervous than their fellows in certain other quarters, notably those you find in the Hutchinson River Parkway.

These have adopted the practice of waiting for you in ambush. Their favorite lairs include the turn-off at Lincoln Avenue, Mount Vernon; the overpass labeled "To Scarsdale;" and the turn at Mamaroneck Avenue. Of an evening, one may find them, with the lights of the cycles extinguished, lurking anywhere at the side of the road, visible only by the chance gleam of a headlight on their shining puttees. There is some reason for vigilance in this particular highway because the various turn-offs, in spite of the grade separations, make a smash easy when cars are going faster than the 35-mile limit. These turns, however, could be marked with caution signs, which would take care of the dangers of the situation less melodramatically and a great deal more pleasantly.

IN Central Park most of the officers are inclined to overlook the strict letter of the 20-mile law but can be very fussy at any sign of recklessness, which is as it should be; for the Park, in contradistinction to some of the outlying districts, is not meant to be a speedway and should be recognized as

STUTZ BLACK HAWK

DE MORTUIS NIL NISI HOKUM

The old adage about not knocking the dead applies to those motor cars which have failed to keep pace with modern developments. Out of respect for their still honored names, let it suffice that they *were* good cars —for their day.

But it takes more than new body lines to make a car modern today. It must be specially engineered for *performance-with-safety* in traffic growing more complicated, more brutal every minute.

Of the fourteen latest improvements in motor car design and construction, Stutz alone gives you *all*—and the four most important are exclusively Stutz! Ten competitive cars combined are required to duplicate the remaining Stutz features.

That is why Stutz is increasing in popularity among New Yorkers faster than any other fine car today—sales to date being 272% of the same period a year ago.

When may we demonstrate to you how definitely the Stutz has antiquated all popular conceptions of a 1929 motor car? Just 'phone Columbus 7070.

SAFETY STUTZ

$3395 to $10,800 f. o. b. factory

AND

BLACKHAWK

$2395 to $2735 f. o. b. factory

Stutz New York Company, Inc.

Broadway at 62nd Street
Park Avenue (Ritz Tower) at 57th Street

Honest *it's a* Frigidaire

AFTER all, what good is a buffet if it doesn't buff. Here's one that does—and how!

Open the top drawer—knives and forks and this and that. The left cupboard door swings open and there are the glasses—maybe the plates or other useless accessories.

And now for the business. In the right hand compartment are the two drawers full of frozen water and plenty of room for whatever should be cold.

Yes, Frigidaire doesn't always go into the kitchen, and, if you saw this one you might think of some place it ought to be.

You can see it at Winston Paul's showroom at 39 W. 45th St., any time or we'll send you a photograph of it and quote a price if you'll mail the coupon.

WINSTON PAUL,
39 West 45th St., New York, N. Y.

Send me the photo, price and other information.

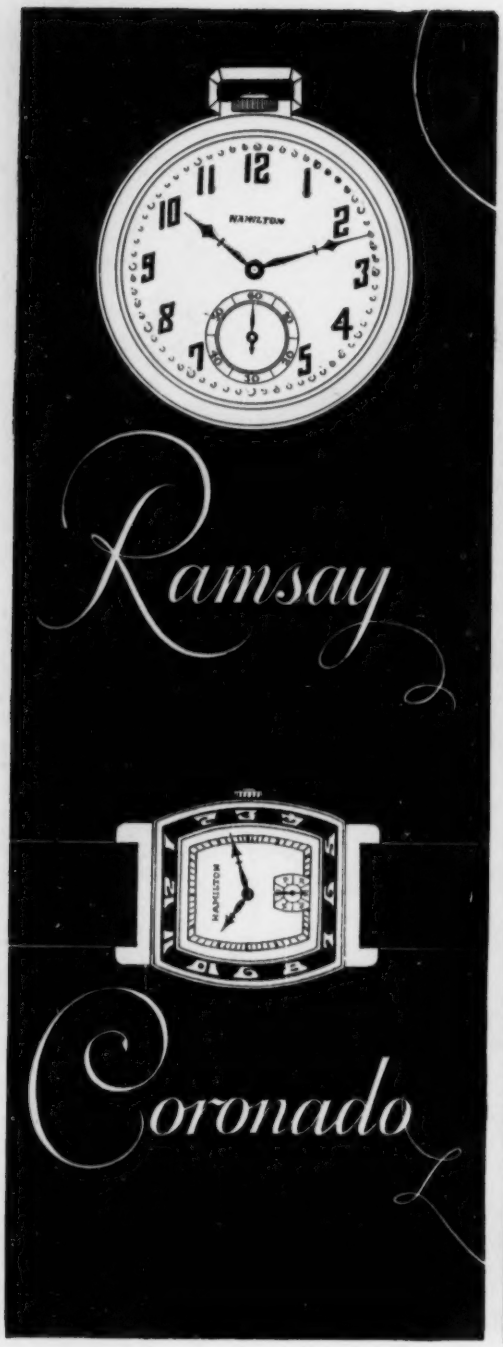
Name .....

Address .....

.....

FRIGIDAIRE

The *Quiet* AUTOMATIC Refrigerator



The "Ramsay" pocket model with its octagonal bow and its delicate Romanesque numerals holds a subtle charm all its own—especially when you think of the eyes that will admire it at country club dances this summer. This beautiful Hamilton may be had in 14k yellow or white gold, with dial shown, $112 to $172. ¶ A hint of the graceful curl of a wave has been caught in the "Coronado"—an exquisitely designed strap watch. This 19-jewel model may be had with numerals of gold, set in enamel, on a case of either 14k yellow or white gold for $125. Hamilton Watch Company, Lancaster, Pa.

Hamilton

The Watch of Railroad Accuracy

THE HAMILTON WATCH IS AN AMERICAN WATCH

a place for the repose of the citizenry.

There is little to be said in favor of the patrolling force in Riverside Drive. Legally, motoring in the Drive must not exceed 20 miles an hour. Actually few arrests are made under 25, but above that figure one is always in danger. The fact that yours may be the only car in sight at the moment is a hazard rather than an asset, for if business is poor you are just as likely to be picked up at 27 as at 35. Here again the ambush is in vogue, with 168th Street one of the favorite spots.

THE chief difficulty in metropolitan motoring lies in the conflict between the law and accepted practice. Under most circumstances, 30 miles an hour is a safe minimum in Riverside Drive; 35 is usually safe in the Post Road between Pelham Parkway and the city limits; and 50 miles is a reasonable speed in the Westchester Parkways, except where there are side roads. Yet the limit of the law is 20 miles within the city and 35 miles in the Westchester Parkways. Washington, D. C., has solved similar problems by marking various speed limits in its main suburban highways. Where you pass through a settlement you are pulled down to 22 miles an hour, but as soon as you come to an open stretch the lid is lifted again. It is a simple and satisfactory system.

Of course, in all fairness to the motorcycle police, it must be admitted that they are put in an unpleasant position. At present the poor fellows are accused of not doing their duty unless they turn in a certain quota of arrests.

PEOPLE who motor along the Sound and to the Cape in the summer wonder why there is no route parallel to the Boston Post Road, unless one goes as far north as Danbury. We learned from an authoritative source the real reason is that Connecticut does not like us. It appears that the Connecticut State Highway Department has ample money, as well as engineering plans, to provide a parallel highway, but the natives have no desire to disturb their Sabbath calm or to encourage more weekend travellers. Bridgeport and New Haven are willing to mark off a few streets as by-pass routes, but no Connecticut Yankee money is to be spent for the pleasure of wanderers from Manhattan. The point of view is understandable. We promise, however, not to carry off any wildflowers if Connecticut will only build

Get your tan in 2 minutes

SKIP the unpleasant stages of tanning—burning, freckles, uneven effects. Get the perfect Riviera and Palm Beach tan in 2 minutes—with the new Glory of the Sun Powder! So natural it looks like your own skin—won't rub off on your clothes—nothing but soap and water or cream affects it... Just rub it on, smooth it in—and catch up with the fashionables who've been getting theirs all winter—with protection from burning and freckling... Not a tan powder—a powder that tans... Two shades—Light for blonde skins, Dark for brunettes. Some clever girls think best results come from using Light for face and neck, Dark for arms, back and legs. $2.00 large box.

Have a tan without tanning

GLORY OF THE SUN - *Powder*

This Price is OUR SECRET

LIDO is a lightweight shoe of white elk and brown calf. Leather sole and heel. Try it on! $7

YOU can see this Lido shoe is smarter. You can even feel the finer quality of leather . . . But how we priced it $7? That's our secret . . . New methods, possible only in our large organization . . . new efficiency and economies in our stores . . . result is the Lido at $7. Worth dollars more!

John Ward
MEN'S SHOES

555 5th AVENUE, New York City
North of 45th Street

Other convenient shops in New York, Brooklyn, Philadelphia and Newark

us a new road through the backwoods.

THERE are stalwart, primitive folk who believe that a summer on canvas cots satisfies the need for an escape from life, but there are others, generally motorists, who are content with a weekend return to nature, and these do not always believe that rocks and mounds make satisfactory chairs. They can take camp stools, of course, but that takes up space. More compact, and satisfactory enough for a moment's rest, are the seat-sticks which can be seen anywhere these days. They are no longer confined to the races; and are to be had, of course, at any number of shops. Abercrombie & Fitch sell them for between $10 and $25. This store also has a useful-looking metal box with a mahogany finish and a stout metal handle. It looks as though it might be a radio set, or possibly a time-bomb, but when opened reveals two demijohns and a half-dozen glasses, all resting snugly in sockets; $65. At prices between $18 and $25 here, one can get tub-shaped thermos bottles which will probably appeal to a number of people, for they will hold more than the standard kind does, and have sturdy handles that make them easy and safe to move.

Wall Street men who must clock even their leisure hours will find use for the Jaeger eight-day timepiece, that records not only the hours of the day but also the time taken on a trip and the minutes spent in stopping for gas. All very exact, and a bit appallingly so. Available at the Jaeger Watch Company, 36 West Forty-seventh Street.

Another tribute to the spirit of science may be found in the Autotab, a device made by Otto Bieber of 5 Columbus Circle. It is simple—merely a shield with space on which to write the dates when the batteries, crankcase, and such matters should be looked at again—but it is efficient and, though unromantic, should be invaluable to the incurably absent-minded.

DURANT has been active lately and some of the results can be seen now. One of the brighter touches on the models recently come on the market is the removal of the waffle-iron from the radiator front. On the larger cars, vertical shutters have taken the place of the former cross-bars, and the body has been lengthened, so the total effect is thoroughly up-to-date.

—NICHOLAS TROTT

"what," politely cried the residents of Gramercy Park, "has happened to edwin booth's statue?"

Of *course,* it would cause consternation in Gramercy Park! Edwin Booth's statue looking as though it were about to step off its pedestal and run off to Times Square.

"But it *isn't* odd. Not in the *least* odd," insists a rather testy old Gramercy Park resident who is a great admirer of the illustrious actor. "It's only *natural.* Edwin Booth was probably making a super-human effort to see Judith Anderson in *Strange Interlude.* He was *ever* on the alert to see a really beautiful piece of acting. And Judith Anderson is *splendid.*

"'Odd?' Nonsense!" . . .

JUDITH ANDERSON, who won fame for herself by her portrayal of exotic rôles in *The Dove, The Cobra,* and *Behold the Bridegroom,* scored a new triumph from the moment she appeared in *Strange Interlude.* To this play she brings all the subtle understanding of her distinguished art.

Judith Anderson is a strikingly beautiful woman —and like an overwhelming majority of the famous women of today's theater, guards the loveliness of her skin with Lux Toilet Soap.

She says: *"We stage stars have to be very careful to cherish the smoothness and clearness of our skin. I find Lux Toilet Soap a delight — it does leave the skin so beautifully smooth."*

THE stage stars—like nine out of ten screen stars—find that a soft, smooth skin can be assured by the use of Lux Toilet Soap. A delicately fragrant, white soap, made just as are the finest toilet soaps of France, it cleanses the skin *gently,* and lathers so wonderfully well.

At the request of the actresses, leading theaters throughout the country have placed Lux Toilet Soap in their dressing rooms. In New York alone, it is used in 71 of the 79 legitimate theaters, and in Hollywood it is the official soap for dressing rooms in every one of the great film studios.

Are *you* using Lux Toilet Soap? You'll like it—immensely. Get several cakes today. Luxury such as you have found only in French soaps at 50¢ and $1.00 the cake—now 10¢.

Dashing waves never dim the beauty of Angelus Rouge Incarnat. It is waterproof, indelible. "SEA-TAN" and "SUN-BIRD" Rouge Incarnat are the two newest shades to match sun-tanned complexions.

• • •

Eleanor Woodruff, distinguished star of many Broadway productions, with Louis Philippe, Parisian colorist and creator of Rouge Incarnat. It is this study of beautiful women which has made Angelus Rouge Incarnat so perfect in color shades to blend with any type. Miss Woodruff uses Angelus off stage and on.

You see the lovely color but . . . You cannot feel it

That's what makes this an amazing lip rouge

Your lips and cheeks Votre lèvres et joues **brightened by the natu-** egayées par la couleur natu- **ral coloring of Angelus** relle de Angelus Rouge **Rouge Incarnat in your** Incarnat en votre teint **shade bring you added beauty. Of amazing** vous donnent de la beauté augmentée. D'un velouté **smoothness, this rouge is color alone, never dry-** surprennant c'est de la couleur seul qui ne seche **ing or caking on the lips. A wide variety of tints** jamais ni s'écaille. Une grande quantité de teints **including "SEA-TAN" and "SUN-BIRD" to blend** avec les deux nouveaux "Sea-Tan" et "Sun-Bird" **with sunburn coloring. Waterproof, indelible.** pour la peau hâlée. Indébile et impermeable.

ANGELUS
Rouge Incarnat

LOUIS PHILIPPE, Inc., 247 Park Avenue, New York. N. Y.

In the "Little Red Box" 60c
Lipsticks $1.00

"OUR FEATHERED FRIENDS"

MY wife, as usual, got me into it. "Why, everybody out here in Larchwood studies birds," she said. "All the worth-while women are in the Bird Club—we've simply *got* to be elected. Besides, it's a fascinating hobby—everybody says so."

After a week I gave in. Hoping that neither Bill Ryan nor Stump Barr would get wind of it, I bought an expensive pair of binoculars, a khaki coat, and one of those English game-warden caps. Mary gave me two books to study: "Shy Neighbors" and "Our Feathered Friends." I put paper covers on them, and held them close to my vest in the smoker.

Our domestic life changed overnight. No more did I return to lounge and sprawl around the porch. Instead, I donned my Thoreau suit and tiptoed from sapling to sapling, ears strained for the faint "Cheep quar-ock" which might reveal the thrilling whereabouts of a red-eyed vireo. On my return, Mary would inspect my notebook and catechise me.

"Gray bird," she would read. "White tail, pink legs—hmm. What kind of a beak did it have, dear?"

"Sharp," I recalled. "Eyes close together—like that fellow who delivers the newspaper."

"What note, or song?"

"Sort of a 'Vo-do, do-de-o-do,' with a hop to MacClement's roof on the last note."

"Did you try to call it, dear? The book says to practice the bird calls. In this way you frequently attract them for observation."

"No," I admitted, "I didn't. I've sort of given that up since that chap shot at me in his hydrangea bushes."

"Oh, that was just an accident," said Mary cheerfully. "And it's the only way. Now be a dear and run over the warblers for me."

UNDER her enthusiasm I relented and, as a matter of fact, actually became rather keen on some of the imitations. One or two proved difficult, however, especially the call of the tufted cheewit (Tegur Amagansett). My anxiety to perfect this one brought about my meeting with old Mrs. Thayer, the President of the Bird Club.

I had risen early and hastened to a distant patch of woods to practice, as it was too loud and piercing a note to

sound off around the house. Creeping into the bushes I sat down, threw back my head, and cut loose. The first "whee-oop te-dee" had scarcely left my lips when interruption broke. A large bird flopped off from a limb overhead, squawking in terror, and Mrs. Thayer's apoplectic face appeared above the laurel scrub not ten feet distant. She shook an expensive camera at me.

"What do you think you're doing?" she demanded furiously. "I've waited three hours to get a picture of that hawk, and then you break out with that infernal racket!"

I tried to explain, but it was no use. I felt then that Mary's chances of election to the Bird Club were none too rosy.

The following week, another distressing episode occurred to dampen my ornithological ardor. I had dashed from the supper table to spy upon a feathered friend who had perched for a second on our bird bath. With binoculars trained, I floundered and stumbled in pursuit through the warm dusk. At length he perched on a second-story shutter of a house two blocks distant. Trembling with eagerness (for it was rumored that the rare "Morey's tomtit" had been glimpsed in the vicinity), I clambered up a sycamore. I was out near the end of a limb, peering intently, when a harsh voice commanded, "Come down here!"

I slid down rather nervously, for the fellow's tone implied a misunderstanding. He rolled up his sleeves, looking at me.

"I—I thought that bird on the shutter was a tomtit," I explained.

"Yeah," he interrupted rudely. "So did my wife when she saw you peepin' in her window with them spy-glasses. Put up your hands!"

ONE afternoon, from the porch, we caught a flash of orange in a poplar tree.

"A crested gilhooley!" exclaimed Mary, jumping up. "Follow him, quick, while I get the glasses!" Down

• •

JUNE WEDDINGS

TAILCOAT AND WAISTCOAT IN BLACK OR OXFORD
NINETY DOLLARS

ENGLISH WORSTED STRIPED TROUSERS
SEVENTEEN-FIFTY TO TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS

READY-TO-PUT-ON

TAILORED AT FASHION PARK

THE
FINCHLEY
Establishment

FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK JACKSON BLVD., CHICAGO

a tight *squeeze* for a *tight* squeezer

Behold in the above cartoon
The labors of a sad buffoon,
(A luckless lad who does not know
About the little tin below.)

Though squeezing now is out of date
He labors long—he labors late
(With perspiration on his pate)
Oh, is it not unfortun-ate!

Unhappy squeezer, what's the use,
When you can buy the gleaming juice
Of two of Florida's immense
Grapefruit, all for 15c?

Discriminating cocktail makers
Insist upon it in their shakers
To rub the ragged edges from
A fluid white and quarrelsome.

We toss a touch of sugar in it
(And *nothing* else)—then promptly tin it.
And is it hard to come by? *No* sir!
Just rush an order to your grocer.

FRUIT PRODUCTS CO. OF FLORIDA
1 Hudson Street, N. Y. City
Phones: Barclay 1595 - 1596

the steps and across the lawn I ran, emitting the plaintive gilhooley mating cry. I parted the bushes and managed to keep the feathered friend in view when a coarse shout reached me. Turning, my heart sank to observe Bill Ryan and Stump Barr regarding me suspiciously.

"What the hell's eating you?" demanded Stump. "You gone nuts?"

"I'm studying birds," I said, in a dignified whisper, lest the gilhooley take fright.

"Let's hear you make that tweet-tweet noise again," said Bill. I pursed my lips and repeated the gilhooley mating call, feeling rather silly. They looked at one another and roared. The gilhooley—if indeed it *was* such—flapped off in a panic.

"Now you've done it," I snapped. "You've scared him away."

"Call him again," pleaded Bill, wiping his eyes. "He can't resist *that*—then we'll chase *you*." He removed Stump's handkerchief, waved coquettishly at me, and gave a horrible falsetto imitation of the call. I advanced on them, but they skipped nimbly away, throwing kisses and whittling their forefingers at me. Despite my shouts they kept on, finally disappearing in the direction of the railroad station.

PRECISELY at this moment Mary reappeared, wringing her hands. "Oh dear, oh dear, a dreadful thing has happened."

"What is it?" I demanded sourly.

"Junior has just killed a sparrow with his slingshot. You must punish him, dear, right away. Hurry!"

My son was weeping on the steps, a grimy paw still clutching the engine of death. I looked at Mary, but in the back of my mind I saw the grinning faces in the office. "Leave us," I commanded sternly. She tiptoed into the house, sniffling a little. I took Junior behind the garage. "Did you kill a bird with that thing, son?" He nodded without daring to raise his eyes.

"Good," I said savagely. "Give it to me, and all the pebbles you've got left. And here's a half a dollar for you." —STANLEY JONES

•

"What pieces in Sterling are the very least we can get along with at the start? Just what would they cost us? If I give a little informal dinner, and have neither bouillon spoons nor soup spoons, how had I best serve soup?"—*From an adv. in Harper's Bazar.*

Serve it quickly, and clear out.

Easily Within Reach

THE NEW SILENT
KELVINATOR
FOUR $175
F. O. B. Factory

You buy the new Silent Kelvinator Four on the basis you can afford, through Kelvinator's attractive ReDisCo monthly budget plan.

And *what* do you buy? The finest automatic electric refrigerator that Kelvinator knows how to build—at the lowest price ever named for Kelvinator quality and reliability.

Every buyer of an electric refrigerator owes it to his investment to see this newest Kelvinator, and the entire line of beautiful Kelvinator cabinets, sizes and combinations—the widest variety in the entire market—before making a choice.

Five Conveniently Located Display Rooms
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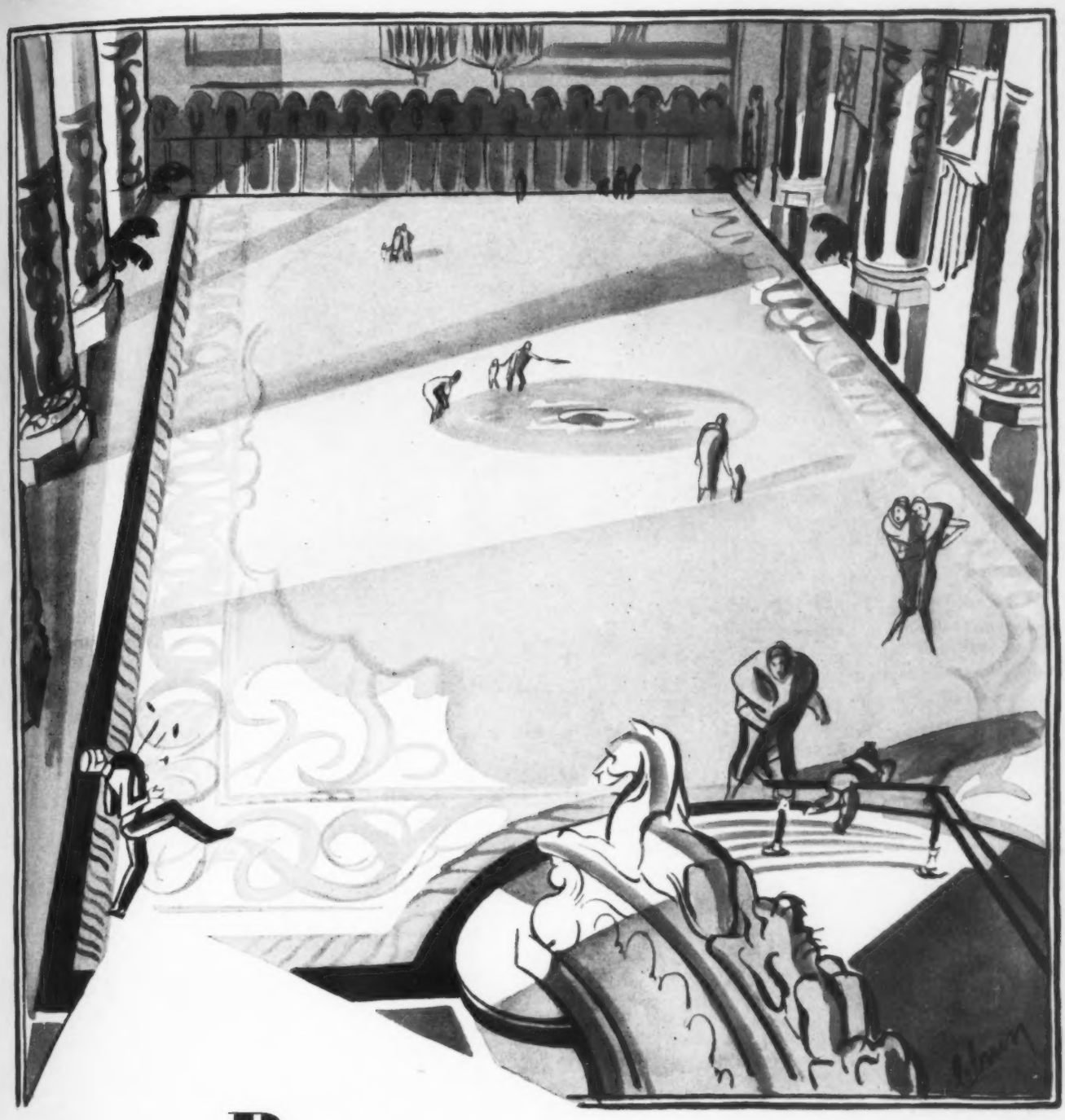
33 Mamaroneck ... White Plains

KELVINATOR SALES CORPORATION



PLEASE pardon the spectacle of Elmer, vassal at the new Fox cinema in Detroit. He is about to set foot upon the largest rug in the world—a deep-piled Chenille, specially woven by Mohawk. And the buttons that adorn Elmer's jacket are unequal to the strain imposed by his pent emotions.

And now a deep breath, please! Statistics!

The rug is 46 x 64 feet—10 designers labored three weeks to paint in the 8 million checks—inhale!—20 weavers worked a week to produce 6 thousand lineal yards of Chenille blanket to provide the 27 miles of Chenille "fur"—exhale!—4 rug weavers in day and night shifts worked 3½ weeks at the loom—inhale!—to produce these 32 million single tufts of twisted yarn—the finished rug weighing just 3,000 pounds.

Whew! If Elmer knew all this, he'd lose *all* his buttons!

MOHAWK RUGS & CARPETS

© 1929 MOHAWK CARPET MILLS, AMSTERDAM, NEW YORK

TEE AND GREEN

Cherry Valley and St. Albans—Exemptions for the Distinguished

Maurice McCarthy, Jr.

George Voigt

EDDIE DRIGGS, JR., set golfers an unfortunate example when he won the qualifying medal at Cherry Valley. He showed how well someone can play who refuses to correct his faults. Driggs has never been a stylist. When he made his first success a few years ago his swing made professionals who saw him shake their heads. He had, for one thing, a tendency to swing his wooden clubs almost around his neck. When he played an iron shot the club jerked against the ball with a short, hard motion more like a punch than a swing. It was clear that if Driggs had been smaller the ball would not have travelled far; no nice shift of weight but simply his muscle and determination propelled it. Last year he took lessons in an effort to dress up his game but could not get scores. Now he has discarded the swing he paid to learn and is winning tournaments again in the unorthodox, effective way that is natural to him.

A stroke behind Driggs, George Von Elm—who would probably be several strokes ahead of him if they played four rounds instead of one—was runner-up for the medal. He had entered the event at Cherry Valley partly to get tournament practice for the Open at the end of this month. Von Elm gave up a good chance of winning the British Amateur when he came back here to play at Winged Foot. That he or any other amateur except Jones has much of a show in our Open is doubtful. He and Voigt and Driggs, Jimmy Johnston, Jess Sweetser, all play wonderful golf for men who can only play in the intervals of earning a living at something else; Von Elm, in spite of

Grand Prix gold tablet awarded Clicquot Club Company for Clicquot Club SEC, at the Exposition Culinaire et Gastronomique, Paris, December, 1928.

Clicquot SEC Wins GRAND PRIX at Paris!

IN December, 1928, the Clicquot Club Company was awarded the Grand Prix and Medal of Honor by the Jury of Awards at the Exposition Culinaire et Gastronomique de Paris. This Exposition is the most important of its kind for the impartial judgment of foods and beverages. Here ginger ales were assembled from every part of the world, and Clicquot Club SEC (the product exhibited by the Clicquot Club Company) received the highest possible honors.

Such an award at an exposition of great international significance must be regarded as one more proof of the superiority of this American ginger ale, which has already achieved such amazing popularity not only at home, but in all the capitals of Europe.

The grace and charm of the bottle—the smooth, ripe flavor of the ginger ale—have made Clicquot SEC the first choice of European nobility.

As in rare old wines, the master chemistry of Nature ripens the blend, and that rich mellowness is certainly due to *AGED 6 MONTHS*, an exclusive secret process.

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Clicquot Club Co.

Clicquot Club SEC

GINGER ALE SUPREME

Aged 6 months

CLICQUOT CLUB COMPANY, MILLIS, MASS.
New York Office: Two Park Avenue · *Phone Lexington 4053*

Now sold at grocery stores, delicatessens, drug stores, hotels and clubs.

DELIGHTFUL ALONE · · · · BLENDS WITH FRIENDS

At the Olympic games, all 26 men on the U. S. swimming team preferred Jantzens. And so did many of the swimmers on competing teams . . . England, Germany, Canada, Hungary, Denmark! While at famous beaches everywhere . . . Newport, Palm Beach, Brighton, Deauville . . . you find Jantzens worn. Striking evidence this, that Jantzen, the ideal swimming suit, is the choice of both active and fashionable swimmers throughout the world.

Pictured here you see two popular Jantzen models for men . . . the *Twosome* and the *Speed-suit.* Conveniently buttonless, in sizes to 42; larger sizes with unbreakable rubber button. Like all Jantzens, they are tightly-knitted from the strongest long-fibred wool. And the perfection of Jantzen-stitch assures you perfect fit, long service and lasting satisfaction. See these colorful, color-fast models at leading stores here and abroad. Your weight is your size. Jantzen Knitting Mills, Portland, Oregon; Vancouver, Canada; Sydney, Australia.

Jantzen

The suit that changed bathing to swimming

JANTZEN KNITTING MILLS, Dept. 65, PORTLAND, OREGON

Send me free *'Jantzen Color Harmony Guide'* showing new Jantzen styles and colors. Name_____ Address_____

his erratic putting, is better than these others, and than such younger players as Maurice McCarthy, Jr., and Gene Homans. In tournaments in which there are no professionals only Jones can reasonably be picked to beat him. The situation is very different when he and other unpaid players who seem so important in sectional tournaments have to compete against the best pros of America and England.

ONLY twenty-eight of the two hundred and thirty-five entrants trying to qualify at St. Albans next week will play at Winged Foot. Qualifying rounds played in other parts of the country have entry lists almost as big. A great many duffers want to play in the National Open. Some of them are not good enough to win a one-day tournament at an important club, let alone the hardest Open in the world, but they like to play so that they can have their names in the paper and, perhaps, be paired for a round or two with a famous star, and so followed by a gallery.

Many of the outsiders at St. Albans and other sectional qualifying courses have entered for other reasons than the desire to make a show. Some of them are young pros and pros' assistants who have had a few good rounds at their own clubs and are inspired with the secret knowledge that if they are just right, and have some holes like those two eagles on the first nine last fall, and the string of pars that would have given them a thirty-five, if the seven hadn't spoiled it, they will qualify. To these boys a chance to get in the Open is like a ticket in the Calcutta Sweepstakes. To win would bring a fortune, for being National Open champion for a year means an income for that year of from fifty to seventy-five thousand dollars. Smart businessmen like Hagen and Sarazen have made it worth even more.

THERE are a few players who do not have to qualify in order to play in the Open. The United States Golf Association makes them exempt, publishing their names in capital letters at the head of the list of entrants. Not all are celebrities, although there are some famous names among them, for the United States Golf Association has a peculiar system of awarding exemptions—a system that allows some funny things to happen.

The first group of exempt players are those who finished in the first thirty

FOR ALL THOSE AT SEA...
FOR THOSE "ALL AT SEA"...

PARK & TILFORD
STEAMER BASKETS

The Continental exodus is on . . . but why go globe-trotting in quest of the correct "Bon Voyage" gift? Just drop anchor at any Park & Tilford Store . . . order one of our famous Steamer Baskets . . . and assure your smart offering a welcoming harbor!

Priced from $5 to $50

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Fifth Ave. *at* 57th St. Fifth Ave. *at* 37th St.
Madison Ave. *at* 44th St. Grand Central Terminal

DOBBS

This Flat Crepe
ENSEMBLE SUIT
Is a Smart Necessity
For Summer Days

Favored because it is so charmingly simple and versatile .... as smart for luncheon in town as for country-club wear .... the sort of suit that fits in anywhere between nine and seven .... particularly delightful for traveling, because it is a complete costume ... and it comes in distinctive colors that can be found only in the finest silks.

Siesta Red, Eggshell, Chartreuse, Rouen Blue, Vionnet Rose, Wood Tan, Violet Ray

Exceptional Value

$65

FIFTH AVENUE at 57th STREET

places in last year's Open. The members of the Ryder Cup team are exempt and so are all American professionals who played in the British Open —a special rule passed to let in Bobby Cruickshank and Bill Mehlhorn but which also lets in a couple of unknown pros who happened to play in that tournament. Ten exemptions are kept for distinguished foreign players and the qualifying committee is left to decide which foreign players are and which are not distinguished. This arrangement left the committee with quite a few problems. They considered, for instance, the case of Player John Wayland, and decided that he was distinguished.

Player John Wayland comes from Cuba. He is the professional at the United Fruit Company's course there. Feeling that Cuba is a foreign country and that Player Wayland's connection with one of the richest golf-playing corporations in the world made him distinguished, the committee is going to let him right into the Open although such professionals as Harry Cooper, who came within a four-foot putt of being National champion two years ago; Joe Kirkwood, the vaudeville golfer, who has beaten Bobby Jones in exhibition matches; Jock Hutchison; and other famous players, have to qualify. It is also quite possible that Hutchison, Kirkwood, and Barnes, nine days in ten, could beat the Messrs. F. Densmore Shute, Harry Hampton, Jack Forrester, Hilgendorf, Christian, Walsh, and others, who are exempt from qualifying because of good performances in the Open last year. After all, exempting anyone from a difficult job that other people have to face is a precarious courtesy. Exemption ought to mean that a player is so expert that it would be an insult to ask him to prove it. If the committee wanted a fairer and simpler rule it could exempt any player who, within the last six years, has won the National Open or the National Amateur. English, Cuban, or Southern Bolivian players, it seems to us, ought to qualify in competition, just as American players have to when they go abroad. —N. B., Jr.

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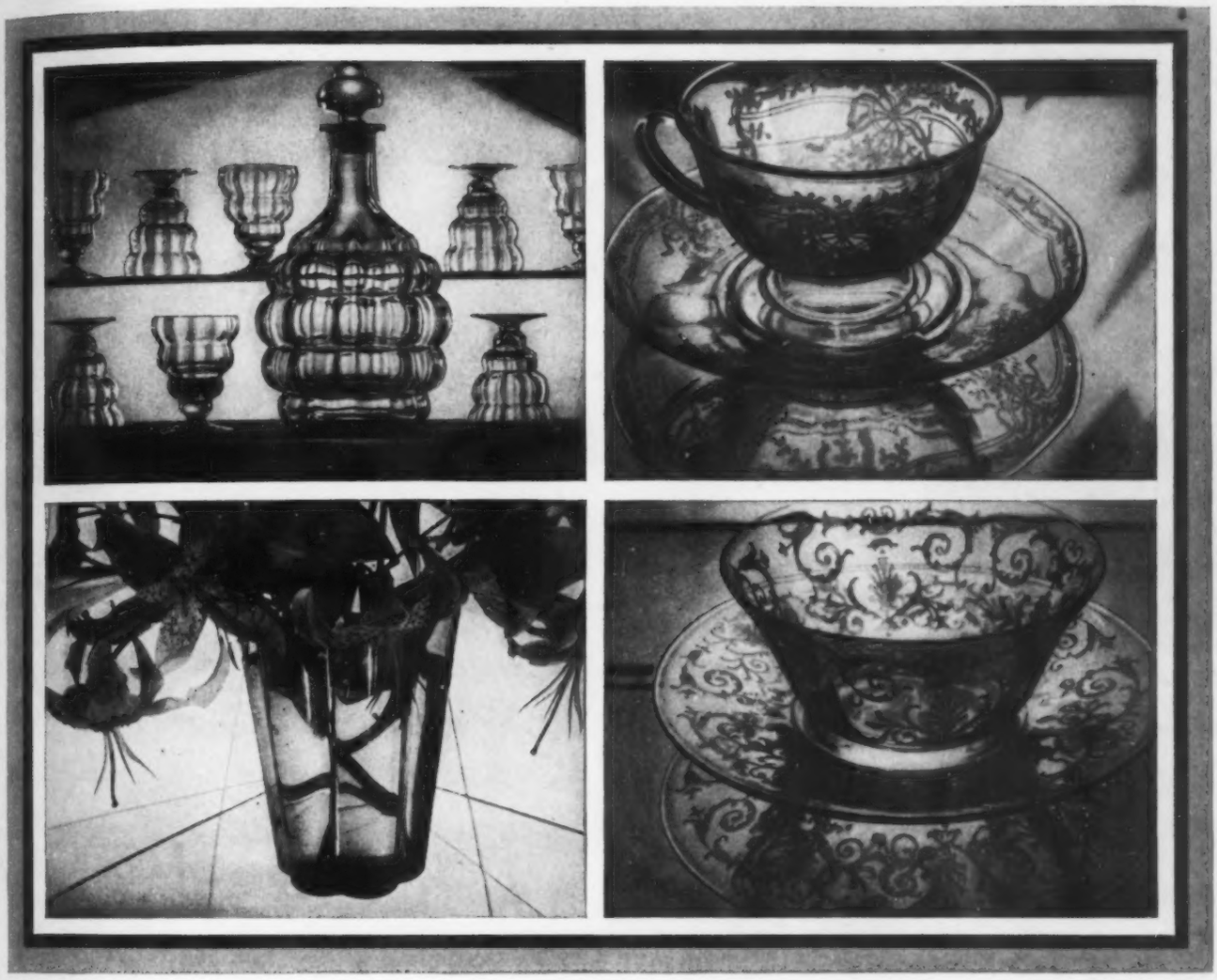
Mr. and Mrs. Lowell Smith Fisher have returned from a motor trip through southern Indiana. They visited Mr. Fisher's father at Cynthiana and at Evansville and New Harmony.—*Indianapolis News.*

Why didn't they just make room for him in the car?

FOSTORIA GIFTS ARE HIGHLY PRIZED

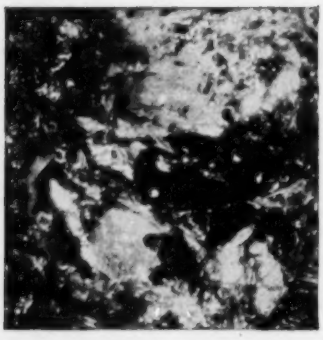


ARE you faced with the Problem of a Wedding Gift? Confronted with an anniversary that demands a Special Present? . . . If you aren't, you will be! So remember (first) *Fostoria gifts are highly prized*. Second, this fine modern glass is sold in stores where shopping is a joy. Third, your choice is practically unlimited: these desirable decanter sets, vases, teacups, finger bowls are merely a few suggestions.

The new Fostoria stemware is breath-taking in its subtle color and radiant loveliness. Then there are engaging after-dinner coffee cups! Enchanting salad plates and bowls! Most surprising of all, a complete dinner service, absolutely practicable for serving hot foods! This admirable glass is plain, or etched to accord with the new elegance of smart table settings. Fourth, prices are pleasing, very reasonable indeed.

THE *newest Fostoria color is yellow (called Topaz) and words don't do it justice. Fostoria's Azure and Dawn (the blue and rose introduced last year) are also in beautiful harmony with the mode for quiet color. . . . All colors of this glass are constant; that is, you are always certain of matching Fostoria exactly, when you wish to increase your service. . . . The little label shown here indicates genuine Fostoria, sold in fine stores in New York and throughout the United States. . . . May we send you a free copy of "The New Little Book About Glassware"? For this address The Fostoria Glass Company, Dept.* N-6, *Moundsville, W. Va.*

ABSO



Fascinating scintillating crystals . . . each imprisoning for you alone the delicate fragrance of India's choicest tea gardens.

UTELY NEW!

TEA IN CRYSTALS

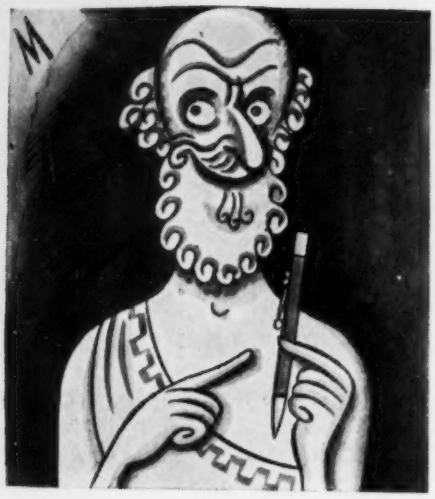
A charming old friend, now clad in scintillating amber crystals... tawny jewels of FineArt* Tea... orange pekoe plucked from fragrant gardens nestling in the foothills of the lofty Himalayas... Assam tea, of all teas the chosen beverage of mighty Indian Rajah and his Rahnee. For two thousand years tea was made the same way... until modern scientists wrought a miracle by liberating the delicious flavour from leaf and blossom without infusion... sealing it... heart and soul... in diminutive flashing crystals until released by you... simply adding hot water... or cold water and a sliver of ice. How often have you wished to have a second cup of tea as delightful as the first! Made the FineArt* Way your longing will be gratified... because each cup is freshly made for you and by you to suit your individual taste... always as you like it. Make no mistake... FineArt* is all tea... all the delightful flavour and fragrance... all the natural stimulant so bountifully bestowed by Nature. Nothing has been added and nothing removed save the leaves and the bother of making. The jolly little FineArt* Tea caddy is fit companion to the loveliest ancestral tea service for it, too, is thoroughbred. A caddy of crystals... more than one hundred cups... costs but a dollar.

FINEART FOODS, INC., TUCKAHOE, NEW YORK

*Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

FineArt* Tea and Coffee may be purchased from Park & Tilford; Charles & Co.; Ecklebe & Guyer; Ruhmshottel—and other leading merchants. To locate conveniently the store nearest you, phone Fairbanks 3333: in Westchester phone Tuckahoe 4444 Silver courtesy Crichton & Co., Ltd. China by Spode

FineArt TEA



"NO LEVER LAW POSSIBLE WITHOUT MULTI-VIDER" *says* **ARCHIMEDES . . .**

Aged Mathematician Ascribes Success to Marvelous New Gadget

IN a stirring speech before the directors of the West Ilium Pulp and Papyrus Association, H. De V. Archimedes, eminent physicist and circle draughtsman, of 1908 Main Street, said:

"All I have I owe to Multi-Vider. Without it there would have been no law of the lever. Think of it, no law for levers. Give me a Multi-Vider big enough and I'll figure out Croesus' income tax."

• • •

You, too, will find Multi-Vider a help, a comfort and a time-saver. It's handy in your pocket, ready to serve you at all times. Just slide the scales to multiply and divide any given numbers. Stock market transactions, foreign exchange, income tax reports, percentages, unit costs . . . these and others can be calculated quickly and easily on the Multi-Vider. Anyone can operate it.

The handsome new Executive Model Multi-Vider now sells for $10.00. Split this in half—$5.00 to be precise—and you can get the convenient Standard model. At jewelers' shops, sporting goods stores and stationers.

√ An Inspired Gift

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4061 Graybar Bldg., New York City

I enclose $..... Please send me.....
Executive Multi-Viders at $10.00 each
(.....Standard models at $5.00 each).

Name.....

Address .....

POLO

Only the Open—They All Turn Up Again—Something for Sunday

THE season of polo just awakening from its hibernation will have all that charm of informality and inefficiency which marks the year that sees no international play. For the first time since Indian grooms led a string of ponies down the gangplank of the Minnewaska in the spring of 1927, there is nothing to look forward to except an ordinary good time. There will be no test matches, no gathering of pony strings, and nothing more important than the Open championship. For those who take their polo only when the advertisements feature the Internationals, things are likely to be a bit dull. For the person who knows and likes polo, however, the late season will have plenty to offer. In this age when most sports are beginning to conform to the standards of efficiency set by Big Business, polo remains a refreshing exception. When there isn't the tenseness of international competition to form a pattern that must be adhered to, everything is delightfully haphazard. Games are arranged by telephone in the early afternoon, and galleries, a good part of the time, consist merely of families that have driven over with the players, and of those regulars who are always along the sideboards. Any suitable man who happens to be around is the referee. Games start when the last player shows up; often they stop when the teams feel they have had enough. There will be some pleasant long summer twilights with casual chukkers played in fresh green settings.

LATER on, of course, when the larger tournaments come along, play tightens up somewhat; and these later tournaments will see the return of some colorful personalities. That most faithful of Anglo-Americans, Laddie Sanford, is again bringing his English-American side, as soon as they have finished with the London season. This means, for one thing, that we will meet that gaily confident Irishman, Pat Roark, again. Major Harrison will also be in the party, and, perhaps, Wing Commander Wise. Veterans

BEHIND THE SCENES

BACK-STAGE in your mouth, you can do quite a bit to make smoking even more pleasant than it is now. Every morning and night, in your own private bathroom, brush your teeth with Squibb's Dental Cream.

Notice the difference. Every one of your favorite smokes has an added zest and flavor. Little particles of Milk of Magnesia are protecting you. They're neutralizing the dangerous acids that murk your breath, and harshen your taste.

Set your smoking stage tomorrow with Squibb's Dental Cream. All drug stores have it. 40c a large tube.

© 1929 by E. R. Squibb & Sons

GUARD THE DANGER LINE

THE FLATTERING SUBSTITUTE FOR SLEEVES . . . AND STOCKINGS TOO

IT is comfortable and gloriously cool—this vogue of sleeveless, backless sport frocks, fragile chiffon evening gowns and of course *stockingless* legs—and it's smart too. But bare arms and bare legs demand flawless skin, of the dull lustre of transparent velvet. And yet—what woman has a skin so naturally perfect that she can adopt this mode without a little inward hesitation?

To meet the demand for unblemished loveliness Dorothy Gray has created an entirely new preparation called Finishing Lotion. Smooth this fragrant liquid into your skin. Immediately it acquires a soft velvety look, smooth and beautifully even in tone. There is not the slightest stickiness, nor any dryness of skin. Finishing Lotion clings lightly, lending an enchanting bloom.

Finishing Lotion comes in seven shades to harmonize with *your* particular skin tone. There is *Blonde,* a delicate flesh pink; *Natural; Aureate,* with a hint of peach; *Rachel; Tawny,* a warm golden tan. *Orchid* is a very alluring shade, for evening use only, and *Sunburn* for the lucky ones who have acquired a natural tan.

Finishing Lotion and all the other exquisite Dorothy Gray preparations and make-up accessories may be obtained at leading shops everywhere, and at the Dorothy Gray salons.

DOROTHY GRAY

DOROTHY GRAY BUILDING 683 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

CHICAGO LOS ANGELES SAN FRANCISCO WASHINGTON ATLANTIC CITY

RUM . . genuine 12-year old rum

It may be hard to believe, but it's true that the rum in Rumidor refills is aged in the wood 12 years under bond, choice, genuine rum solidified by our patented process. That's why a Rumidor improves your smokes so amazingly, enriches their flavor and brings out the best there is in them. For hundreds of years rum has been used in curing choice tobaccos, and now in a Rumidor it will again mellow your favorite smokes, keep them full-flavored and smooth. That dry taste, that harshness, is gone—your smokes don't bother your throat and each puff gives you vastly more pleasure.

Rumidor is the greatest scientific advance in the art of smoking that the world has ever known.

The extremely popular copper Rumidor at the left costs only $3.50 with rum refill. Buy one like this just to try out a Rumidor—then look over the more exclusive models in other metals, in leathers or silver. At the better shops. $3.50 to $115.

If you cannot buy Rumidors or Refills locally

Rumidor Corp., 501 5th Ave., N.Y. NY 6-8
☐ $1.00 enclosed for 4 refills
☐ $3.50 enclosed for copper Rumidor at left
☐ Rumidor Booklet Free

Name_____
Street_____
City_____ State_____
Local Tobacconist_____

of the 1924 Internationals will be equally pleased to see Eric Pedley back. For the first time since 1924, when he almost became the first representative of the West to make an American International team, Pedley is coming on for an eastern season. You may remember the arguments when he and his Midwick teammates were proving to the complacent East that great polo exists west of the Rockies. Ranked now at eight goals, he is one of the country's best, and those who played with him in California this winter say his polo has been better than any he ever showed on Long Island. Moreover, another new figure has come to eastern fields, having arrived from England, somewhat circuitously, by way of California. This is Arden Roark, younger brother of Pat, who has been playing on the Coast and has elected to make his home in this country.

SINCE they were started two years ago, the Sunday afternoons at Fleischmann Field have been quite a success, and they have provided excellent inducements for North Shore hosts to offer weekenders. "Come out to the house and we'll run over to the polo Sunday." Also, they have given us some of the best polo eastern fields have seen. Until the late-season tournaments open, the most interesting games will be found there.

DO YOU KNOW: That the Junior championship will be held at Rumson, scene of Midwick's triumph in 1924. The date is July 17. . . . That Gerry Smith and Cyril Harrison, two of indoor polo's leaders, are playing together outdoors at Whippany. . . . That Devereux Milburn has had some polo and quite a little golf despite his injured collarbone. . . . That if England does not challenge next year there is a chance we'll return Argentina's visit. . . . That this year, and for the first time, the college championship will be played away from New York. It will be held at the Philadelphia Country Club on three June Saturdays—15, 22, and 29. . . . That Yale is the favorite, though Tim Clark may once more rush from his crew to Harvard's rescue?

—MARTINGALE

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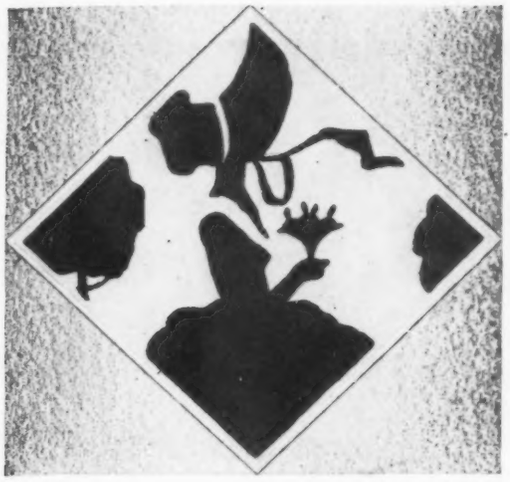
MANY NOTABLES SAIL ON TWO SHIPS—*Headline in the Telegram.*

Timidity or ostentation?



Fair Complexions and Fairways Now Go Together

Women today literally live in the world of sport. Every available moment is spent in the sunshine—at the wheel of a roadster—on the tennis court or the driving tee.

Modern complexions? More lovely even than those of grandmother's day. This new Glyco-Thymoline Soap gives to modern women the protection the Victorian belle sought in parasols and poke bonnets.

Glyco-Thymoline Soap is chosen by sports-women everywhere. Its creamy lather quickly removes every particle of dust and leaves that gloriously clean after-feeling of health and well-being. It keeps your skin always soft and velvety. The subtle fragrance is delightful.

Try it today—one cake twenty-five cents—or in packages of three cakes.

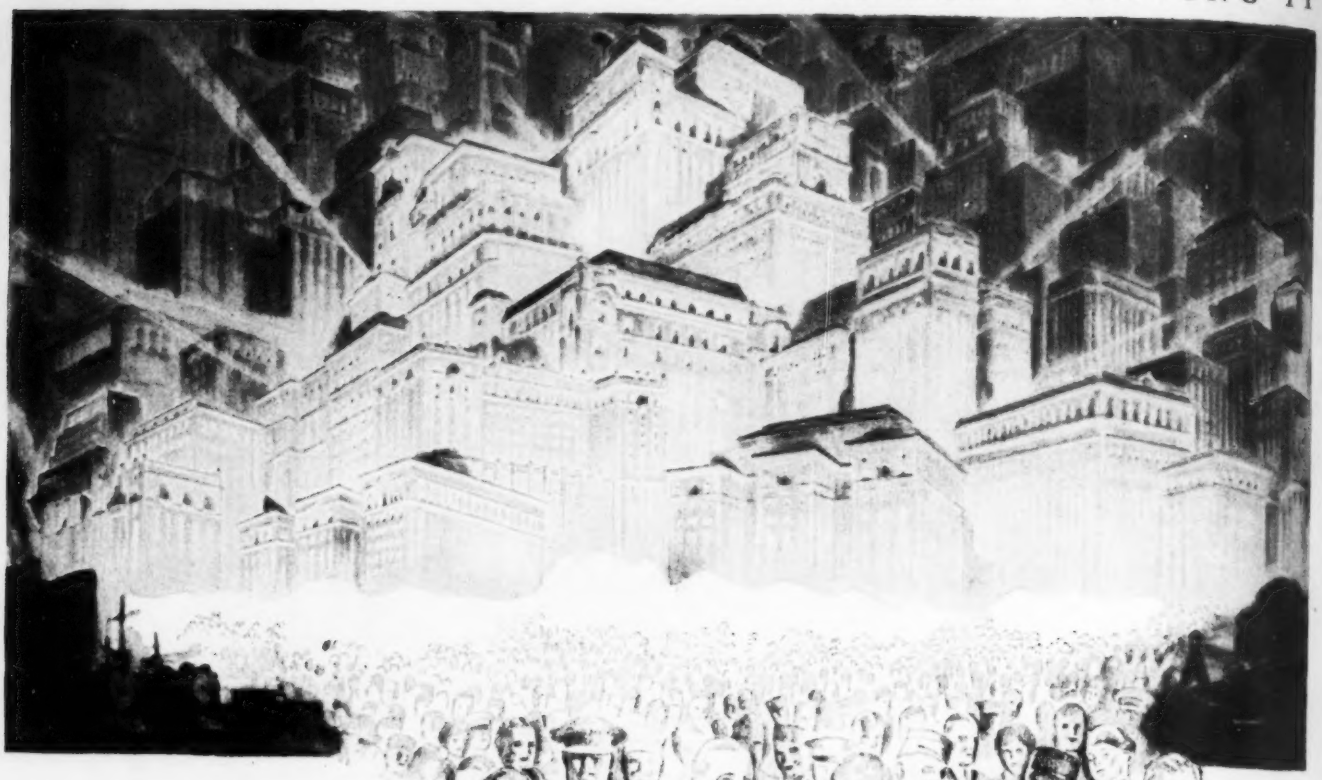
KRESS & OWEN COMPANY
361-363 Pearl Street, New York, N. Y.

GLYCO
THYMOLINE
TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
TOILET
SOAP

SEND FOR TRIAL CAKE

You can best appreciate the quality of Glyco - Thymoline Soap by trying it. Send 4c. to cover mailing and we will supply a liberal sample.

A CITY OF GREAT HOTELS—A GREAT ARMY SERVING IT



How ONE LITTLE BOOK each year makes Ten Million Guests Happy

The heart of it, cheerfulness; its purpose, good service.

From the pages of the United Manual, bell boys learn how best to receive you and attend your wants; waiters how to please you at table; desk clerks how to arrange the accommodations you desire at the rate you wish to pay.

All other departments—and they are myriad in a modern hotel—likewise learn here, from the mandatory rules laid down in this little book, their lessons in service—a service which is uniform in all United Hotels.

Actually, a manual of practice, built up from the practical everyday experience of the most progressive hotel operators in the world, covering a period of years of successful operation, and inspiring over 10,000 employees of the world's greatest hotel system to give the best that is in them . . . as a matter of good business.

Covering the entire United States, and extending from Jamaica, the Pearl of the British West Indies, to and including the maritime provinces of Canada, the influence of this little book, at every step of your entertainment in a United Hotel, insures your comfort and well-being.

Send for these free tour booklets. They have helped thousands of motorists to enjoy their vacation trips. Each one contains a main route map.

UNITED HOTELS COMPANY OF AMERICA

—— Executive Offices: 25 West 45th Street, New York City ——

Affiliated: American Hotels Corporation——United Hotels of the South and West, Inc. Canada West Indies Hotel Co., Ltd——Foreign Representative: C. C. Drake & Co. Also all hotels of the U. N. I. T. I. System throughout the world.

Let your tour be an adventure by day, but ***play safe at night,*** and enjoy real comfort.

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The LAWRENCE, Erie, Pa.
The PORTAGE, Akron, Ohio
The DURANT, Flint, Michigan
The PRESIDENT, Kansas City, Mo.
EL CONQUISTADOR, Tucson, Arizona
(Dec. to April, inclusive)
The WASHINGTON-YOUREE, Shreveport, La.

IN CANADA

The MOUNT ROYAL, Montreal
KING EDWARD HOTEL, Toronto
ROYAL CONNAUGHT, Hamilton
The CLIFTON, Niagara Falls
(May to Sept., inclusive)
The PRINCE EDWARD, Windsor
The ADMIRAL BEATTY, Saint John, N. B.

BRITISH WEST INDIES

The CONSTANT SPRING, Kingston, Jamaica
(Opening Season 1929-30)

THE TENNIS COURTS

Time for Seeding—Heat and the Cubans—Through Courtesy—Chicago Wins

SHORTLY less than a decade ago the United States Lawn Tennis Association took the initiative in establishing a procedure that added immeasurably to the interest in tournament play. This was the system known as seeding, by which players with a reputation are listed in a group and placed arbitrarily in the draw, so as to make certain that they will not eliminate one another in early rounds. It has now become general practice everywhere, although England, the home of lawn tennis, did not adopt the scheme until William Johnston and Vincent Richards met in an early round of the 1923 championship.

WHAT was done for the individual tournament should now be applied to the Davis Cup matches. While hardly in a strategic position to recommend this, since the Davis Cup is in the possession of France, the United States would have a strong case to present after what has happened in the American zone of play this season. Five nations challenged in this zone and the three strongest were drawn in the same half—the United States, Japan, and Canada. In the other half were Cuba and Mexico, and anyone who has followed tennis in the most general way knows that these two countries have never done a great deal in the few years they have engaged in these international matches, whereas Japan and Canada both have players of some reputation and have been contenders over a longer period. As a result of the luck of the draw, the final match in the American zone was the poorest and most one-sided of the series. It was as though Tilden had eliminated Johnston in an early round and met a third-flight man in the final.

It couldn't have given the Cubans any great satisfaction to come to America and take the terrible drubbing they did, even if they did get into the finals. Japan, with the next strongest team after the United States, could not have been pleased at being shut out

Marie Earle

The Special Treatment Your Skin Needs Right Now

ESPECIALLY sensitive from Spring's capriciousness and the first exposure to summer sun and wind, your skin responds to Marie Earle's Special Hot Oil Mask Treatment with grateful loveliness. Velvet fingers smooth in rich creams and stimulating oils that soothe and relax tired nerves and muscles without slapping or pulling your tender skin. The softening mask of hot oil seeps in pore deep; brings tingling new circulation that clears and brightens marvellously. You feel youth dancing back to your skin. Chilled and bracing lotions bring a radiant end to this luxurious treatment. And now the wise beauty completes her transformation with the flattering Marie Earle Sunburn make-up that first created the vogue for outdoor complexions...The Salon is at 660 Fifth Avenue. Telephone Circle 0266 for appointment.

THE operator who gives your treatment will show you how to give yourself the smartest of all Sunburn make-ups. In two shades. Use Ochre for white skins and daytime. Sunburn for evening and a natural tan. Smooth Marie Earle Liquid Powder over neck, arms and back. Use the Finishing Cream for the face and last the exquisite Face Powder in the same shade. Now your skin keeps the lovely glowing color of gay out-doors until Essential Cream removes the make-up. All the smart shops have Marie Earle preparations.

YOUR SMILE REVEALS—

EVERYTHING! All that you have been thinking or longing or saying. Whether your daily journey is a beaten path or an adventure. Whether your life is wine or dregs. All these, your smile—and lips—reveal. And, knowing this, Paris has created a lipstick that makes your smile not an empty grimace of hard, artificial lips, but a soft tempting smile whether in evening makeup or under the most brilliant sunlight. Ybry lipsticks are so smooth and soft they fairly kiss the lips—yet, unlike a kiss they are indelible and will not rub off. You'll particularly like the shade of Ybry lipstick simply called—Medium.

WISE women call powder scenery—and it seems to me that such a description is particularly wise. For after all, powder is the background of your skin—so be sure to use a powder that makes the background even. In Paris also I have found a powder that is so soft that it lies on the skin like a glove; so natural that it gives the impression of cool translucence of ivory over the lovely warmth of firm flesh. It is a real French powder and, really, there is a vast difference in what-I-mean. "Real French" means that it is made in the French way—soft-sifted—carefully sifted over and over again until there is not left a particle of the grit which although indiscernible in cheaper powders, scratches the skin and gives rise to pimples and blemishes. It is called Poudre Ybry and is to be had in the most darling chests, perfumed with any of Ybry's tantalizing odors with colored down puff to identify the odor.

THE subtlest of art attends the choice of a perfume. You must have one that radiates the essence of your personality. The sprightly demoiselle must not affect the heavy exotic odors that belong to her more mature rival. But who of us today is not the "sprightly demoiselle" and so I have discovered an universal perfume which is called Les Bourgeons—(The Buds)—which typifies modernity—whether you are the veriest subdeb or a woman whose age can never be guessed. Ybry's Les Bourgeons is typical of a woman who is aloof, tantalizing. She is so cool in guise that many do not guess her ardor. But the fairest flowers grow beyond reach. She who uses Les Bourgeons has charm that is greater for being elusive.

—Yvonne.

Paris, June 1st

Advertisement

from the picture while Cuba was still in, nor were the officials of the Detroit Tennis Club, or of the U.S.L.T.A., for that matter, exactly happy to have such a poor final attraction. It wasn't because Detroit is not a tennis town that the gate was so small. The match would not have drawn better at Forest Hills or anywhere else. The excessive heat may have been partly responsible for the poor attendance, yet in Montreal a gallery several times as big sat through rain, wind, and cold to see the United States play Canada.

THE Cubans, without attempting to offer an alibi for their rout, complained that the heat was far more enervating than they found it at home. In Havana, they said, the sun is stronger, but there is always a cool breeze.

They were mere boys, these Cubans, and one felt a little sorry for them. John Hennessey must have felt that way toward Captain Ricardo Morales, for he yielded seven games in three sets. A friend put a different construction on his performance; Hennessey was just lazy, he thought. John Van Ryn was neither lazy nor sympathetic. This young man is a second edition of Johnston. He doesn't know how to temper his strokes. Every time he goes on the court he plays to the hilt, and while that may be hard on his over-matched opponents, it is good for the game of John Van Ryn. Gustavo Vollmer, the Cuban champion, got just two games from him, and both only after they had gone to deuce. George Lott might have got into the doubles on the second day, had he left the University of Chicago in time. He was expected Monday, but it wasn't until Wednesday that a telegram came informing Captain Dixon that he would arrive Thursday. Thursday another wire was delivered, saying he could not afford to leave his classes until Friday night, after the series had been won; so he took his place among the martyrs who have sacrificed tennis on the altar of education.

—A. D.

•

Norman Craig, formerly vice-president Fuller & Smith, later with Frank Seaman, Inc., as vice-president and chairman of the service committee, recently with the New York office of Campbell-Ewald Company, and most recently specializing in radio advertising with Scott Howe Bowen, has joined Ewing, Jones & Higgins, Inc.—*The Evening Post.*

Just a vagabond king.

"hot diggity dog . . . ain't it class . . ."

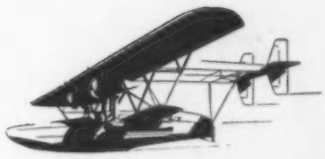
A Beau Brummel can put a new wrinkle in a cop's costume—but let him try to put a wrinkle in a Resilio.

RESILIO CRAVATS

Franc-Strohmenger & Cowan • Inc.

TEN EAST FORTIETH ST

FROM THE AIR— GUESTS OF THE "COUNTRY BOY" WATCH SPRING CREEP NORTH



THE RARE DELIGHT of viewing—and feeling—the northward approach of spring from the air was the unusual experience enjoyed by the flight guests who accompanied Mr. James C. Willson on a recently completed tour in the latter's Sikorsky Amphibion—"Country Boy."

Starting from New York, the party flew over the Mid-west to the Mississippi, then down to New Orleans and returned by way of the Atlantic Coast. Sixteen stops were made—some on land and others on water, for the Sikorsky operates with equal ease from either element.

The Sikorsky is exceptionally popular with sportsmen because it offers the most luxurious means of air transportation available.

Manufactured by the
SIKORSKY AVIATION CORP.
and sold exclusively by
Curtiss Flying Service

"AVIATION HEADQUARTERS"

Intelligent information and sincere advice on any phase of aviation may be obtained without obligation by phoning Wickersham 9600—or by calling in person on the Curtiss Flying Service.

CURTISS FLYING SERVICE

"—WORLD'S OLDEST FLYING ORGANIZATION"

27 WEST 57th STREET, NEW YORK CITY

EXTRA QUALITY
NOVEO ET PROFICIO
KNOX
NEW YORK

CARESSE!

"CARESSE," A NEW KNOX FELT $18. OTHER KNOX HATS $12.50 AND UP

AS insinuating as a veiled glance, this new Knox hat of felt, with narrow felt stripe on grosgrain ribbon trim, defies anyone to look and not be completely enchanted.

THE WOMEN'S SHOPS OF

KNOX

THE HATTER

711 FIFTH AVENUE *(at 55th)*
452 Fifth Avenue *(at 40th)*
Roosevelt Hotel *(Madison at 45th)*
161 Broadway *(Singer Bldg.)*
The Paramount Building *(B'way at 44th)*

That it was provocative we knew the moment it snuggled upon a certain smart young person's head. Is it any wonder this charming hat was instantly named "Caresse"! . . . . . $18.

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

PARIS, MAY 29

IF the midseason collections are meant to be a hint of what is to come for winter, the suggestion is heavily veiled. In the few cases where autumn models are shown, there is little that is noticeably different from summer clothes. Make your skirts a bit longer and your waistlines an inch or so higher; substitute wool prints for silk; stick to wood browns and their relations—and you will be as ready for September as anybody.

MADELEINE VIONNET suddenly added a hundred new models—and every one of them faithfully Grecian and slouchy (pleasantly so) down to the last stitch. Vionnet clothes are a disaster to anyone who doesn't stand gorgeously straight, but nothing short of handsome for those who do. She remains partial to the cutting of sleeves, scarf, and yoke (and if possible, the whole blouse, too) all in one. How it's done remains a mystery.

There is one black crêpe satin dress that is like a limp rag in the hand, but on the mannequin resolves into a sheath that gets its line from an immense X-shaped inverted tucking right over one's middle. Like a dozen other Vionnet models, the skirt is longer on one side, and the blouse is draped into a big floppy bow, low at the left of the neckline. A similar dress in blue-and-white print has a companion coat in navy wool, with the print for a lining. The collar, print-side out, is in one with the coat and becomes a scarf that repeats the bow somewhere below the waist. I noticed that all scarves, as well as collars, leave a slash open across the back of the neck—a trick for good fitting, to be remembered when you're doing make-overs. Sleeves are loose and baggy, and hang almost to the knuckles.

No separate fur scarves, says Vionnet, but she shows a grand way of using fox on a coat—big wide cuffs and a short collar that is tucked in around the neck so that it stands up around your ears. Sounds theatrical but meant, I assure you, for a lady. She uses quantities of beige-dyed squirrel, summer ermine, white shaved caracul, and a mottled brown-and-white fur that proved to be mink throats.

SEPTEMBRE, a Maggy Rouff suit of beige tweed, may be a forerunner of next winter's costumes. It is the best of a number of similar models of heavy tricot-like wool, with a flare skirt and fingertip jacket whose nutria collar reaches to its hem. The satin shirt, tucked into the skirt, is yellow-beige like the wool, and has a one-sided scarf collar that sweeps across the back and ties at the front.

I like, too, the printed dress and jacket called Simplette. The blue tracery printed on an apricot-beige background is repeated in an edging that is all eyelets, embroidered in navy. The

"Do you think a pair of gloves would be too much?"

"Cane bottom chairs have less effect on rayon velvet than you would believe," cheered L. L. in the May 18th *New Yorker*. That's *only one* of many endearing charms of "LA LOIE" Silvel, the DURABLE transparent velvet.

Because it's by no means so fragile as it appears —*our fashionables* insist on wearing it all summer, as they've been using it all winter and spring —in luminous evening wraps, softly flattering ensembles and nonchalant little sports jackets!

"LA LOIE"
SILVEL
THE DURABLE
TRANSPARENT VELVET

The Shelton Looms, ONE PARK AVENUE, NEW YORK

dress has one of those satisfactory feminine touches that is used all too seldom —a shallow square neckline.

Three short velvet evening wraps that are seen everywhere in Paris are in the new Maggy Rouff collection. One of them has a wide band of silver fox at the hem, but the best of the three is thoroughly a summer wrap, and a part of the costume Fumée. It has only puffs of the material—brown chiffon velvet—for trimming, is slightly longer at the back, and worn as tight around the hips as you can fold it. The lace dress that goes with this is lovely —half pale beige and half a smoky brown, with a stitched tailored belt of the coat's velvet at the normal waist.

CHERUIT is doing some fine evening things of taffeta and moire in soft textures that don't crush. That's the story, anyway. Madame Wormser is making skirts of immense oval petals, four or five of them in varied lengths being just enough to make a skirt that becomes bouffant at the right place. One of these, a gay print on black, edges the front petal with a wide band of black tulle, apron fashion. Another in orange, called Ariane, is one of the few smart evening dresses that aren't ankle-length at the back. Dinaide, still another, has a short cape of the same material made in the same petal effect. All have big bouquets at the base of the back décolletage.—B. M.

AND IN NEW YORK~

EXAMPLES of the midseason collections were just filtering into New York when the Paris letter galloped off the boat, so practically none of the specific models mentioned have been seen yet. Impatient people may be glad to know, however, that the Vionnet dress with the neckline gathered into a bow on the left side of the collarbone is to be had, in an aquamarine blue, at Bergdorf-Goodman.

IN the meantime, New York shops are still exercising their ingenuity on clothes for hot weather. Franklin Simon, for instance, has produced two full-length coats of white wide-wale piqué that are well worth your attention and your twenty-five dollars. One has a short circular cape and streamers from the neckline down the back, after Chanel, and boasts sleeves; the other, which is sleeveless, has the circular cape so arranged that it falls over the arms and demurely conceals them.

This shop is making a great specialty of pants of all sorts, having labored

mightily over the conformations of the female chassis and eliminated, as far as possible in a ready-made garment, that great bulge in back which is too often the curse of this fashion. You can get flannel shorts, fitted around the waist, or white cotton-drill pants for tennis on private courts; linen shorts to wear beneath the tennis dress; linen overalls and pajamas in all fabrics; and a costume consisting of a coin-dotted blouse with a double tier of pleats around the neckline and shorts attached, two skirts in color (one of wool crêpe and one of crêpe de Chine), and a cardigan jacket.

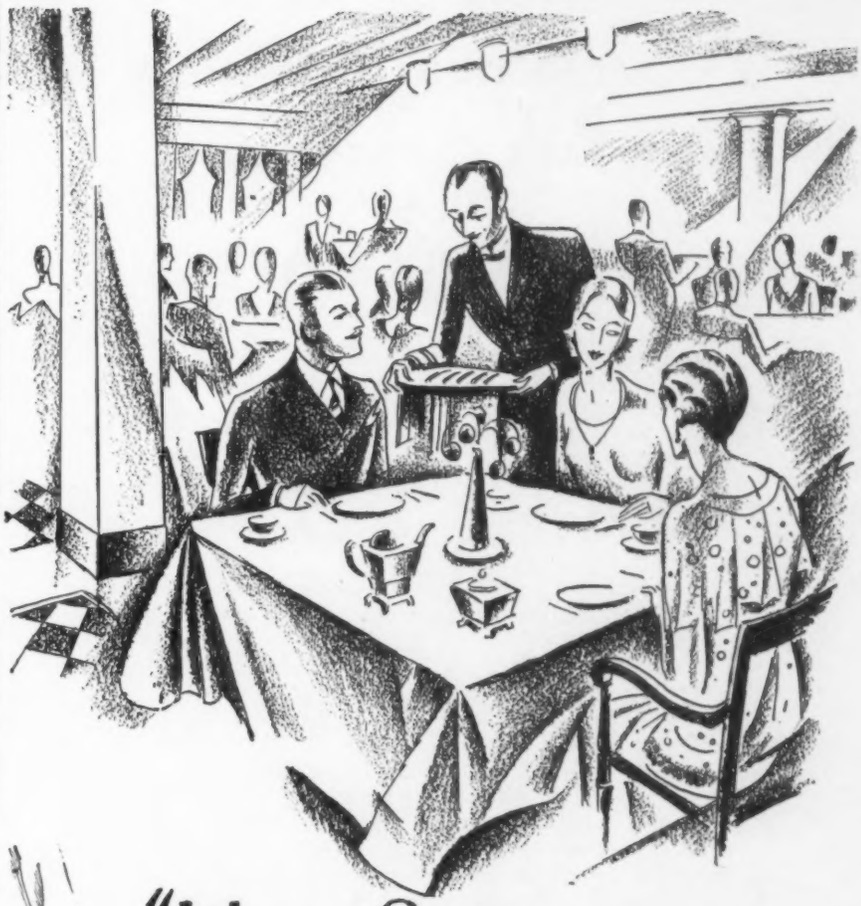
For wear in town, customers are leaping for a costume having a polka-dot blouse, a pleated skirt, and cardigan jacket in plain color, and a long, polka-dotted coat to wear over all. This costs $49.50 and is ideal for its purpose. Sportswomen are clamoring for a coat cut in England on polo lines, of a very woolly wool in chocolate, copper, navy, pottery blue, beige, or oxford. Very smart, and for country wear exclusively. And you may be interested in pumps of pleated crêpe de Chine for your summer chiffons.

PAJAMA-LOVERS will be glad to learn that Jay-Thorpe is making pajamas to order with incredible alacrity (three days) and at a very small price ($45). The model exhibited for your inspection has a little tailored jacket in color with a sash to encircle it, and black trousers on a yoke with pleated inserts in color at the sides below the knees, Argentine tango-dancer fashion. You may pick your own colors, and suggestions about altering the model to suit your own predilections will be genially carried out. —L. L.

THIS AND THAT

Beach and Boudoir—
Gentle Dew from Croton

TO walk serenely into the Colony Lingerie Shop at 664 Madison Avenue is always a joy, for the lingerie and boudoir pillows and other fripperies are as exquisite as you can find anywhere in town. The shop has now extended its activities to making bathing suits to individual measurement —and Heaven knows the bathing world has too long been hampered by bathing-trunk barbarities that deformed the most slender figure. The suits here are simple, many having gabardine,



"Like a Cruise on a Private Yacht"—

A thousand times you've said to yourself that the ideal way to go to Chile or Peru would be as a guest on a private yacht. So many seagoing delights would thus be yours. Speed. Luxury. Personal preferences in service and foods so carefully anticipated.

No need to wait for an invitation. Built and operated for people with your specific viewpoint, there's a fleet of Grace Line ships ready to give you private yacht service down to the last detail. Two newly commissioned motorships, "Santa Maria" and "Santa Barbara," have joined the "S. S. Santa Teresa" and the "S. S. Santa Elisa," to round out a famous squadron.

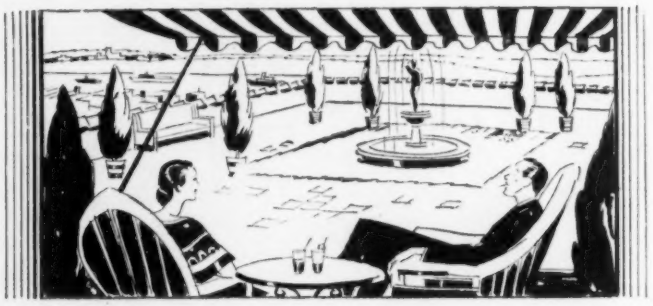
Fittings, service, cuisine — all keyed to private yacht pitch. And speaking of the cuisine, a single sentence will serve to classify it:

Beech-Nut Bacon and Beech-Nut Coffee are served on every ship in the squadron!

Beech-Nut Bacon

A Sumptuous Bungalow on a Park Avenue Roof

(15 Stories Up)



IN THE vernacular of the building world this roof apartment sometimes is referred to as a "penthouse". Actually it is one of the most luxurious city homes in this section of imposing residences. It is atop the city's finest RENTAL apartment house, at the highest point of Park Avenue. On every side it is open to the sunshine and fresh air, its occupants will look out over Central Park, East River and the suburbs beyond.

There are eleven splendidly proportioned rooms. The living-room and three of the four master chambers have southern exposure and overlook the great Italian Gardens. Three master baths are perfectly appointed. Closet space is in abundance and there are three servants' rooms and baths.

Two spacious roof terraces, private to this suite, permit the development of a country atmosphere—in fact, this apartment has all the charm of a country home forty-five seconds by express elevator from Park Avenue.

You are invited to inspect this outstanding suite which will be ready for occupancy in the early Fall.

1185 PARK AVENUE

93rd to 94th Streets

Also Suites of 6-7-8-9 Rooms Now Renting

with two to four exposures

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CHANGE OF ADDRESS

The following blank is for the convenience of our subscribers who are absent from the city this summer. We will be pleased to observe any change of address order received and request only that we be notified at least three weeks in advance of the date with which it is to take effect.

THE NEW YORKER, 25 WEST 45TH STREET, NEW YORK.
You have been sending the magazine to—

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☐ UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE
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jersey, or moire trunks with sailor-buttoned tops and tuck-in tops of silk or jersey. There is a great opportunity, by the way, for a display of the shop's monogramming talent. You will also see suits that seem straight little crêpe de Chine tunics to the casual eye, but become straight pants at the bottom. These are decorated with an oilcloth belt and an oilcloth monogram on the leg. Grand towelling beach robes in any color are trimmed with a deeper shade and adorned with a huge monogram between the shoulder blades in back. Or you may prefer a very mannish dressing-gown type of robe in brilliant moire or taffeta with white bindings.

THEY make pajamas here, naturally; notably one that has absolutely no back at all until you wrap the surplice closing, which is as deep or as high as you choose to make it. Other really lovely things include a collection of nightgowns, hand-drawn and hand-embroidered in France, with short sleeves and pleated or ruffled fichus softening the V-closing. A new bed jacket in pink satin also has this pleated-fichu arrangement, and pleated bands down the deep armholes. Those enchanting satin mules with contrasting velvet bows upon the toes are distinguished here from the others that are to be seen all over town, for the bows are tied in a masterly way. Irfé perfume, a pungent and delightful new odor, is to be found at this shop; and lovely chaise-longue covers and pillows in quilted calicoes, toiles de Jouy, and other fresh gay fabrics to make the country house bright and cheery. If you want your boudoir to be glorious, look at the new couturier bed covers in satins, taffetas, and chiffons over metal cloths, elaborately handmade, and many of them having sheets and square pillow-case covers to accompany them.

And don't forget the newest Paris handkerchief fad while you are here—

"YOU SEEM TO BE GOING IN FOR SUN-TAN,"

. . . said the friendly child to General Sherman (of Central Park)

The gilded General laughed heartily at this genial quip.

"I am just a rough soldier, all lit up," he replied.

"But," he continued in a more serious vein, "do you know what I'd do if I were a little girl?"

"I can't imagine," was the calm answer.

"I'd find out how Inez Courtney keeps her skin so pretty. And then I'd do the same thing."

"She uses Lux Toilet Soap, the way all the great actresses★ and movie queens do," explained the precocious child. "And see this dime? It's for a cake of Lux Toilet Soap—for my own personal use. Ta-ta, General" . . .

★It is because so many of the famous stage stars are enthusiastic about Lux Toilet Soap that leading theaters over the country have placed it in their dressing rooms. In New York alone, it is used in 71 of the 79 legitimate theaters—and in Hollywood, where nine out of ten screen stars are devoted to this daintily fragrant, white soap, all the great film studios have made it official in their dressing rooms.

Are *you* using Lux Toilet Soap? Luxury such as you have found only in French soaps at 50¢ and $1.00 the cake—now 10¢.

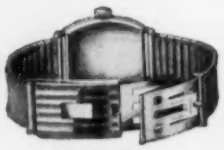
Inez Courtney, who has been so delightfully demonstrating that *Spring is Here,* starred in the original New York company of *Good News,* and has, in addition, starred in other successful musical shows.

She is a very lovely looking girl, and like so many of today's famous actresses, uses Lux Toilet Soap because it gives the skin such gentle care.

She says: *"Skin like a flower—isn't it a delight to see? And personally, I have found that there is nothing like Lux Toilet Soap for keeping the skin velvety smooth and fresh. I use it constantly."*

LOOK AT THE MAN

in the front line—at the races—polo or in business—active—enthusiastic. Such a man appreciates Krementz Jewelry for Men — correct mannish—smart.



Krementz
WRISTWATCH BAND

He knows the distinction of Krementz Wrist Watch Bands. They "belong" with fine watches. Their clever arrangement of folding links insures comfort and safety.

Krementz
DRESS SETS

He insists upon Krementz Dress Sets—because they are the correct thing for evening wear. If he wears a Tuxedo, or should the occasion demand Full Dress—Krementz Sets are ready in their attractive cases—styled for either need. The range of Krementz patterns gives the one variation in the prescribed convention of men's dress.

He would appreciate a gift of Krementz Links because he knows that starched cuffs are again the only thing for the well-dressed man. He knows Krementz quality and their unusual selection of individualized designs.

Krementz
CUFF LINKS

When buying collar buttons he asks for Krementz—no other words are necessary.

Krementz
COLLAR BUTTONS

The Perfect Gift for a Man. FEATURED at the SMARTER Men's shops.

Krementz
JEWELRY FOR MEN

man-sized squares of the sheerest linen with real lace borders.

ALTHOUGH the product is by no means new, for several Christmas stockings bulged with it, travellers should be reminded again of the Corday atomizer. This is a tubular atomizer with a Lalique glass bottom and a gold-plated top which is to be pressed down when the atomizer is being used. When you wish to lock it, a little cap screws over the atomizer nozzle at the side, and, inside the top, another cap screws on tight to make the danger of spilling absolutely nil. For dainty people who are still occasionally at the mercy of baggage-smashers.

NOW comes another contribution to the cause of beauty while you wait. It is entitled the Rhythmic Water Patter, and it appears that it was created because of the discovery that the beautiful English complexion is to be attributed to nothing more nor less than the gentle pat-pat of fog, dew, and rain upon British faces. This gadget, which is attached to your water faucet, if you have one, has been invented to duplicate this rain rhythm in your own home. I do not know how drastically you will be beautified by steady treatment, but the effect is refreshing and the getup is a laugh for the kiddies. You don an arrangement of gray rubberized silk that makes you look like those pictures of flowers, in children's books, with faces inside them (only you look a wee bit older). Then you connect the tubing to the cold-water faucet and let the fine mist that seeps through the nozzle at the end play upon your face, particularly the eyes. This can be purchased from Margot Landberg, 1 East Fifty-third Street, and is, at present, the leader in the my-what-will-they-think-of-next? class as far as this department is concerned.

NEW thingumgigs at Abercrombie, always a fertile field for this reviewer: Silver newspaper holders for the breakfast tray, costing a mere six

You can design these apartments *yourself*

Here's a chance for anyone who thinks he's an architect. If you want an apartment with a double height studio and balcony; bathrooms full of bright color; closets of marvelous size; special electric fixtures and more outlets than you really need; dressing rooms; fireplaces; a private roof garden; simplex, duplex or triplex arrangements; and anything else you can think of—start putting your ideas on paper now. Construction will start shortly.

If you prefer to let well enough alone, all we need to say is that this is a Merowit building—a fact that means perfect attention to even the smallest detail. Most of them face the south, overlooking the Park. Further information may be had from A. G. Walker & Co., Inc., the Agents—565 Lexington Avenue, at 50th Street, Plaza 5750.

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EUGÈNE PERMANENT WAVES . . .

This Sachet is the Secret!

EUGÈNE Permanent Wavers can give you tight waves or loose waves, as you choose. . . . . For the Eugène Sachet gives control to the operator—*control of the steam*—essential for pre-determined results in permanent waving. . . . No other device used by permanent wavers possesses the all-important Eugène feature—the patented perforated steam-tab. This, by its area and placement, controls the quantity, direction and duration of steaming at the will of the skilled operator. The Eugène Sachet is the secret. . . . . Insist upon its use.

Eugène, Ltd., 565 Fifth Avenue, New York City
United States . . . . England . . . . France . . . . Germany . . . . Australia

Avoid so-called bargain waves

Make sure that your permanent waver uses *genuine* Eugène Sachets—26 to 40 of them for each wave or rewave . . . . Look for the Eugène trade-mark symbol stamped boldly on each Sachet . . . . Write for a sample Eugène Sachet, together with our interesting booklet, "The Eugène Method," and a list of *genuine* Eugène Permanent Wavers in your vicinity.

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The Speedster - duPont's offering to the Sportsman

duPont Speedster. Short chassis with 140 H.P. Straight 8 Motor. Guaranteed to exceed 100 miles an hour. Advanced streamlining.

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CUT DOWN THE WIRES, BOYS!

Mayor Grant was a man of action. With his own hand he cut down a telephone pole at 23rd and Broadway to rid New York forever of unsightly wires.*

Melachrino was an old favorite even in 1885. The Turkish tobacco in Melachrino has always been the choicest and most costly grown. For 50 years, Melachrino has been the highest quality cigarette in the world. You'll like the taste of this fine old cigarette.

**Ref. Valentine's Manual, Vol. 8*

Do You Play Bridge? Then Clip This Coupon

The Union Tobacco Company
511 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C

Gentlemen: Please send me your Melachrino-Bridge offer of (1) 60 Melachrino Cigarettes—Cork tips, Straw tips and Plain ends, (2) the score pad with the latest rules of contract bridge, (3) two packs of the famous gilt-edge Congress Cards, *free of any advertising*, bearing my monogram, $4.75 value, for which I enclose my check for $2.50. B 6-8-29

Initials_____
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MELACHRINO
CIGARETTES
1879-1929 — 50 YEARS A LEADER
QUALITY STANDS THE TEST OF TIME

STRAW TIPS
CORK TIPS
PLAIN ENDS
10 for 15c
Large Size 30c

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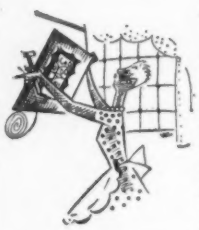
dollars for all that comfort. . . . Individual decanters, holding four ounces each, for liquids. This another possibility for the breakfast tray on Long Island houseparties. . . . Gay flags with places for cards; to stick in the sandwiches and identify them, once and for all, all prying aside, as ham, cheese, and so on. . . . And there is a clock set in a crystal ball, for a man's desk, with the face showing through one part and the works through another. —L. L.

ABOUT THE HOUSE

While the Cupboard is Bare—Odds and Ends—Parties with Atmosphere



BY this late date, your sables, one hopes, are safely laid away in moth balls and the rest of the family wardrobe is hanging on racks at the country seat. So the business of getting at closets never was timelier. One way, you must know, is to consult with Mrs. George Herzog, 780 Madison Avenue, who has been doing useful and beautiful things in this line for many a long year. She plans layouts for what you already have in the way of storage space or for what you'd like to have; she suggests color schemes to suit your rooms and individual taste; she executes them with as little fuss and bother as is physically possible when such issues are at stake.

Well—you have your consultation, and then you stay around for another hour or two playing with the little scale-models of sample closets. After that you go away for a little trip while painters and decorators scurry about inside your cupboards. It is all very easy and comfortable.

Before you go, however, look at Mrs. Herzog's portable storage units. These all fit together, skyscraper fashion, so that they can be built up to accommodate practically anything. A middling-sized combination of them has spaces for fourteen pairs of shoes and overshoes, any amount of glove, stocking, and handkerchief drawers, and a square box atop that will take four or five hats. This comes to about $75. It will fit inside the average closet, or you can stand it out in plain sight without doing any material damage to the décor.

Examine also the drop-front hamp-

ers. These are my particular loves, inasmuch as the drop-front is the easiest to get at in a hurry, and the nice broad top is left free for whatever you want to pile on it.

There is also a small accessory shop in connection with all this, where you can buy such objets d'art as wastebaskets all pasted up very decoratively with NEW YORKER covers, etc. A pleasant spot to know about, in all.

INTO the bargain, the town has a new place devoted to the same good cause—the Aguilar Studio, at 572 Park Avenue. The specialty here is turning infinitesimal storage space to usefulness through clever manipulation of the available inches. All sorts of closets are fitted and tailored from stock units that sell at a standard price. You select these yourself, which puts the final cost entirely up to you.

Special feature: Guest-closet equipment here includes a fabric wall lining on a removable frame, and a makeup box with mirror—this usually affixed to the rear wall, giving your guests what amounts to an extra dressing-room. I have seen this accomplished in a space no larger than the average apartment linen-cupboard. Call Miss Aguilar, at Regent 6347, for conferences and estimates.

OF course, if you are one with time and inclination to play around among things like this, you will want to see Philip F. Hall's gleaming metal rods, hooks, and bars, which are wonders of efficiency and popular with men, the simple-hearted darlings. These gadgets are ingenious space-savers, and handsome in their unpretentious modern way. Hall has those gliding racks that pull out, among other noble devices of like nature. All at 38 East Forty-ninth Street.

GIMBEL'S also has a closet shop (second floor, rear), with a collection of dustproof bags the completeness of which I have yet to see outdistanced. All of them, of course, are of Argentine cloth; you can buy a dress bag in white, for instance, bound in any color—or in a color, contrastingly bound—and match it in blouse bags, lingerie cases, hat covers, small folders for pet handbags, and the like. The small flat shelf cases cost fifty-nine cents and tie with wide bows of ribbon to match the binding.

There is always, to boot, Macy's Closet Shop, where closet fittings cov-

ESTABLISHED 1818

Brooks Brothers

CLOTHING

Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods

MADISON AVENUE COR. FORTY-FOURTH STREET
NEW YORK

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Complete Equipment for the Horseman

Send for our NEW *Illustrated* GENERAL CATALOGUE

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ST. REGIS SUMMER SUITES or rooms on a St. Regis summer lease spell a threefold charm. The exquisitely-appointed seclusion of the New Addition. The inexhaustible convenience of full call-button and floor-secretary service. And the pleasure of being adjacent to the city's smartest summer activities and gaieties . . . in the established graciousness of the St. Regis.

HOTEL ST. REGIS
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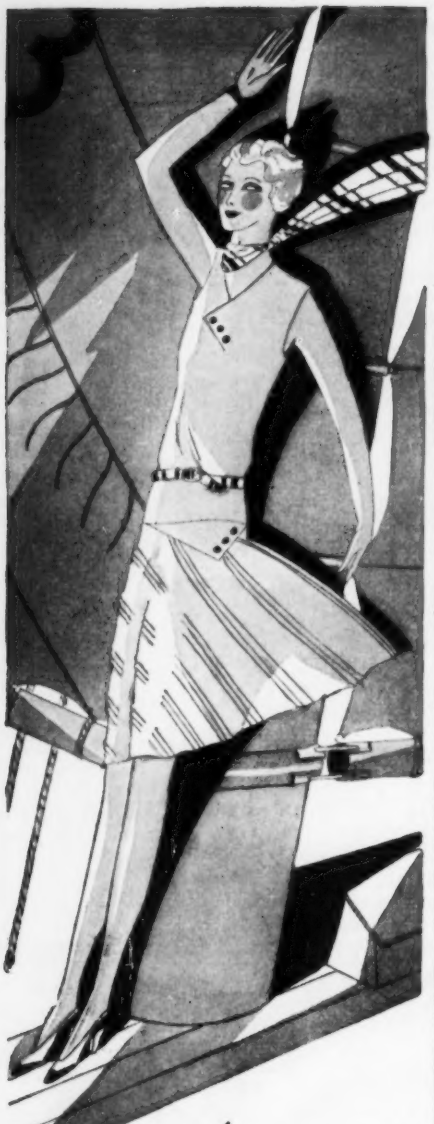

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Two-piece Sports Costumes

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Weekly shipments received from our Paris house

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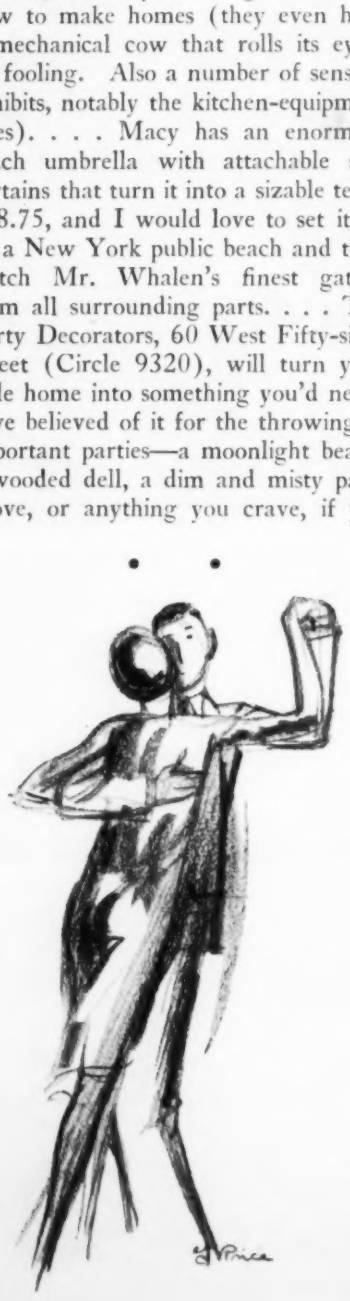
ered in flowered chintzes or modern wallpaper can be collected to fit your needs. They have box units, garment bags, hangers, hampers, shoe trees, edgings, shelvings—at which point I am moved to remind you once again about the Garmentaire summer-storage bag at Lewis & Conger (the one that connects with your vacuum cleaner), and then go away for a nice long rest in the country.

ODDS AND ENDS: The Telephone Company's new five-foot bookshelf is fairly launched, and Stern rises superbly to the occasion with a little rack which will take care of the newborn volumes in as little space and as conveniently as is possible, under the circumstances. . . . The Grand Central Palace now boasts a Home-Making Centre, where you can go and learn how to make homes (they even have a mechanical cow that rolls its eyes; no fooling. Also a number of sensible exhibits, notably the kitchen-equipment ones). . . . Macy has an enormous beach umbrella with attachable side curtains that turn it into a sizable tent; $28.75, and I would love to set it up on a New York public beach and then watch Mr. Whalen's finest gather from all surrounding parts. . . . The Party Decorators, 60 West Fifty-sixth Street (Circle 9320), will turn your little home into something you'd never have believed of it for the throwing of important parties—a moonlight beach, a wooded dell, a dim and misty palm grove, or anything you crave, if you



JOHN DAVID

Fashions For Men

STEIN-BLOCH CLOTHES
KNOX HATS
MEN'S FURNISHINGS
MALLORY HATS

Suits Of
Genuine English

Huddersfield Flannel

Summer-Weight
And Silk-Trimmed

$35.50

Woven in England.
Tailored in America.
Styled for New York.
This is a noted value that thousands of well-dressed men regularly look for each Summer. Plain Navy Blue, Seal Brown, Oxford-Gray and Cambridge Gray.
Also Black, Navy, Tan and Oxford-Gray grounds with heavy White Chalkline Stripes or with White Hairline Stripes.

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Broadway At 32nd St.
1268 Broadway
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Fifth Avenue At 43rd St.
Exchange Place At New
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Nassau At Maiden Lane
Cortlandt St. At Church

Two Convenient Shops In Brooklyn
Court Street At Remsen
Fulton Street At Smith

feel you can shoulder the responsibility of plunging unsuspecting young things into anything so atmospheric. Consider what might be done along these lines in a penthouse. . . . —B. B.

AS TO MEN

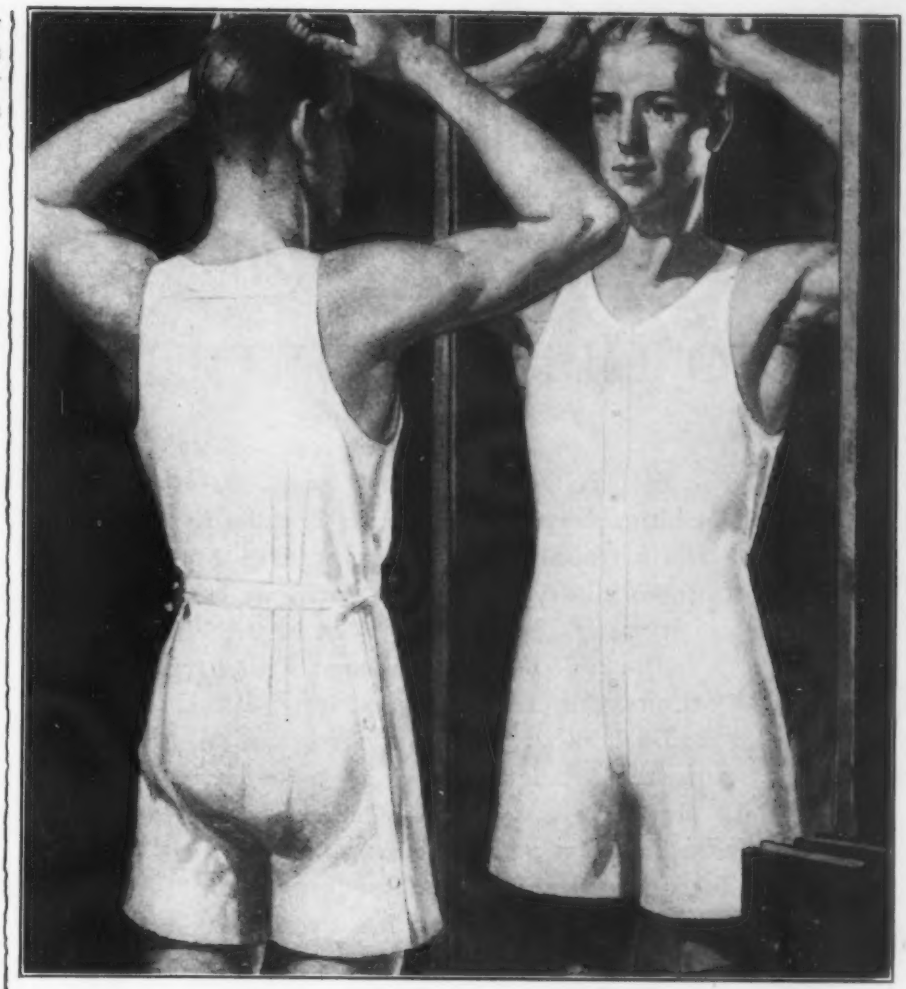
Shops Across the Sea

ON every ship returning from Europe you will find Americans who complain bitterly about the clothes made for them by London tailors. You will also find a few men dressed in English hand-me-downs, convinced that they are wearing the best that London offers, not realizing that the only satisfactory ready-to-wear suits sold in London are made in this country, and that the English ready-mades are designed for cockneys. If your time in London is limited, or if you don't like the bother of several fittings, it is much wiser to buy your clothes here in New York.

English tailors require plenty of time to do their work properly, and it is a great mistake to rush them. It is also a mistake to insist on an American cut; the best tailors will refuse to depart from the lines on which they have made their reputations, and those who allow you to coerce them usually turn out a suit that is neither one thing nor the other. If you must, however, have an American cut, there is one man, J. C. Wells, 19 Maddox Street, who makes good English clothes but will also turn out a creditable suit on American lines.

Don't go to a cheap tailor. The money you will save won't make up for the time wasted, and it is doubtful whether the suit will ever satisfy you. The better ones charge from 15 to 17 guineas for a lounge suit, and they give you a 15 per cent discount for cash. In addition to this, of course, there is the duty to be considered.

HOWEVER, if you are staying in London a while and have need of clothes, these houses are among the best: Davies & Son, 19 Hanover Street, are conservative; the King gets his clothes there. Poole, 37 Savile Row, is also conservative. Both firms ask for an introduction from one of their customers. Pleydell & Smith, 12



Meet the NEW

REIS Jimsuit

•MADE ONLY BY REIS•

that won't bulk *up* when you sit *down*, or climb up your back as you bow to some charming Lorelei, or wrap itself around your legs when you most desire to be nonchalant.

Reis Jimsuit has an adjustable waist . . . form-fitting, if you please, and wide cut armholes under which the garment fits snug, instead of gaping. Reis Jimsuit's fine cool broadcloth or fancy madras is comfortable even when Old Sol swings into high; even when Old Man Humidity plots misery for men.

Be you long or short, fat or lean, your favorite furnisher has your size. Because this garment is new and exclusive, when you call on him, you'd better mention the full name Reis Jimsuit.

Reis Jimsuits are sold by department stores and men's furnishers

$1.50 and $2.00

ROBERT REIS AND COMPANY

NO. TWO PARK AVENUE, NEW YORK

MOVE
with fashion
TO THE EAST SIXTIES

The East Sixties has always been the fashionable place to live. It is quietly aloof from the business section of town, and yet near enough to walk to it easily. At 40 East 66th Street you will find new apartments with large rooms, tall ceilings and wide windows. Radio outlets, electric refrigeration, concealed radiators and as many as 12 closets in a seven room apartment. Extra maids' rooms available. A 4-room doctor's suite with private entrance. Ready this September. See our representative on the premises.

7 & 8 Rooms—4 Baths
Roof Garden Apartments
6 & 8 Rooms

Renting and Managing Agent:

PEASE & ELLIMAN INC.

660 Madison Ave. Regent 6600

40 EAST 66th ST.

RESTAURANT CRILLON

Luncheon at the Crillon is a tonic for the afternoon's work . . . dinner an apt prelude for any sort of evening

OPEN SUNDAYS AND HOLIDAYS

277 PARK AVE 116 EAST 48TH ST.

Cork Street, have a large following among younger Englishmen and Americans. Their evening clothes are excellent. Anderson & Sheppard, 30 Savile Row, are also very smart and have a number of American customers; they are known for their fabrics. Lesley & Roberts, 16 George Street, Hanover Square, make clothes for many of the guardsmen. F. P. Scholte, 7 Savile Row, is rather extreme. Hawes & Curtis, 53 Jermyn Street, are known as haberdashers, but also make suits; Jack Buchanan is one of their customers.

Among the shirtmakers, Hilditch & Key, 48 Jermyn Street, are patronized by university men; this, like most of the shops mentioned below, also sells haberdashery. Whitelock & Son, 64A Pall Mall, are fairly expensive but have unusually fine ties and sweaters. Beale & Inman, 131 New Bond Street, and Harborow, 6 New Bond Street, are good. T. M. Lewin, 39 Panton Street, makes evening shirts with starched bosoms and cuffs, and bodies of handkerchief linen. H. Ludlam & Company, 37 Albemarle Street—small, old, conservative, in a shop that should be visited if only for its atmosphere—make excellent shirts.

For shoes, I suggest Hoby & Gullick, 1 Ryder Street; R. Thomas & Sons, 5 St. James' Street; Alan McAfee, 38 Dover Street; and Peal, 487 Oxford Street. H. E. Randall has several shops—one is at 171 Regent Street—where good ready-made shoes are sold.

Lock & Company, hatters, have been at 6 St. James' Street for centuries; the front of the shop is two hundred years old. This is the place to have a silk hat made to suit your height and the shape of your head and face. Herbert Johnson, 38 New

• •

Bond Street, and Scotts, 1 Old Bond Street, also make fine hats.

Horace E. Sleep, 345 Oxford Street, and Turnbull & Asser, 71 Jermyn Street, specialize in gloves. Brigg, 23 St. James' Street, is famous for umbrellas and sticks. Asprey, 165 New Bond Street; Vickery, 143 Regent Street; and Finnegan's, 18 New Bond Street, are places to go for leather goods and novelties of all kinds.

As you may know, some of the concerns I have mentioned are well represented in New York shops.

PARIS is not the best place in the world to buy suits. Even though many Paris tailors have English cutters and some British firms have branches there (Poole, for instance, at 18 Rue Tronchet), it seems rather pointless with London so near. However, Paris has some excellent shirtmakers who also make unusually good dressing-gowns and pajamas: Boivin, 10 Rue Castiglione; David, 32 Avenue de l'Opéra; Byron et Cie., 50 Avenue des Champs-Elysées; Jourdain & Brown, 14 Rue Halévy; Lambert, 84 Rue du Faubourg St. Honoré; and Charvet, 8 Place Vendôme; and, of course, Sulka, 232 Rue de Rivoli. All these shops carry ties, socks, and the like. At Charvet you can get those large batiste handkerchiefs that are worn in the evening. Lanvin, 22 Rue du Faubourg St. Honoré, has marvellous ties. Louis Vuitton, 70 Avenue des Champs-Elysées, is famous for luggage, and Hermès, 24 Rue du Faubourg St. Honoré, has all kinds of leather novelties. —G. McC.

•

TO A MANHATTAN CANARY

You perch inside your crowded cage
And utter feeble tinkles.
I can't pretend to tell your age.
You've neither teeth nor wrinkles.

A happy blithesome little bird
Of attitude seraphic.
—The songs you sing I've seldom heard
Above the din of traffic.

—P. C.

•

LOST—Cyclops, large grey and white alley cat, blind in one eye, short tail, several toes missing, escaped from Ridge Rd., and Wil. Ave., Wilmette, Hallowe'en 1927. Reward.—*Wilmette (Ill.) paper.*

Give him a little time, why don't you?

ONLY HORMEL FOODS ARE "FLAVOR-SEALED"

Salvaging Life's Lost Moments

When the ravenous Robinsons drop in for tea . . . and you know that means a strain on the pantry . . . but you're only too glad if you can find time to listen to Bill Robinson's delightful (if doubtful) stories . . . remember

Hormel Flavor-Sealed Whole Chicken

—and don't miss a word.

For Flavor-Sealed Whole Chicken is so convenient, so easy to prepare. Already cooked, it saves time and kitchen labor. And you'll revel in its rich, satisfying flavor.

The exclusive Flavor-Sealed process saves those savory juices and delicate flavors lost by ordinary cooking methods. By this process, a selected milk-fed whole chicken is sealed in its sterilized vacuum container and then cooked so that none of its delicious goodness may escape.

The jelled juices contain the very essence of the chicken and are delicious and valuable in the preparation of hot or chilled soups and gravies.

You may serve Hormel Flavor-Sealed Chicken your favorite way—fried, broiled, roasted or cold. It is a revelation of how good chicken can be. Try it.

Weights from 1½ lbs. to 6 lbs.—marked on label. At leading stores, or write naming dealer.

GEO. A. HORMEL & CO.
Austin, Minn.

Flavor Sealed

HORMEL
MILK-FED
WHOLE CHICKEN

U. S. Inspected and certified

HANS FLATO

"After yielding to a haunting tango drawn from the concertinas of five swarthy Latins we returned to our table... Sinuous senoritas in gay mantillas and upright Saxons in gleaming evening dress splashed the dining room with color... Such a meal! . . . Such romance and magic as we found that night at *The Ingleterra* in Seville!"

Here in New York, the city's gay panorama is unfolded nightly at The ROOSEVELT Grill . . . A place of good food and good cheer, frequented by the brightest people on this glowing island.

In the Roosevelt Grill
BEN BERNIE
and his Celebrated Orchestra
entertain nightly during dinner and supper
Manhattan's Merriest Musical Melange!
BEN BERNIE
on Brunswick Records Exclusively

THE ROOSEVELT
MADISON AVE. *at* 45*th* ST.
EDWARD CLINTON FOGG
Managing Director

UNITED HOTELS

TABLES FOR TWO

The Rather Dear Summertime

THERE having been some warm clear days wedged in amidst the others, it seems high time to talk along in that charming offhand way of ours about the glories of outdoor dining, dancing, and the other divertissements of those who love summers in New York, the big liars. Besides, all the shops have invested so much money in expensive little chiffons for daylight dining among the greenery that it will have to be real summer soon, or Saks-Fifth Avenue will cancel their advertising with Nature.

The biggest furore, of course, is the reopening of the Central Park Casino, all done up by Urban into a really de luxe restaurant. Despite the rah-tah-tah tone of the announcements from the new backers, who talk of a "rendezvous for smart society," you cannot get around the fact that, given the only perfect sylvan location within the reach of all in New York, even a moderately good cuisine, adequate decorations, and music that kept time would make it the most charming summer eating-place in town. The new owners, not content with this, promise to concentrate on the cuisine, which will be featured at breakfast, luncheon, dinner, and supper. There will be music from lunchtime on, with Emil Coleman's orchestra the *pièce de résistance*, and other bands functioning when M. Coleman dashes home to collect that much-needed slumber. There will be formal and informal dining-rooms, a black-glass cavorting-place. Oh, it is all going to be elegant, but this little prophet is sure of two things: (1) It will be about as "exclusive" as Texas Guinan's club; (2) some badge-holding champion of the outraged people will eventually hold the restaurant responsible for a bottle of spirituous liquors found beneath some table, if he has to plant it himself. All officious interference aside, though, I don't quite see how it can fail to be attractive.

IN hoity-toity competition to this sylvan rendezvous (I quote the announcements), the Ritz-Carlton has reopened its roof, redecorated as a Persian Garden by one J. Monroe Hewlett. This remains open, as of yore, until ten or eleven or thereabouts, and you feel a wee bit bourgeois in day clothes, though those with French labels are allowed. After the theatre, the St. Regis Roof, which is frightfully smaht, my deah, has dancing by a pair hight Veloz and Yolanda, and Lopez orchestras function from dinnertime onwards. You really see the newest and most chic French clothes here and the tallest high hats, so maybe this will compensate you for the uneasy feeling that, at these high prices, the food and the service should be a little more superb than they are now.

AMONG the night clubs, the Club Lido is staying open for the summer, with Miss Johne Clare (England) and a pair named Brooks and Ross. The Montmartre, which had just about the greatest coolth in town, will close for the first time in years, probably early in July. The Chateau Madrid, very Broadway in its tight-waisted chiffons, is oiling up the sliding roof that makes it open-air at will. Another die-hard is the Villa Vallée, at No. 10 Rue de Vallée (formerly East Sixtieth Street), the only one of the lot to serve dinner as well as supper.

THERE was a great fuss about the Casanova Roof, on the site of the Helen Morgan Club, to wit, 134 West Fifty-second Street, but first-hand investigation failed to reveal much of a fresh-air feeling. You stagger up one flight of stairs and emerge suddenly into a dark, sordid sort of room, with a great well in the middle that, I assume, lets in the ozone. It is the most basementy-appearing roof I ever did see, and Broadway swarms there, to hear Morton Downey croon, maybe.

At the Club Richman, which doesn't pretend to be a roof at all but at least has a high ceiling and dark-blue sky

Whether it's easy
or hard
to say good-bye,
the best way
to say it is
with a

Bon Voyage BOOK BOX

Write or wire name of voyageur, giving the price of box desired, the name of the vessel and the date of sailing. Delivery will be made to the steamer. Books and magazines of your choice or ours will be sent.

Bon Voyage Book Boxes *are priced at $5, $10, $15, $20*

BRENTANO'S
Booksellers to the World
No. 1, West 47th Street
Branch 5th Ave. at 27th

painted in a perfectly satisfactory way, there is a new and peppy orchestra, and the entertainment, which goes on casually between dances in the George Olsen manner, includes Dan Healy, those perfectly grand Russian singers, and various little girls who sing, dance, and turn handsprings. It really is darn pleasant, and not too crowded at this time of year.

THE Pavillon Royal, in the Merrick Road at Valley Stream, has watched, with watering eyes, Paul Whiteman depart for the Coast, and cheered up again to welcome Joe Moss and his Meyer Davis orchestra.

Ben Riley's Arrowhead Inn, up the Hudson, still lures by the sheer charm of an honest-to-God terrace for dining and dancing; and the consternation and general hurly-burly when a sudden thunder shower forces the guests into the huge inside dining-rooms are worth the price of admission. Ernie Holst and the band which, last winter, lured all Palm Beach to the Colony Club, are at the Post Lodge in the Post Road near Rye, greatly to the delight of the dancing kids and those disreputable younger marrieds out Connecticut way. This band has one of the best knacks of playing in a stimulating dance time ever heard by this reporter, who has been Around a bit and whose feet quiver if properly urged.

Texas Guinan and her ickle dirls lie in wait for Long Beach commuters at her Summer Home, formerly Hoffman's, in the Merrick Road, but somehow or other the idea of Texas out in the open air doesn't fascinate me enough to prompt first-hand investigation.

OUT in Lynbrook, Long Island, there is Henri's for dining, already justly famous for its cooking. The dishes that you command are made for you and for you alone, so it is no place to eat in a hurry. They take their time to achieve perfection, and rightly so. The atmosphere is all very French in its professional geniality—the chef, in a towering white hat, meets you at the door in a burble of *La Langue Française*, sweeps you to your table, suggests and suggests, and so on. "Every man the owner of the place," is the motto. If you do as Henri tells you, you will eat an excellent—nay, a truly delicious dinner; if you defy him, you might just as well be in a Broadway hotel. Don't ask for steaks with onions, in your coarse American way—

Blindfolded
you can't see the label

AND unless you peek you can't even see the dancing bubbles, the real-fruit color or the light feathery pulp swirling in the glass. But no matter how tight the bandage, if you've ever had the merest sip of Mission Dry, you'd never mistake the amazingly delicious flavor of this sensational new sparkling orange beverage that comes direct from California in jet black bottles.

Bottled at the groves by California Crushed Fruit Corporation. Los Angeles New York Chicago

Available wherever choice bottled beverages are served or sold —including Gristede Bros., Park & Tilford, Charles & Co., Acker, Merrall & Condit —Bamberger in Newark.

EMBARRASSING MOMENTS

When you are entertaining your new wife and your boss at a swagger dinner and your ex-wife comes up to greet you . . . *be nonchalant* . . . LIGHT A MURAD.

MARINE ROOF
HOTEL BOSSERT

Here is a thrill of a nautical sort—
High on a vessel that never leaves port!
Salt-laden breezes dance up from the bay,
Driving the cobwebs completely away,
Chasing the cares that encumbered the day.
Place at the head of the city's delights
Dining and dancing on star-spangled nights.
Far from the heat and confusion of crowds,
Snug on the steamship that sails through the clouds!

★ *Now Open* ★

Montague, Hicks and Remsen Sts. Brooklyn Heights

Dinner and Dancing Nightly *(except Sunday)* Dinner Concert Sundays

it is not only a waste of talent, but they don't cook them as well as a Coffee Pot restaurant.

THERE have been many queries, from people who seem really anxious to know, as to what happens to the attractive people in summertime. You can see very smart ones at the Ritz or St. Regis or Lido, but almost all roof gardens and all roadhouses have, in an overwhelming majority, customers who may have had a background but certainly have sunk beneath it. Summer is the time when fat men and rather wobbly women have their holiday, and don't blame me if they afflict you in your jaunts to all outdoory places, in and out of town; for they are present, no matter how expensive the place may be. —LIPSTICK

•

BAD LOSER

The Graybar is moody.
It skulks and it cowers,
It sulks and it lowers,
It nurses its woe.

The Commodore cuddles.
The Savarin huddles
And tenders a foody
And placating glow.

No use! It's the ghost of
Itself. Who can blame it,
When so quick to shame it,
Youth pilfers the throne?

Now, taller and blander,
With lobby much grander,
The *Chanin's* the toast of
The Grand Central Zone.

—NICHOLAS SAMSTAG

THE TOURNAMENT

WELL, guess everything's about ready, isn't it? I have the committee reports in hand here and in addition to that I have been asked to personally assure you that all the details in regards to the club itself have been taken care of. We're going to have the tournament the eighth of July because that's a weekday and F. W. says his club thinks it would be better to have the tournament on a weekday better than a weekend like Saturday and Sunday on account of there being so many crowds of members on weekends.

Everything's settled then. Most of us aren't much of a golfer although I understand Mr. Cleary there belongs to the New York A. C. and they have a golf course. Is that right, Mr. Cleary? I guess Mr. Cleary is practically the only one of the Hagedorn & Brownmiller, Incorporated, staff that belongs to a golf club, except of course F. W. and the directors, although I understand even some of them don't feel they can afford any extravagance like that.

Here's Irv Rosenthal's report. He's chairman of the transportation committee. I'm glad to see Irv had the good judgment and tact not to try to include any of the company trucks as transportation. That wouldn't look so good driving up to a country club in a paint-and-varnish truck, eh, men? No, sir. Well, Irv has F. W.'s Pierce-Arrow sedan, that'll hold seven with the driver. Then he has Mr. Schmalhaus the director's Cadillac coop, that'll hold four or five. Five if I don't ride in it. Haw, haw, haw. And another Cadillac limousine, Mr. De Pricello's the director's that'll hold seven with the shofer. And I see Mr. Cleary is down for a Chrysler touring. I didn't know you had a car, Mr. Cleary. . . . Is at so? Well, congratulations. Father's pretty good to give you a birthday present like that, eh? Well, he slaved pretty hard for that money, I'll tell you. I known your father a good many years and I'll say this for him, he was always a hard worker and good to his children.

Well, I guess that about takes care of the transportation. Room for everybody.

NOW for the prizes. Natchilly this being a golf tournament we have regular golf prizes. Mr. Cleary's in charge of that. He brought the prizes to put on exhibition between now

Bon Voyage
et Bonne

At anchor for the season in
Hempstead Harbor, Long Island Sound:

THE AMPHITRITE

Change—new environment in a familiar setting—life on the water with all the luxuries of an exclusive club. . . . A U. S. Navy Monitor—with her great steel hull—completely transformed. Bedroom suites, restaurant, grill, lounge and recreation rooms in the country club manner. . . . A top deck a city block in length—Awnings, steamer chairs, deck mats—Tea and supper dancing, games, sun-bathing. . . . Unique privacy away from the noise and dust of the mainland and withdrawn from the publicity of hotel lobbies; yet very much a part of the world. . . . Some of your friends are going to brave *mal de mer* and French irregular verbs this summer in search of novelty. See them off with a heart devoid of envy—and then run down to Port Washington and board the Amphitrite for a dinner-dance, for overnight, for a week-end or a month. . . . Address the Management, at 9 St. Lukes Place, New York. [WALker 8227]

OPENING JUNE FIFTEENTH

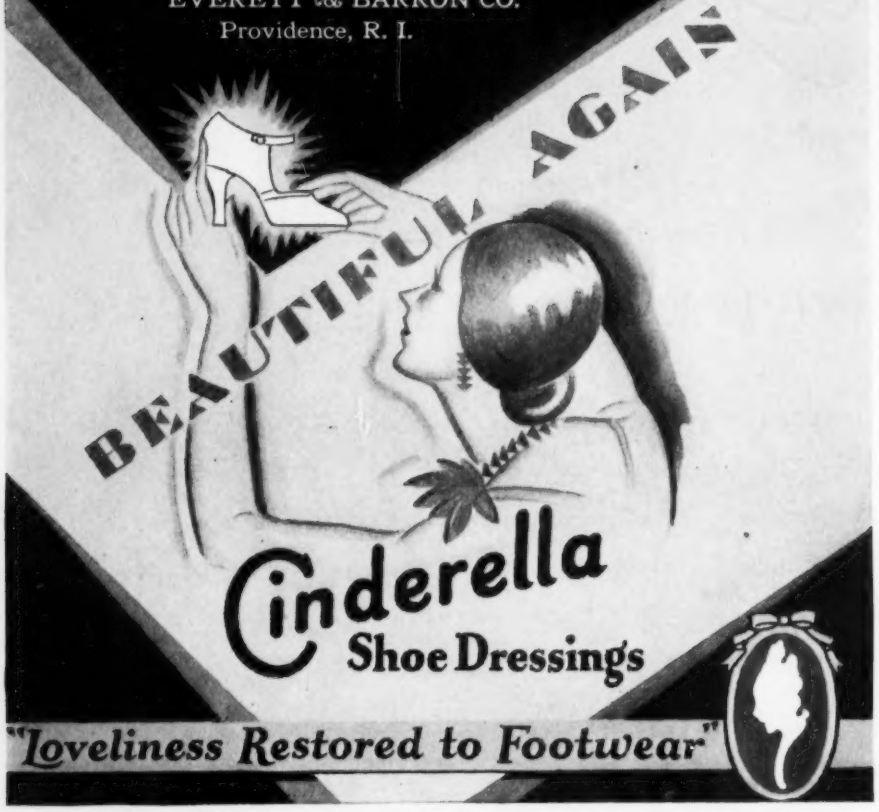
Under the Resident Direction of

PAUL LENNON

Fancy a prime Amphat
for Society!

WHITE Kid Slippers that seem hopelessly soiled will look as snowily white as new after you use Cinderella Kid White. It cleans perfectly - *prevents* yellowing. Charming women everywhere are using Cinderella Shoe Dressings to keep their smart slippers.....trim..... .....exquisite!

Made by
EVERETT & BARRON CO.
Providence, R. I.



Cinderella
Shoe Dressings

"Loveliness Restored to Footwear"

★ ★ ★

NEARER THE STARS
ARE THESE HOMES OF THE FUTURE

... In an apartment residence that rises yet higher ... and grander ... on the first street of the world ... with rooms that have space and yet more space ... with terraces, loggias, conservatories ... and ultimate perfection of appointments and service: Simplex, Duplex, Triplex—seven to fourteen rooms. Now leasing. Occupancy early in September.

784 PARK AVENUE
Corner of 74th Street

Renting Agent: Douglas L. Elliman & Co., Inc.
15 E. 49 St., Plaza 9200. Bing & Bing, Inc., Builders

and the tournament and I hope everybody'll realize they set the firm back quite a little cash and appreciate them. Here's the first prize. I'll open it and see what it is . . . Hmm. Looks to me like a cocktail-shaker. Well now, there's a neat-looking thing for you. Say, Mr. Cleary, you musta spent a great deal of money on this. See, men. He has the company trademark enamelled on the cocktail-shaker. Hope it's Hagedorn & Brownmiller enamel, Mr. Cleary. Well, that's a good-looking prize all right. I would of said get a loving-cup because maybe the fellow that wins it don't drink or his wife might not like it, but it'll do I guess.

What's this? Minacher golf clubs. Hmm . . . Eh? O-ho. *I* see. Well now, looks as if we're not a very Pro'bition organization, eh? Mr. Cleary says these here little golf clubs are for stirring highballs. One thing you have to say for them is they won't break and they *are* golfy-looking. If I won it though, my kids would think they were a toy and bring them out when the Reverend comes to call, and he might reccanize them for being something else.

Third prize. Mm. Well, don't take long to figure out what this is. Can you see it back there? Little whiskey cups that fold together and fit in a little leather case. Mm. Fourth and fifth prizes are the same. A card entitling the winner to his choice of an

iron club at Spalding's. That's the kind of a prize I ought to get. I only use a wooden club about sixteen times every time I play golf, which isn't often. And that's all for the prize committee.

HANDICAP COMMITTEE was taken care of by F. W. He says everybody ought to start at twenty-five except Mr. Cleary, who is the golfer of the office, and he starts at ten. F. W. also says depend on him for the liquid refreshments, although you can bring your own if you have any special preference. F. W. gets applejack, I believe, from some farmer in Jersey and he says there'll be enough to go around. Applejack's good enough for me but if anybody wants to bring Scotch from New York or gin why there's nothing to stop you. You can be sure F. W.'s applejack is all right and we all know he's a congenial host when he entertains so don't worry about not being enough to go around.

Greens fee and caddies will be taken care of by F. W. He arranged for it all through the pro so I guess that about takes care of everything. Practice up and don't forget, everybody plan to come and show F. W. we appreciate what he's doing. Even if you're a punk golfer why come anyhow and show F. W. you have the right spirit.

—JOHN O'HARA

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ROMANCE

"Whose house is that
With the green grass in front?"
Thus we spoke in the Spring,
But now that Summer's upon us
Grass is a common thing!

—RUTH LAMBERT JONES

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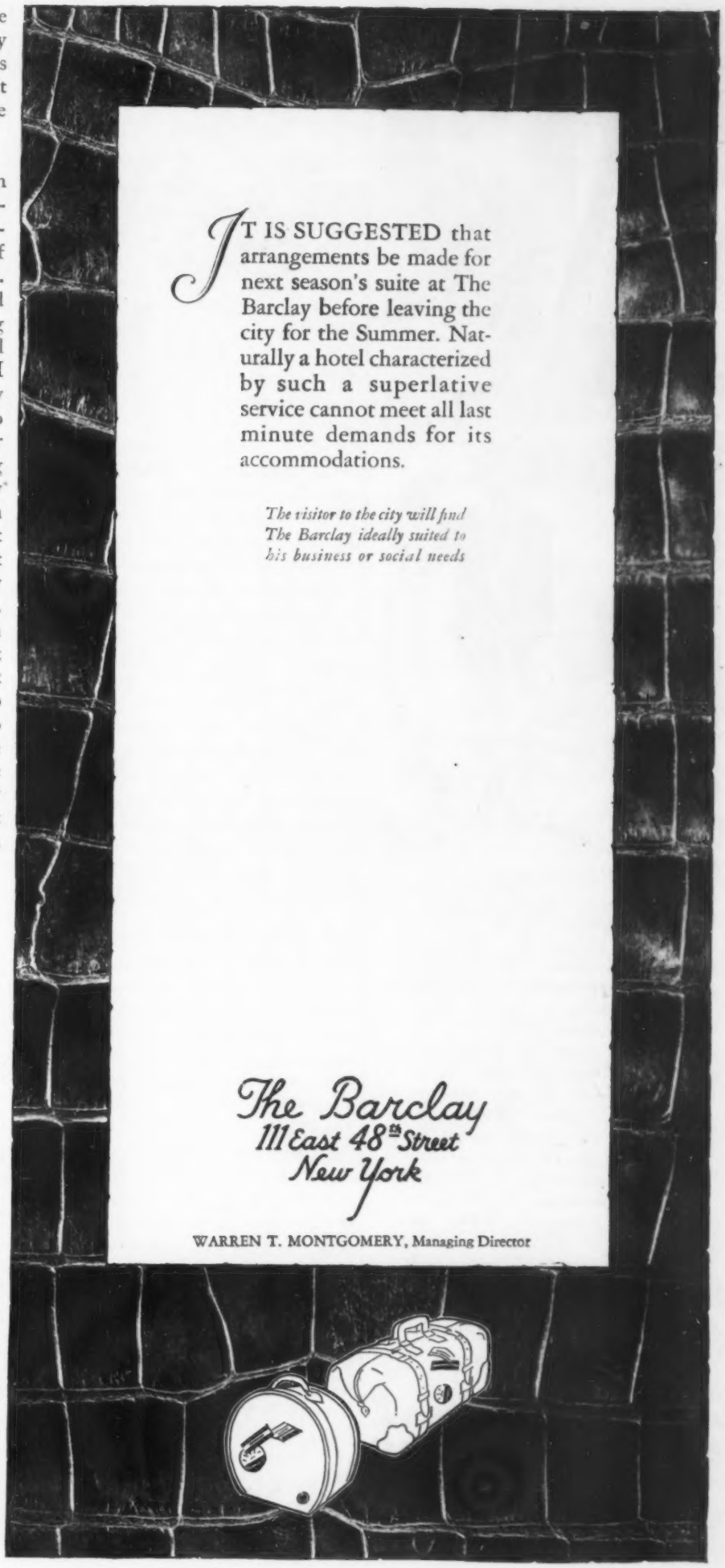
UH HUH DEPARTMENT

[*Letter from the Palmer House, Chicago*]

Dear Sir: You, they tell us, are one of that highly particularized group, who will undoubtedly be attending the Chicago convention of the International Advertising Association at the Palmer House May 14, 15 and 16. We have had an opportunity to look over the schedule and we are glad and proud to have been chosen as hosts to this council of wisdom. From the "Address of Welcome" at eight-thirty Tuesday night, straight through to the closing event at seven o'clock Thursday evening, the program is so absorbingly packed with intellectual discourse that the serious searcher for knowledge will wish to avoid any interruption save for the necessary functions of wholesome dining and restful sleep.


IT IS SUGGESTED that arrangements be made for next season's suite at The Barclay before leaving the city for the Summer. Naturally a hotel characterized by such a superlative service cannot meet all last minute demands for its accommodations.
The visitor to the city will find The Barclay ideally suited to his business or social needs
The Barclay
111 East 48th Street
New York
WARREN T. MONTGOMERY, Managing Director

Barcelona—
Picture City of Spain

With the waning glow of the setting sun—comes the romantic Mediterranean moon . . . the soulful strumming of a guitar, sings a song of love . . . and on the lively Avenidas, gayety and laughter hold forth—brilliant cafés—the opera—cinema—hotels of Continental perfection . . . Spain indeed, at her very best . . . combining all the charm of Spain's ancient architecture—the magnificent palaces of the Great International Exposition of Barcelona definitely reflect the spirit of the modern . . . here amidst a spectacle of fugitive light and color are palaces, devoted to art—sport—industry . . . here is the meeting place of the world—1929.

Any Tourist Bureau or M. Ventura, 113 West 57th Street, N. Y. C.

INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION OF BARCELONA
May to December
1 9 2 9

OUT OF TOWN

New London's Day—
Catboats and Lobsters—
A Swim with Music

EVERY resort hotel has its season, but the Griswold, at Eastern Point, New London, has its Day as well—for what would the Yale-Harvard races be without the Griswold? This year, the Day falls on the twenty-first of June, and reservations should be made at once if you are in earnest about putting up there. The location of the Griswold affords ample yacht anchorage in New London Harbor, and the famous Shenecosset golf course is but a stone's throw away. Both these privileges are available for all Griswold guests.

Most of my memories of race night at the Griswold centre around its acres of porch and the Grill, but I know from observation and from reports of habitual guests that its bedrooms are large, comfortable, and well-tended, and that the food is good. It is no longer under Bowman management, but it does retain that well-set-up air peculiar to Mr. Bowman's hotels, and the new management, in addition to running the hotel properly, offers a motor-boat taxi service between New London and Eastern Point.

EASTERN POINT is really a popular summer resort, but all its permanent charms are temporarily submerged by the furore over the races every year. There are a number of cottages to rent for the season, some of which are offspring of the Griswold (inquiries should be made there); there is a good bathing beach; the tennis, riding, and, of course, fishing and boating are excellent. The waters thereabout are rich in mackerel, swordfish, bluefish, sea bass, etc., and along the New London wharves you can always pick up a catboat, with captain attached, that will take you out for the day. As a child of this locality, I speak with authority in declaring that there are no better lobsters to be eaten anywhere than those caught around New London.

IF your plans are better suited by a flying trip to the races, avoiding the Eastern Point aftermath, the Mohican Hotel in New London will answer your purpose. While not "fancy," it

THE SAVOY PLAZA

Fifth Avenue, New York
58th to 59th Streets
Henry A. Rost, *President*

Large and Small Suites
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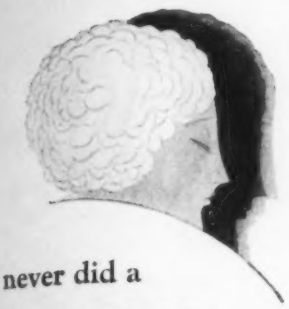

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is adequate, and the negro maître d'hôtel in the restaurant could give lessons in courtliness to many of the proud metropolitan gentry. The Mohican, too, is crammed during the races, and early reservations are advisable—a warning that also applies to all the trains running up the shore from New York within two days of the races.

If you are motoring, and really anxious to escape the insanity after the finish, don't forget the Old Lyme Inn at Lyme, just down the shore from New London, which provides a welcome refuge. There aren't many quieter places anywhere.

THE increasing popularity of Canada with Americans may have any number of causes. Quebec, however, can depend on its charm alone. The Province offers resorts of such widely divergent types that almost anyone can be suited.

At Murray Bay, which, as the experienced know, is a place of aristocratic tradition, a new Manoir Richelieu has been built. Situated between the mountains and the water, it boasts a sporty mountain golf course, horseback riding, and mountain trout streams. At the bathing hour an orchestra plays beside the salt-water swimming pool—a practice that should make every girl feel like Helen Wainwright. The management, as you might expect, holds fast to conservative standards of hotelkeeping.

Murray Bay can be reached by boat, so the trip is an attractive one to leisurely travellers. You can go by water from Niagara or Buffalo, Toronto, the Thousand Islands, Montreal, or Quebec—assuming that you've reached those points by train. If you drive, you can put your car on the steamer at Quebec and be at Murray Bay in five hours. The St. Lawrence and the Richelieu, of the Canada Steamship Lines, run regularly direct from Montreal and Quebec to Murray Bay. Both the New York Central and the Pennsylvania run through sleepers from New York via Montreal. In other words, you can go to Manoir Richelieu by your favorite mode of travel, whatever it be, and begin your holiday the moment you start the trip.

—FOOT-LOOSE

•

Fannie Johnston shot her husband after he had retired with a Winchester rifle.—*Tulsa (Okla.) World.*

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THE AR

Winter Fa

WE were about to close the art season with a sigh and a tear, regretting the resplendent days of the high season, when every gallery threw open its doors to the unending song of the palettes. We have always bemoaned New York's habit of forgetting art in the summer months, when the town is host to more visiting firemen than at any other season of the year. We like better the custom foreign cities have of preferring to show their wares when visitors are about. Then we walked into the Reinhardt Galleries and found it as full of exhibits and witnesses as in midseason.

THE current show, to be kept on until the first of July, is as exciting as any that this particular gallery of the moderns has indulged in. We hope this is significant of something. There is a landscape by Derain, "Les Oliviers," that is as excellent as anything we have ever seen from this master of poise. Not as large as the "White Tree" purchased last season by Duncan Phillips, it is as intense and as well handled. Then there is a much earlier Derain, "Boats in Harbor," that is vibrant and contains much of the personal strain that the artist has carried through his work.

We believe we liked Dufy's "Hill Town" next best, a well-executed painting more in the early manner. While not as free as some of the later ones, it is as happy. We even found a good deal of joy in an Utrillo, though the fabricating method of this painter often bothers us. In his "Compiègne, 1914," there is more composition than he usually requires; a white gate holds the picture together in a firm unity.

The show also includes the lesser accomplishments of some of the greater names. There is an early Matisse, interesting historically; a Modigliani, Picasso's "The Nurses," a Zak, and several Vlamincks. Water colors by Dufresne and Marie Laurencin round out the well-balanced circus. We recommend it not only to those who take their art the year round, but to any who may not be familiar with the gallery trends and would like a

ALLERIES

mmer Months

representative show of this particular school.

WEYHE has a group exhibition, hung until June 15. It is gay and seasonal, and for the most part of men not so well known among us. There are one or two paintings by Wayne Wilhelm, who has more or less of the Burchfield emotional approach to nature. The water colors of Wladek Mruk lack a good deal of composition but here and there have a freshness of viewpoint. Hermann Post has developed a plastic technique and has some humor in his New York views. We liked, too, the economy of the drawings by Henry Melloy. There remain Abbie Candlin, who has a fair sense of the decorative, and William Littlefield, who goes in for studies in rhythm.

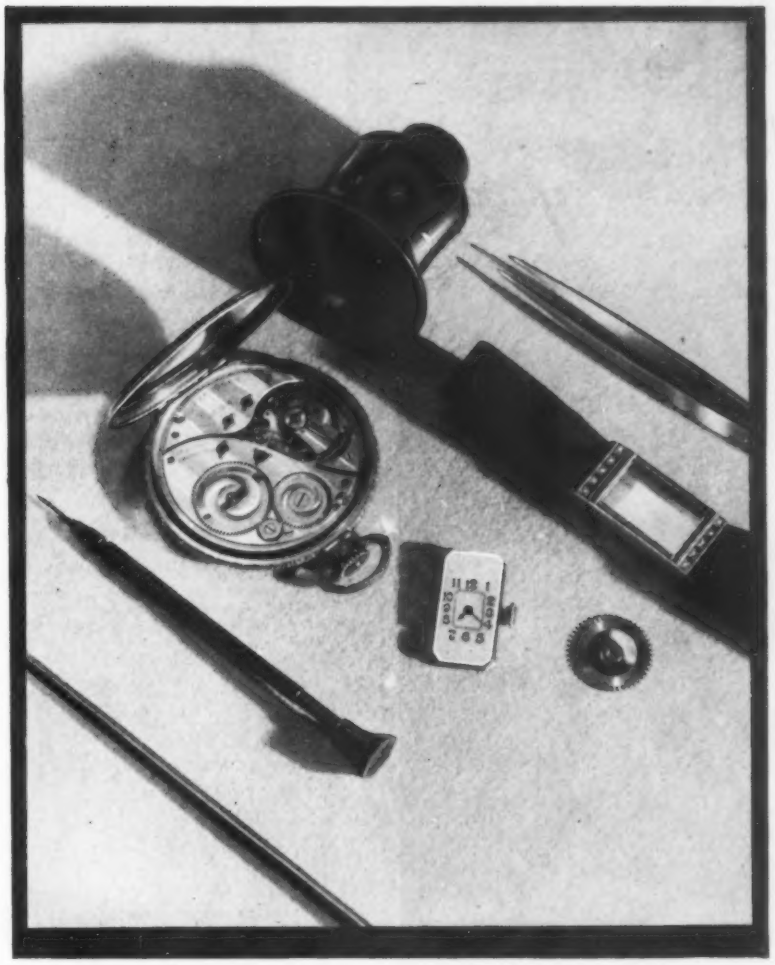
THE Downtown Gallery also has a group, until June 15, featuring such of its favorites as have proved popular: Walt Kuhn, George Ault, M. Zorach, Jules Pascin, and Max Weber. In the front room there is an exhibition devoted to the lesser efforts of Ernest Fiene and Joseph Pollet. The water colors of the latter are a good deal lighter than his oils; the medium has been a help to him, teaching some much-needed elimination. Fiene has one or two Derain-like studies that show his continued progress.

WILLIAM MEYEROWITZ, recently at the Kraushaar Galleries, seemed above all a serious follower of the sound Cézanne tradition. His paintings are mostly well calculated and the result of a good deal of intellectualization. If not exactly inspired they are refreshing, clean, and honest.

The Pascins here are obviously that, as are the Marins; there seems no attempt to cloud the source where the great Cézanne has been the ruling inspiration.

OTHER summer shows you may want to see include: The best of French moderns, at Durand-Ruel, open all summer, except Saturdays. . . . A French and American exhibit at Montross. . . . An all-modern American one at Daniel. . . . And a show of some of the newer talent at Dudensing.

—M. P.



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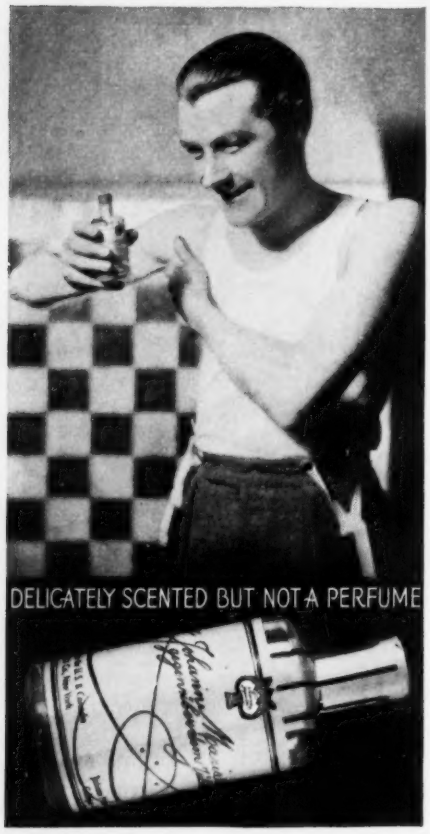

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PENNY-WISE

I HAD become a bit run down in health and was trying to build up my weight again. I determined to keep reckonings of my tonnage. There was, I remembered, a penny weighing-machine on the corner and I decided to give this machine my business.

When I stood on the platform and went through the ritual of depositing the penny I was issued a card that not only reported a hundred and forty pounds as my correct weight but, to my surprise and delight, conveyed on the reverse side a shrewd piece of character reading. The analysis, neatly printed with a light-face border, was as follows:

> **You are strong in your condemnation of what you think is wrong, but never lacking charity in your judgments.**

If I had written the card myself I would not have changed a word of this pithy appraisal. That it was no mere chance shot that struck home was apparent from the message I received upon my second visit to the machine. The second message really affirmed the first, as you'll see:

> **Motive in others counts more with you than act, and you are lenient in your judgment of the acts of others if you are convinced that honest intention lies beneath.**

Admirable as the characteristics here touched upon are, a well-rounded individual should have others. The machine perceived other qualities in me, for upon my third visit, it said with no small degree of accuracy:

> **You are a great reader, and desirous of information on all points. You have a judicial mind and possess a generous disposition.**

Don't I know it? If I had, all at once, the money that borrowers have

• •

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promised to return, I wouldn't have to work. I'd be in the poorhouse this minute were it not for the fact that, when pressed too hard, I can employ a gift which the weighing-machine discovered and described in these words:

When you please you can be—to outward expression—as impassive and immobile as a stone lion.

The ability to do this has saved me in many a situation, but how the machine found it out I'm blessed if I know. Equally amazing was its pronunciamento upon my flair for business and the prophetic warning note attached thereto:

You have much business ability. Your executive faculty is marked, but you may break physically.

If I've said it once, I've said the same thing fifty times. My frail physique has been a great handicap. If I didn't tire so easily I might have gone far. Often I am fatigued before a task is begun. My wife has noticed this, too, and has spoken of it many times.

Knowing my condition, the machine's next report was rather uncalled for, it seemed to me. If it was nothing worse, it was at least in questionable taste:

You have large ideas but are not often successful in carrying them out.

This disgusted me with the machine. I stopped getting weighed and dismissed the whole matter from my mind. One day when I was out walking with my wife she stopped me in front of the cigar-store. "How are your character-readings coming on?" she asked. "You don't bring those cute little cards home any more."

"No," I said. "I've stopped getting weighed. These machines are a fake. I could give more accurate character-readings myself."

"Try it once more," urged my wife.

I got on the platform and dropped the penny in the slot. The card said absurdly:

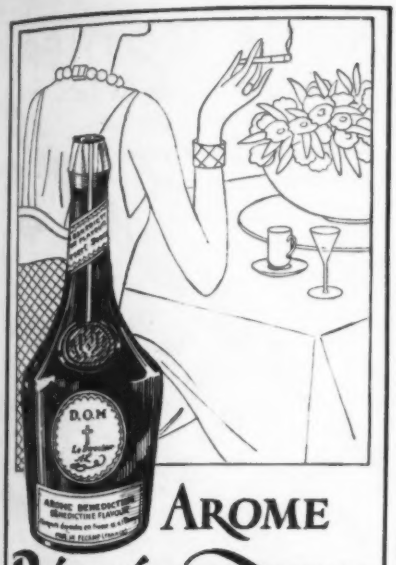
You like to be made much of and it pleases you greatly to have people come to you for advice, but sarcasm has cost you many friends.

"You see," I said. "The machine's a fake." —GEORGE CECIL COWING

•

Miss Eagels is a stylist. She is one of the few feminine stars who successfully makes believe that she is actually living her part—her body is always tense and keyed properly to the tempo. If there is no tempo, she creates one.—*Los Angeles Record.*

And keys her body to it later.



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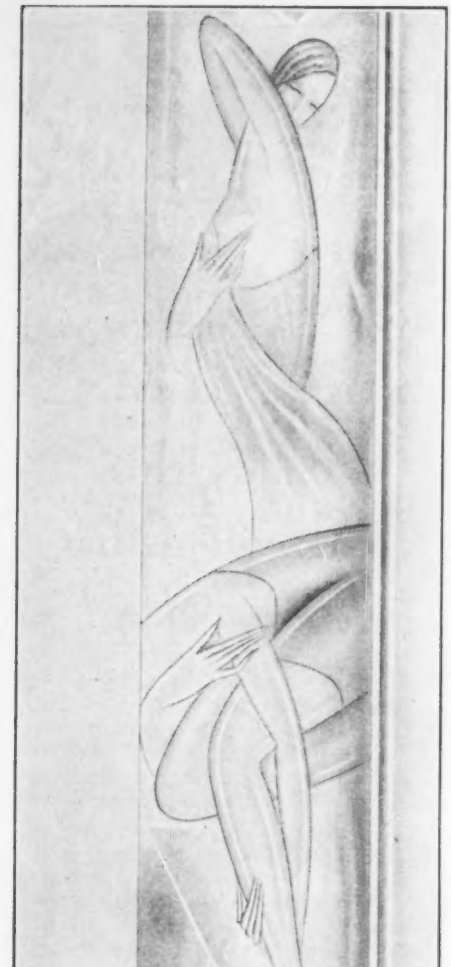

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OUR DISILLUSIONED READERS

To the Editors of THE NEW YORKER, SIRS:

COCKTAIL time in Cuba (I've just returned) is a familiar phrase, and not merely on account of the men who write the tourist pamphlets either. You would suppose, wouldn't you, that nowhere in the world could you find cocktails as well mixed and as well shaken as at the better bars in Havana? Honestly, wouldn't you?

Well, at the Sevilla-Biltmore bar (until I shrieked for them to stop), they made an Alexander with common ordinary Grade A milk; and regretted (after the shriek) that they never carried cream.

At the Hotel Roosevelt, they served what they called a Roosevelt Special, which would have been altogether too sweet even if they'd used French Vermouth instead of Italian Vermouth—and they served it in *champagne glasses!*

At another place (the name of which I can't remember, but it was very doggy), two of the three bartenders had never heard of a mint julep.

At the Royal Palm Hotel, they supposed that a Clover Club consists of grenadine, white of an egg, and gin—and nothing else at all!

At Sloppy Joe's, a bartender (he *was* a native, to be sure, but what was he doing there?) started to make me an Old Fashioned with *Scotch!*

I went only to the best so-called American bars in Havana—to all I could find. Nowhere had they ever heard of the simple Side-Car, by that or any other name. In some places they used soda-fountain electric shakers, as they do in Tia Juana; not only is this not properly picturesque but it melts the ice too fast. While preparing a shaken cocktail, practically every bartender who served me put the ice into the shaker first and then the ingredients, thereby giving the ice a nice opportunity to melt and make the drink watery. Almost everywhere they tried to slip some pineapple into every sort of mixed drink. And everywhere they insisted that limes were lemons, or had the same taste in the long run.

Sincerely yours,
DONALD BAR CHIDSEY

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It is believed that he may be personally injured.—*Albany Evening News.*

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THE RACE TRACK

Laurels for Blue Larkspur—Suburban Finish—Boojum Makes his Bow

RACES like the Withers and the Suburban are not good for one's nerves. Belmont Park is the pleasantest place to go racing I know, and on the hottest days there always is a cool breeze at the top of the stand to repay one for the long climb; but I, a blasé observer with service stripes for the campaigns of Miami, Jacksonville, and the Battle of Bowie, protest to Joe Widener against stake horses running five head-and-head finishes in an afternoon. I yelled like a two-dollar bettor when Blue Larkspur beat Chestnut Oak and Jack High in the Withers Mile—it was my first offence in years. I think, though, I would have cheered either of the placed horses as sincerely as their backers did the winner after the race. Two days later came the Suburban, with a finish that recalled the picture of the first Brooklyn Handicap one used to see in barrooms, except that five horses—Bateau, Petee-Wrack, Toro, Sunfire, and Sortie—were heads apart at the winning post.

BELMONT PARK'S and America's three-year-old classic, the Belmont Stakes, will be run this Saturday, and I believe Blue Larkspur will win more easily at a mile and a half than he did at one mile. Unless it can be argued that Jack High was not sufficiently forward in condition to do himself full justice last week, no power on earth, in my opinion, can enable him to last the Belmont route. Dr. Freeland, the Preakness winner, and Gifford Cochran's Healy will have friends, of course, but taking form as it stands, Walter Salmon's colt, fourth in the Withers, will have little chance of turning the tables on Blue Larkspur.

ALMOST everybody I met at Belmont Park on Memorial Day remarked, "I suppose Jack High will win the Withers." I kept my counsel—for who was I among so many?—but the more I thought over the chestnut's performance last season the more convinced I became that he would be

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Evenings, across the gleaming ballroom floor, glide featherlight feet—irresistibly caught in the rhythm of crooning syncopation, rendered by The Homestead's own orchestra.

The day is done—lights go out one by one—weary, happy bodies snuggle into downy covers. While outside, the star-strewn Virginia sky twinkles merrily above the hushed valley of delight. A well illustrated booklet on request.

New York booking office: Ritz-Carlton Hotel

The HOMESTEAD

Christian S. Andersen, Resident Mgr.

Hot Springs Virginia

found wanting if he went with the pace and then was tackled seriously in the straight. That is exactly what occurred. Paddock inspection was difficult because of the great crowd, and the owners seemed more nervous than the horses—even Ed Bradley lost his best Beach Club manner. It revealed Blue Larkspur, however, the same smooth, perfectly balanced racing machine I saw last season, though he has not filled out muscularly so much as Jack High, who has never appeared in such blooming condition.

As the field milled at the barrier there was an intense silence, which was immediately transformed into a roar when the tape whipped up and Blue Larkspur went to the front, to be passed quickly by Chestnut Oak and Jack High. In the breathless seconds that followed, the uppermost thought was that Chestnut Oak would collapse, leaving Jack High to pulverize all opposition, for three furlongs from home Blue Larkspur was half-a-dozen lengths behind. Though the pace was intense there was no apparent weakening of the leaders and McAtee seemed to have no cause to ask Jack High for an extra effort. On the contrary, Mack Garner on Blue Larkspur, who had found his way to the rail, was driving. From that point he fairly flew, for it is Blue Larkspur's idiosyncrasy that he will not extend himself unless he is close to the rail. A furlong from the winning post he moved on the leaders as though they were tortoises, and in the last dozen strides Jack High, speed-drunk after six furlongs in 1:10, reeled to the right and Blue Larkspur went between him and Chestnut Oak to win by a head.

The lodging of an objection by Fields, who rode Chestnut Oak, caused unnecessary suspense. One of the stewards told me later that disqualification of the winner never was considered, but the officials wanted to give the boy his chance to tell his story. When Fields said the foul occurred at the sixteenth pole that settled matters with them, for at that point Blue Larkspur was lengths behind Chestnut Oak.

UNFORTUNATELY, claiming fouls in stakes has been epidemic. After the running of the Suburban there was another long delay before the victory of Walter Jefford's Bateau was confirmed. However, I think there was justice in the claim of O'Donnell, who rode Petee-Wrack, that Ambrose, on the winner, impeded him. The touch of a hand on a saddle cloth,

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though so light that it hardly can be felt, will cause a tried horse to change his stride. So Petee-Wrack, winner of the Metropolitan, just missed a double crown. Toro was the best horse in the Suburban but luck was against him.

THERE was much good racing at Belmont Park last week, notably the victory of Osmand in the Memorial Day Handicap and the defeat of Sarazen II in the Juvenile Stakes. Willie Garner, on Osmand, again outjockeyed his uncle Mack, on Polydor, for Mack, thinking that the King of the Milers would bear out at the stretch turn, took Polydor up. This time, however, Willie kept Osmand close to the rail. Sarazen II, it seems, has inherited his namesake's temperament, for he sulked. Harry Payne Whitney may have a particularly high-class colt in Boojum. Racing against a strong wind, he stepped five furlongs down the Widener Course in 0:59⅕, winning by eight lengths or so—the way the colts Jimmy Rowe used to saddle would win.

AS was expected, the collectors of autographs in the enclosure took every advantage of the crowd on the holiday. It is hard enough to beat the races, but when books figure 140 per cent as that on the steeplechase did—and the other races ran from 120 up—why, it can't be done. "Never give a sucker an even break."

BELMONT PARK'S HEAT WAVE: Joe Widener counting the house. . . . The cloak-and-suiters crashing the Turf and Field Club enclosure gate. . . . Marshall Field III dropping in for the Withers on his way to polo, and wondering what price High Strung. . . . John Sanford wearing a red, white, and blue band on his Panama. . . . Ed Bradley stall-walking. . . . Laverne Fator smoking a pipe. . . . Herbert Bayard Swope's English racing umbrella, the kind with the betting pencil in the handle. I have one, too.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

Officials of the New England Watch and Ward Society admitted today that they had requested Boston booksellers to remove this boon from their shelves. Several representative boonsellers stated today they would abide by the society's request.—*The Sun.*

We might be interested in the formation of a Boon-of-the-Month Club.

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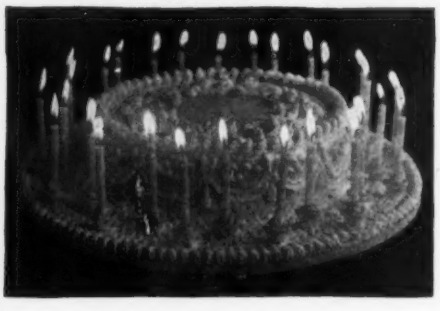

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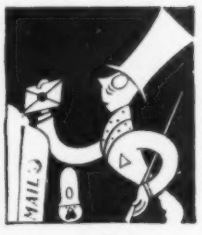
LONDON LETTER

LONDON, MAY 29



THE sun has come out, the streets smell of hot tar and Chypre, the pavement is torn up all round Devonshire House, and London is herself again. The big gloomy mansions of Belgravia have been given their coats of spring paint, Helen Wills has been presented at Court, the Academy is open, the parasols are parading Bond Street and clustering round the Achilles statue in Hyde Park; it is the Season, and all's right with the world.

Already the big green buses are parked in front of Cook's office and circle slowly round St. James' Square, taking in the London Library and Nancy Astor's house (which has a tennis court in the middle, though you can't see it from the outside), taking in Buckingham Palace and Marlborough House, where the Prince lives, running motor trips to Limehouse to see Chinamen dance with white girls in the best manner of Thomas Burke. The American contingent has arrived. Samuel Dodsworth has brought his pearl-gray hat for town wear and may be seen in some numbers strictly confined to that part of London of which Cook's, Brown, Shipley & Company, and the Guaranty Trust are the centre. The hotelkeepers are rubbing their hands in rather more anticipation than usual. For is not this the first year of the great Come-to-Britain Movement? It is, but whether the C. T. B. M. is going to attract thirsty Americans to a place where you can't get a drink after ten o'clock (or eleven with a sandwich), or whether anybody but the hotel proprietors hope it will, are different questions.

LONDON, of all cities in the world, is the city of street pageantry. Recently the Mall—that short, tree-lined avenue which leads from Buckingham Palace to Trafalgar Square; pale by comparison with the Champs-Elysées, but dear to the heart of every Londoner—has seen the bravest show of color in many years. The Duke of Connaught, for fifty years Commander of the Grenadier Guards, reviewed the entire regiment of four thousand men, magnificent in scarlet, braid, and bearskins, standards flying and bands ablare, so that many a solid

LETTER

citizen on his way to lunch stepped it out as lustily as any urchin to the good old tune of "The British Grenadiers."

The Prince of Wales led a different march—the pilgrimage of the British Legion to the Cenotaph in Whitehall, a dun procession of startlingly middle-aged civilians with medals on their chests, a hundred thousand strong. Those boys who were twenty-five in 1914 are forty now, and fat, some of them, with umbrellas and other evidences of advancing years.

THE first series of Her Majesty's Courts has renewed that strange spectacle of the two hours' block of cars laden with débutantes and their attendant males waiting for the Palace gates to open. This is one of the yearly sights of the metropolis, staged deliberately to allow the "masses" the privilege of flattening their noses at the windows of youth and beauty. The youth and beauty read novels, nibble biscuits, play bridge, look charming, and complain bitterly of the "impudent scrutiny" they are "subjected to." The attendant males wear plus-fours, flannel trousers, and other carefully selected incongruities—as they have not been invited to the party. The fact of the matter, which is never recognized except by a few dowagers who have become cynical with age, is that if anybody cares to arrive at the proper time instead of two hours early, there is nothing to prevent her driving straight into the Palace yard with as little inconvenience as may be.

THE "squawkies" are not to have it all their own way. A surprising result of the wholesale invasion is the erection of no less than five new London theatres for straight plays. These are all to be of the "little" variety, tucked away up side streets, far from Piccadilly Circus, in neighborhoods where the rents are not so high and larger portions of the houses may be given to the cheaper seats. The only one which will occupy a position at all prominent will be Jack Buchanan's, in Leicester Square. Jack Buchanan, however, can fill anything.

THE Election fever spread far. This is a small country, and what with political speeches on the radio and the extraordinary penetration of the London daily newspapers, the remotest

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corner is not secure from the ragings of political controversy. For example, the tiny village of Peaslake, Surrey, which boasts of nothing but a fairly comfortable inn, a pond, a black goat on a string, and about thirty cottages, was excited to such a pitch that sleep was almost impossible. Your correspondent chanced to find himself there over a weekend, for the sake of quietude, and from six-thirty in the evening to twelve-thirty at night the local inhabitants could be heard thumping counters, bars, and other flat objects, damning the Government, and defending it with as much relish as if a General Election had never happened before. There was a Liberal meeting attended almost exclusively by Conservatives and a Conservative meeting very nearly broken up by enthusiastic Liberals. The audience was the entire population of the village in each case. On both occasions the electorate displayed the most astonishing knowledge of obscure Acts of Parliament which the candidates had never heard of, together with that delightful illogicality which interrupts a passage on old-age pensions with "What about Ireland?" and a glowing denunciation of naval disarmament with "What about Food Rings?"

IF anyone wants to see English people unbend, a process which has about it something of the obvious humor of the old gentleman who sits on his top hat, he has only to go to the Hungarian restaurant in Soho, where every night the gypsies, with their strident jingling monotony of music, have a devilish way of penetrating even the very stiffest of shirt-fronts and putting a nod to the most resplendent tiara.

There were some wild scenes the other night when Sari Petrass, the opera singer, was recognized by the band, surrounded, and prevailed upon to sing, which she did, at the top of her voice—to the discomfiture and subsequent exhilaration of several most respectable generals and their wives, who began by studying the wine list very fiercely indeed and ended by beating time with their forks. The Hungarians are an irrepressible folk. On being bidden to the feast in "black tie," the Hungarian military attaché brought his dog—a double-dipped dachshund—also in a large black bow, which later was discovered under the table by a shocked waiter, who suggested in hushed tones that it must belong to "one of the gentlemen." —A. G.

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AS even "Broadway" was a disappointment, not much can be said in favor of the latest offerings of the movies, except that the refrigeration processes in the various temples of the art are working superbly.

There seemed every reason to expect a good deal of "Broadway." Certainly the play promised good screen material, and the confidants of the movie magnates were busy whispering about that the picture was a work of pure genius and that the money spent upon the production was nobody's business. There was evidence of this last factor. The modest little Paradise Club, the refuge of dubious characters in the play, is transformed by the movie at the Globe Theatre into such a pleasure palace as has never yet been seen outside the domains of Kubla Khan—a sort of cathedral in *art nouveau* down the nave of which dance Roy Lane, the little hoofer, and his cohort of ballet girls. Their presentation is generally revealed at such a distance that one has the sense of having been shoved as an unworthy patron to a table on the top of a steeple, and also the definite suspicion that Roy Lane's dancing numbers were performed by someone other than Glenn Tryon.

There would be no particular objection to this substitution were Glenn Tryon only somewhat better adapted to his rôle when he does honor us with his presence. Likable actor though he is, he fails to give his part that lightness and verve Lee Tracy had in the play. He seems rather too heavy, too methodically sentimental for the nervous, spidery Roy Lane. On the other hand, the detective and the proprietor of the club, both played by actors who were in the stage production, restore in their scenes some of the feeling of the play. Generally, however, the temper and mood which lay behind the success of the original "Broadway" are lost, dulled, or sadly mangled.

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at one organ

is jesse crawford—and if that's not enough—perhaps the wife will rise from the pit with another—heigh ho

at the rivoli—
united artists

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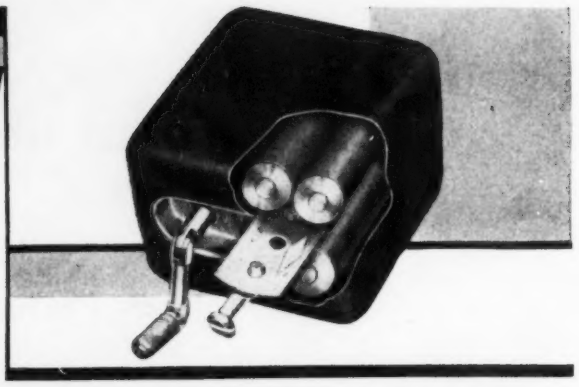

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ladies, that we begin to long for something as esoteric as the true romance of an accountant. "On With the Show," at the Winter Garden, is another of these stage pictures, with scenes in a theatre giving opportunities for the musical numbers, according to the convention of the day. It is completely undistinguished for wit, charm, or novelty, except that it is done in color.

Possibly in the millennium all movies will be colored. In these early days of the art, however, not much can be said for it, except that it is not really distressing. The Technicolor process, as it is called, washed this picture with a moderate monotone which somewhat obscures any lines of expression from the characters' faces. It does not offend with any glare of tint, and it must be said that the fine lines of expression are not unduly missed from the countenances of many moving-picture actors.

AT the Roxy, "The Fox Movietone Follies of 1929" is another musical-show movie, also with interpolated ballet moments in a sea-green hue. The musical moments are rather attractive in this particular film, but they are more than overbalanced by a conventional and tedious story. It has, however, possibly a little more life than the pictures of the week which do not deal with anything so intrinsically vital as theatrical life.

AMONG these there is Vilma Banky's "This Is Heaven," at the Rivoli, in which Miss Banky enacts the part of a little immigrant girl landing with her bundles at Ellis Island, speedily acquiring a job as a griddle girl in Childs, and quite as rapidly acquiring a nice honest young husband—with some millions as well as honesty. It is not a masterpiece. With the other disappointments must stand William Haines' newest offering, "A Man's Man," and Lon Chaney's "Where East is East," both mere routine products turned out as meagre consolations for those lost souls who have not managed to get to the beach. Miss Costello's "The Glad Rag Doll" may be intended to be comedy, a burlesque on high society, but is generally lamentable stuff. "The Wild Heart of Africa," at the Cameo, needs better photography to make it very much worth-while, especially as the wild heart of that continent has been so often dissected in the cinema that its simbas and safaris are as familiar to us as the shuttles and subways of the wild heart of Manhattan. —J. C. M.

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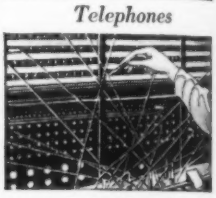

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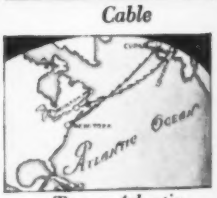

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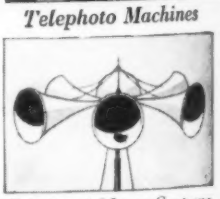

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A SCARCITY of spring shows is responsible for the lack of "production" hits at this time, and so far nothing from the two miniature revues—"The Grand Street Follies" and "The Little Show"—has become a radio pest, although it's too early to clap hands on that account. "The Grand Street Follies," as usual, has a score without much punch. "I Need You So," an agreeable confection, is the best of the lot. "The Little Show" is not blessed with what song-pluggers call a smash hit, but there are several ingenious tunes. "I've Made a Habit of You," "Or What Have You?" and the somewhat intricate "Can't We Be Friends?" are recommended. "Hammacher, Schlemmer, I Love You" is the year's best satiric song, of course.

Special music for sound films has grown to such proportions that there are almost as many new tunes in the Schmoosies as there are in revues. "The Fox Movietone Follies" has an especially good assortment of melodies, of which "That's You, Baby" is something extra.

For the more adroit pianists, I suggest a new suite by Eastwood Lane—"Sold Down the River," which is a sort of Uncle Tom ballet. It is an ironic but tender reminiscence of the old melodrama music, and perhaps one of our more mammoth cinemas may find in it material for a distinguished stage production.

Recent non-production songs run generally to smooth patterns—the result, I assume, of the rage for gentle whisperings like those of the M. Vallée. Two uproarious exceptions are "K-A-L-A-M-A-ZOO" and "Valparaiso," the latter being a march-like affair in the "Valencia" tempo. As a tune, I prefer it to "Valencia," but one man's metre is another man's poison.

HERE are some new songs for examination:

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HEIGH-HO! EV'RYBODY, HEIGH-HO! More

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Walking With Susie

Heart throbbing torch-ballad of a love-sick pedestrian, played with commendable abandon by the Colonial Club Orchestra and warbled by Dick Robertson.

That's You Baby

Lyrical lowdown about a gal named "Baby." Vocal acrobatics by Eddie Thomas, mixed with the musical magic of the Colonial Club Orchestra. *4347*

optimism, with an attractive fox-trot background.

ME AND THE CLOCK. Modified rapture, with the "tick-tock" as its rhythm.

HELLO, SUNSHINE, HELLO. Again we turn to cheerfulness. The antithesis of a torch ballad.

WHAT DIDJ'A WANNA MAKE ME LOVE YOU FOR? A torch ballad whose giddy music rather extinguishes the torch.

THINGS THAT WERE MADE FOR LOVE. The idea is that you can't take the things away, but the air is more up-to-date.

BLUE HAWAII. Hawaii never sinks, and here's an unusually lyric tribute.

REACHING FOR SOMEONE AND NOT FINDING ANYONE THERE. Lilting exposition of unrequited affection.

DO SOMETHING. One of the raciest of the late season's lucubrations—and what an opportunity for improvisers of extra choruses!

S'POSIN'. One of the most amusing fox trots of the spring.

A tendency toward revivals appears in the recrudescence, for better or worse, of "My Man," "On the Alamo," "I Ain't Got Nobody," and —really!—"Dardanella." —POP

•

PROPHECY

Helen was a willful lass
When she was young,
With never a mind to listen to
Chiding tongue.

Helen was an awkward lass
When she was growing:
Scrawny arms and freckled nose and
Red hair blowing

Every-old-which-way
In sea-wind and rain.
Who could guess her beauty would
Stab like pain

When she was full-grown?
Gods, defend!
Neighbors say she'll come to
No good end!

—FRANCES M. FROST

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RECENT BOOKS

Man, Woman and War

YOUR reviewer's fear for "Wolf Solent" is that this novel by John Cowper Powys will be smothered under the weight of criticism; that it will be called psychological, philosophical, and profound; that Mr. Powys will be accused of writing like Thomas Hardy, Emily Brontë, James Joyce, Marcel Proust, Sigmund Freud, Dostoievsky, and Wordsworth. Like everyone, in fact, except Bugs Baer.

"Wolf Solent" offers a great temptation for the reviewer to grow analytical, solemn, and deadly dull, and, what is worse, to make the novel seem deadly dull, which it isn't. It is an exciting exploration into the mysteries and adventures of the human mind, and it is told in prose that is fresh, beautiful, and full of character.

Mr. Powys' scene is a village in the West Country. It is really all the villages in the world rolled into one. The drama of the town is mirrored and distorted in the mind of Wolf Solent, a schoolmaster who, without any impulse for physical or intellectual activity, recoils from reality and creates his own life illusion. Out of the trivial obscenities of the village, Solent spins a drama of ogres and witches, Satanic monsters, and menacing demons, ghosts, and phantoms. Solent's fantasies aren't those of a madman; his mind is simply the old aggravating human mind that is forever torturing itself with suspicions, scaring itself with goblins, and amusing itself with obscenities. Solent, in brief, is a civilized man creating his own mythology with all the fervor of a primitive brain evolving a whole system of theology from a fright in a thunderstorm.

In the end, Mr. Powys dissolves all of Solent's dreams and in one brief flash you see the haunted village freed from its spell. The ogres become futile old men; the witches change into rather dull village ladies; and Solent's beautiful Anglo-Saxon goddess is turned into a dutiful wife.

Here, without qualification, is a novel of the first rank.

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soldier in the war" are nothing but rosy romances compared with Erich Maria Remarque's "All Quiet on the Western Front." Written by a German, it sets forth the very soul of the common soldier who was brutalized and destroyed by the madness and the cruelty of the war. So terrific is its honesty, and so bluntly and unanswerably does it damn war in all its phases, that it is impossible to dismiss it smugly as merely a picture of the German side of the conflict. Remarque makes you understand the pitiful courage, the desperate comradeship, and the profound weariness of the underdogs who were flung into a ghastly business for which they had neither taste nor training, and which they never faintly comprehended.

The narrative is the story of Paul Bäumer, a boy who went from the schoolroom to the war. Paul goes through all the horrors and sufferings of life in the trenches, in the hospitals, and in the rest camps, with the pathetic hopelessness of a schoolboy who is being punished by a senseless and cruel teacher for some offence he hadn't committed. In the end he is killed, on a day when the army report is "*Im Westen nichts neues.*"

Remarque writes brutally. His description of an attack and counter-attack leaves you shocked and unnerved. His account of the boy's last evening with his mother is unbearably tragic. It must have taken courage to summon up all the hideousness of those shameful years. It must have taken some courage, too, on the part of the publishers to present a book that, in blunt and terrific language, destroys all the illusions about war that have been so carefully built up to make men believe that it is a glamorous and heroic adventure.

Anyway, the next man who comes along with a war book about "Four Happy Years with Me and My Buddies in Flanders" is going to have a hard time trying to talk down the grim truth in Remarque's book.

IT is unfair to review "No Love" immediately after "All Quiet on the Western Front." David Garnett's novel is in no sense a war book, but the war serves as a background to the conflict between two men for the love of a particularly uninteresting woman. Mr. Garnett's mild little emotional tangle seems rather weak tea.

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amusing reading. Mr. Garnett's study of two families who are forced to be neighbors, although they are fundamentally enemies, is shrewd and witty. Anyone who has ever been pestered with a rich and domineering neighbor who simply insists on being chummy will suffer with Roger Lydiate, whose home is constantly made to seem messy and shabby by contrast with the glossy estate of Admiral Keltie.

BOOTH TARKINGTON's newest exposé of a feminine half-wit is "Young Mrs. Greeley." This dreadful person is one of those pretty little helpmates who try to mix in their husbands' businesses. Mrs. Greeley, spurred on by an awful friend called Aurelia, imagines that the Big Boss covets her for his mistress; she tries to work herself up into a jealous fit over her husband's secretary; she attempts, in short, to bring intrigue, sin, and scandal to her hopeless kitchenette apartment. In a gorgeous scene, Mrs. Greeley flashes her sex appeal on a sedate dinner party and stands revealed to all, except her husband, as a complete fool.

Mr. Tarkington treats Mrs. Greeley as lightly as though she were a comic figure instead of a national calamity. He allows her to live and prosper instead of turning Mr. Greeley loose to strangle her. For all its light-fiction touch, however, there is more sting in one of Mr. Tarkington's paragraphs than there is in chapters of Sinclair Lewis. Incidentally, "Young Mrs. Greeley" would probably make even a better play than a novel. If it is dramatized, I beg Mr. Tarkington to enlarge on the character of Columbine Watson, the part-time colored maid.

IF you want your morals neatly rearranged, catalogued, and brought up-to-date, read Walter Lippmann's book, "A Preface to Morals." It is a summing-up of the best of the modern thinkers and philosophers and, as such, is a worthy, scholarly, clearly written, but not inspired book. Mr. Lippmann tries to bring order into the chaos of modern thinking—or, rather, not thinking—which is our idea of a thoroughly thankless task.—A. W. S.

•

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AMONG THE NEW BOOKS

FICTION

WOLF SOLENT, by John Cowper Powys (*Simon & Schuster*). A clairvoyant reading of the human mind, told in magnificent prose.

NO LOVE, by David Garnett (*Knopf*). Amusing in its lighter moments; not so good when it grows serious.

YOUNG MRS. GREELEY, by Booth Tarkington (*Doubleday, Doran*). Terrible study of a feminine nitwit who unfortunately is allowed to live.

THE KING WHO WAS A KING, by H. G. Wells (*Doubleday, Doran*). A motion-picture scenario guaranteed to promote world peace, but not guaranteed to add any glory to Mr. Wells' reputation.

THE GREEN PARROT, by Princess Marthe Bibesco (*Harcourt, Brace*). Restrained and adroit study of aristocratic madness.

LOOSE LADIES, by Viña Delmar (*Harcourt, Brace*). Life on the Grand Concourse by One Who Knows.

BANJO, by Claude McKay (*Harper*). A gay account of the adventures of a group of black boys in the *Quartier Réservé* of Marseilles. Not for the kiddies.

AWAKE AND REHEARSE, by Louis Bromfield (*Stokes*). Collection of macabre short sketches, with a few really dramatic ones.

COLD STEEL, by M. P. Shiel (*Vanguard Press*). Swashbuckling and incredible tale of how an innocent girl's virtue was preserved in the reign of Henry VIII. Exciting if you can translate Tudor English.

Less recent:

DARK STAR, by Lorna Moon. PENNY DREADFUL, by Malcolm Ross. MIMI BLUETTE, by Guido da Verona. MARIE BONIFAS, by Jacques de Lacratelle. THE HEAVEN AND EARTH OF DOÑA ELENA, by Grace Zaring Stone. PASSING, by Nella Larsen. STONE DAUGHERTY, by John P. Fort. DOWNFALL, by Harold W. Brecht. MAD FINGERS, by Hildegarde Huntsman. FATHER WILLIAM, by Donald Ogden Stewart. BLACK MAGIC, by Paul Morand. SKIPPY, by Percy

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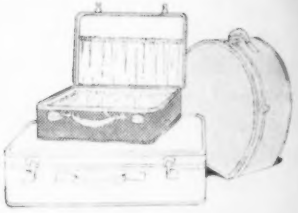

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MYSTERIES

Some recent ones more or less entertaining

BOWERY MURDER, by Willard K. Smith (*Doubleday, Doran*). . . . THE GOLF CLUB MURDER, by Owen Fox Jerome (*Clode*). . . . THE HIDDEN HAND, by Carroll John Daly (*Clode*). . . . ONLY SEVEN WERE HANGED, by Stuart Martin (*Harper*). . . . FIND THE WOMAN, by Helen Joan Hultman (*Doubleday, Doran*).

GENERAL

ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT, by Erich Maria Remarque (*Little, Brown*). The most brutal, the most truthful, and the most tragic of all war books.

A PREFACE TO MORALS, by Walter Lippmann (*Macmillan*). Modern morals neatly catalogued.

ON THE BOTTOM, by Commander Edward Ellsberg (*Dodd, Mead*). How the S-51 was salvaged from the sea. A thrilling tale.

TRAVELS IN THE CONGO, by André Gide (*Knopf*). Travel book illumined by fine writing and civilized observation.

MYTHS AFTER LINCOLN, by Lloyd Lewis (*Harcourt, Brace*). Ironic and dramatic picture of the nation's collapse after Lincoln's death.

ONE MAN'S WAR, by Lieutenants Bert Hall and John J. Niles (*Holt*). Gay account of the Lafayette Escadrille.

LEOPOLD OF THE BELGIANS, by Comte Louis de Lichtervelde (*Century*). In which a patriotic Belgian takes all the wickedness—and all the fun—out of the life of his late monarch.

THE HOHENZOLLERNS, by Herbert Eulenberg (*Century*). Amusing and good-natured tour through the ancestral portrait gallery of the ex-Kaiser.

Less recent:

CAVENDER'S HOUSE, by Edwin Arlington Robinson. THE FATE OF THE JURY, by Edgar Lee Masters. OLD CIVILIZATIONS OF THE NEW WORLD, by A. Hyatt Verrill. DEVILS, DRUGS AND DOCTORS, by Howard Haggard. FRENCH FRANCE, by Oliver Madox Hueffer. MID-CHANNEL, by Ludwig Lewisohn. THE LADY IS COLD, by E. B. W. A SHOPPING GUIDE TO PARIS, by Thérèse and Louise Bonney.

•

LA DÉSENCHANTÉE

Belief restored, I'd shed this cynicism;
Trusting again, at life I'd lightly laugh
If, just for once, I taxied with a driver
Whose face was faintly like his photograph.

—CAROL PHYLLIS SCHMID

•

Senator Gillett said the people of Massachusetts were lawabiding. "I know all the people of Massachusetts are sorry. I am sure the man who threw the missile and whose aim was so bad that he missed the Senator and hit a policeman, is sorry."—*The Evening Post.*

Who wouldn't be?

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in the morning

MR. HYDE
at night?

Just between you and us and the gate post . . . haven't you often felt that way? Bluebird cheerfulness in the morning . . . Bluebeard scowl at night? Maybe you're smoking the wrong cigars. Try MURIELS . . . they'll fetch you through the hardest day, with plenty of smiles to spare. For MURIELS quench the keenest smoke thirst . . . but *soothe* the nerves and *smooth* the temper. Neither too mild nor too heavy. Choice Havana blended with other selected tropical leaf. Try MURIELS . . . for an all day smile.

MURIEL
NEVER GETS ON YOUR NERVES

10¢ and up

ROTHSCHILDS . . . . . 10¢
CORONAS . . . . . 10¢
PERFECTOS . . . . 2 for 25¢
ARISTOCRATS . . . . . 15¢

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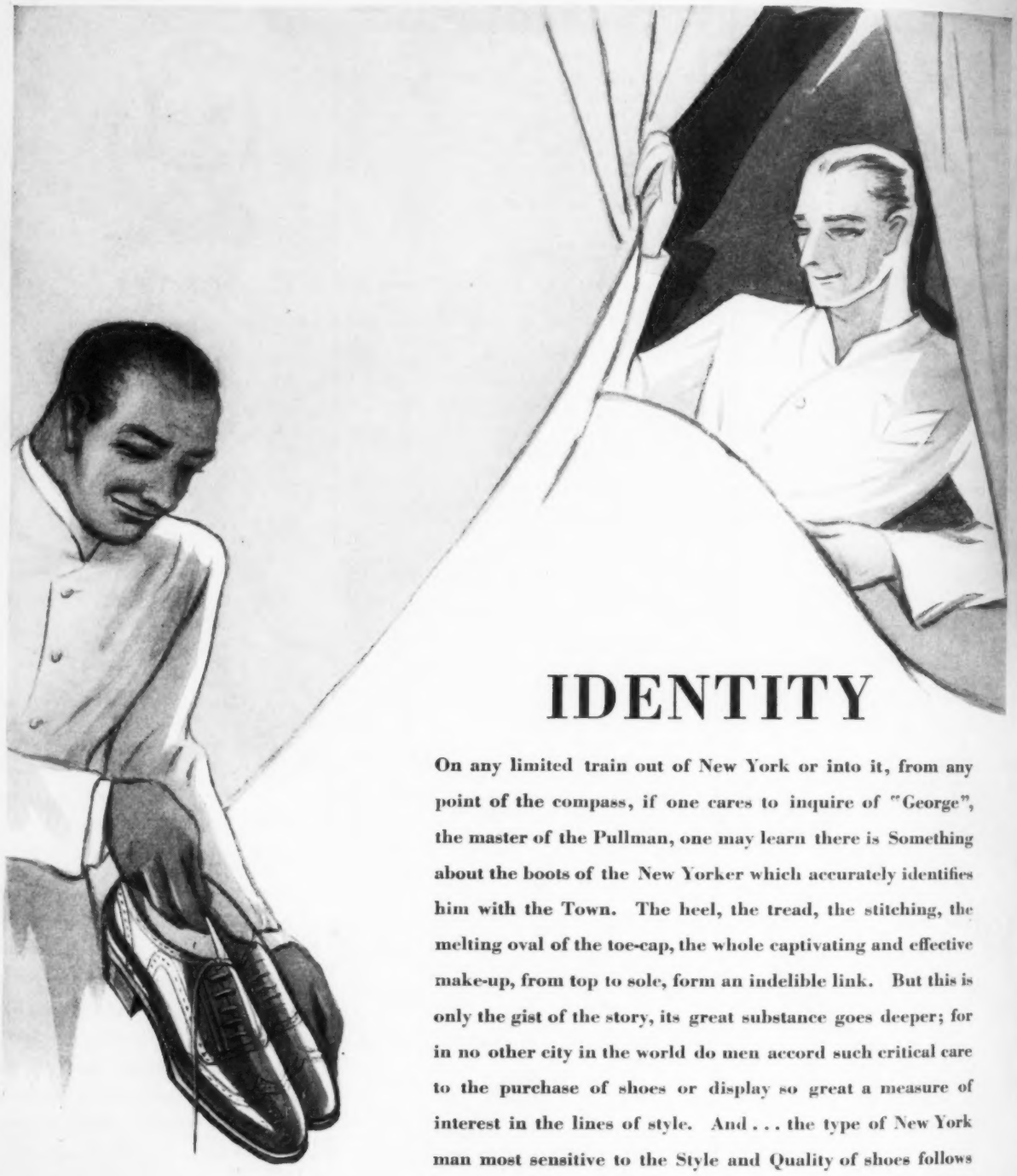

IDENTITY

On any limited train out of New York or into it, from any point of the compass, if one cares to inquire of "George", the master of the Pullman, one may learn there is Something about the boots of the New Yorker which accurately identifies him with the Town. The heel, the tread, the stitching, the melting oval of the toe-cap, the whole captivating and effective make-up, from top to sole, form an indelible link. But this is only the gist of the story, its great substance goes deeper; for in no other city in the world do men accord such critical care to the purchase of shoes or display so great a measure of interest in the lines of style. And . . . the type of New York man most sensitive to the Style and Quality of shoes follows The Sun for important and casual news . . . he scans every page discreetly . . . believes what he reads . . . and warms to the stories of fine merchandise. He relishes the print of a smart oxford, set in ample white space and flanked off by a brisk and interesting story of its worth and correctness. He knows and values Style . . . and he purchases early and often.

The Sun

The Newspaper of Distinction in its Readers, its News and its Advertising

TWO-EIGHTY BROADWAY, NEW YORK

SPREAD out your road map. Indicate with pencil the tour you wish to take. Wherever it leads—cross country to the Atlantic, to the Pacific, from Canada to Mexico—you will find convenient Texaco Service Stations along your route. ¶ *No need to switch to unknown brands. For the Texaco Red Star with the Green T is recognized by motorists in forty-eight states as the* only *nationally known "stop sign" for both motor oil and gasoline.* ¶ *Veteran drivers have found by experience that full-bodied Texaco Golden Motor Oil and the* new *and* better *Texaco Gasoline are always the same wherever you buy them—always reliable.* + + + + + + +

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Blended puff-by-puff
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CIGARETTES
TWENTY CENTS
THIS UNIQUE PACKAGE PREVENTS CRUSHING THE LAST CIGARETTE IS AS FRESH, FRAGRANT AND PERFECT AS THE FIRST.
TEAR FOIL FROM THE CENTER AND ROLL OUT CIGARETTE WITH THE THUMB.
BROWN & WILLIAMSON TOBACCO CORPORATION
SIR WALTER RALEIGH'S SIGNATURE TRACED FROM OLD DOCUMENTS IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.
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PATENTS COVERING THIS PACKET ARE PENDING BROWN AND WILLIAMSON TOBACCO CORPORATION
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